Encounter

September-October 1982 £1.30

Wars & Martial Laws

Casimir Garnysz
The General's Poland

James Cable, Edward Pearce
After the Falklands

Edward Alexander
Israel in the Dock

Elie Kedourie & Andrew Mango
Middle East Tinderbox

Melvin J. Lasky
Embattled Positions

Doan Van Toai & David Chanoff
A Lesson from Viet Nam

Salman Rushdie
Story

Colin Wilson
"Charlotte"

Iain Sproat
P. G. Wodehouse

Jan Morris
Hakluyt

Special Book Section: History & Archaeology

John Bossy

Barry Cunliffe

Maurice Ashley

Don Rimmington

Edited by Melvin J. Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SALMAGUNDI has established
an indispensable position in
American intellectual life."
— Christopher Lasch

SALMAGUNDI

Fall 1982, #58, 400 pp.

ON HOMOSEXUALITY

Introductory essay, George Steiner
A Long Interview, Michel Foucault
The New Kinsey Report, Steven Marcus
Homosexuality and Literature, Martin Green
Revolutionary Sex, Peter Sedgwick
Growing Up Gay, Martin Duberman
The Proustian Ethos, Robert Alter
Tyrannies, Jean Elshtain
Conservative Cases, Elizabeth Moberley
other essays by Philip Rieff, John Boswell, Paul Robinson,
Catherine Stimpson, Calvin Bedient, etc.

Forthcoming

Our Homeland, The Text: George Steiner
A Political Interview: Nadine Gordimer
New Literary Theory: Erich Heller
Remembering Sartre: Lionel Abel
Politics and Fiction: John Bayley
The Perils of Profession: John Updike
The Weakest Link: Jorge Semprun
Autobiography/Biography: George Painter.

issue #58 alone: L 3. or $7.00

special subscription offer to ENCOUNTER readers:

5 years, 20 issues (#57-76) :L 12. or $25.00

2 years, 8 issues (#57-64) :L 8. or $17.00

Send check with name and address to:

SALMAGUNDI / Skidmore College /
Saratoga Springs, NY 12866 / USA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1982
VOL. LIX Nos. 3-4
ISSN 0013-7073

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTHONY THWAITE

EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER: *Anthony Robinson*

MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley*
ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Bryan Healing*
ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall*

ADVISORY BOARD *Maurice Cranston, D. J. Enright, Anthony Hartley, Leo Labedz, Edward Shils, John Weightman*

PUBLISHING ADVISERS *Lord Ardwick, Blouke Carus, Leon Levy, Lord Cudlipp, Cecil Harmsworth King, Jack Watmough*

Per copy: UK £1.30: USA & Canada $3.25. Back numbers £2.00 ($5.00). Postage/packing: 40p ($1.00).
Annual subscriptions: UK £15.75: USA & Canada $36.50 surface, $46.00 by air: Elsewhere £17.00.
Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US Mailing Agent: Expediters of the Printed Word Ltd., 527 Madison Avenue, Suite 1217, New York 10022.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1982 by Encounter Ltd. Binder for six copies £4.00 ($9.60).*
Manuscripts are returned only if accompanied by s.a.e. (English stamp) or International Reply Coupons.

YORICK *(story)* 3 *Salman Rushdie*
THE REAL CHARLOTTE 9 *Colin Wilson*
LEARNING FROM VIET NAM 19 *Doan Van Toai, David Chanoff*
COLUMN 27 *M*

POEMS

John Latham 8, *Julie O'Callaghan* 18, *Freda Downie* 29, *Roy Fuller* 30, *Sean O'Brien* 66

NOTES & TOPICS

AFTER THE WORLD CUP 32 *Raymond Aron*
WAITING FOR FORTITUDE 34 *Edward Pearce*
WHO WAS SURPRISED IN THE FALKLANDS? 39 *James Cable*
HAKLUYT FOR BEGINNERS 43 *Jan Morris*

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION: HISTORY & ARCHAEOLOGY

OUT OF THE SYSTEM 46 *John Bossy*
WHAT SORT OF REVOLUTION? 51 *Maurice Ashley*
DIGGING UP PEOPLE 57 *Barry Cunliffe*
ECHOES OF CHINA'S PAST 61 *Don Rimmington*

CONVERSATION

THE MIDDLE EAST 67 *Elie Kedourie, Andrew Mango*

EAST & WEST

HOLDING A BEAR BY THE TAIL 73 *Casimir Garnysz*

PRESS

THE JOURNALISTS' WAR AGAINST ISRAEL 87 *Edward Alexander*

AUTHORS & CRITICS

WODEHOUSE'S WAR 98 *Iain Sproat*

IN THE MARGIN

EMBATTLED POSITIONS 102 *Melvin J. Lasky*

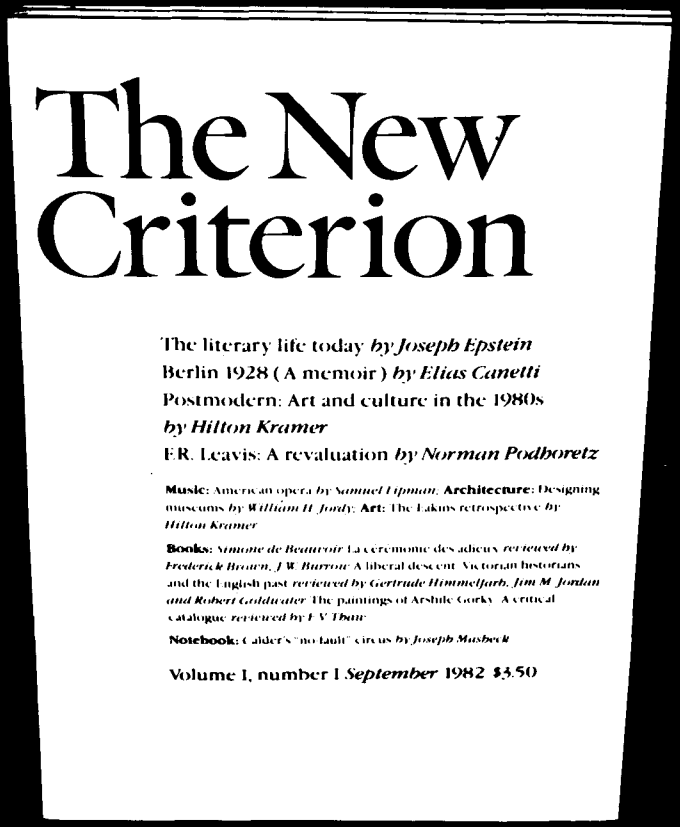
BOXES

Gaddafi's "Green" Liberation 22, *Art & Politics (Jan Rocha, Franco Zeffirelli)* 33, *Israel & Palestine (Irving Kristol)* 69, *Interview with Adam Michnik* 76, *Poland Singing (Die Welt)* 78, *Jacek Kuron* 82, *Walesa's Words (Herald Tribune)* 84, *The PLO State-within-a-State* 95

AUTHORS 97

LETTERS 109

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The New Criterion
The literary life today by Joseph Epstein
Berlin 1928 (A memoir) by Elias Canetti
Postmodern: Art and culture in the 1980s by Hilton Kramer
F.R. Leavis: A revaluation by Norman Podhoretz
Music: American opera by Samuel Lipman. Architecture: Designing museums by William H. Jordy. Art: The Eakins retrospective by Hilton Kramer
Books: Simone de Beauvoir La cérémonie des adieux reviewed by Frederick Brown. J.W. Burrow: A liberal descent Victorian historians and the English past reviewed by Gertrude Himmelfarb. Jim M. Jordan and Robert Goldwater: The paintings of Arshile Gorky A critical catalogue reviewed by F.V. Thau
Notebook: Calder's "no fault" circus by Joseph Masheck
Volume I, number 1 September 1982 $3.50

The New Criterion

Hilton Kramer, editor.

An important new monthly review of ideas and the arts.

The Inaugural Issue is about to appear.

Subscribe now and save.

THE NEW CRITERION will view the world of ideas and the arts from a critical perspective that is at once serious, high-minded, and disinterested. Its objectives will be to clarify intellectual issues and advance the development of new cultural priorities in American society. Under the editorship of Hilton Kramer, formerly chief art critic of The New York Times, THE NEW CRITERION is pledged to ask hard questions, challenge reigning orthodoxies, speak up for quality, and — above all — uphold a sense of standards. There will be ten issues a year, monthly from September to June. We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber.

The New Criterion P.O. Box 5194 FDR Station New York, N.Y. 10150

Please open my Charter Subscription, starting September 1982. Following expiration of the Charter Invitation, subscriptions will be $27 for one year, $50 for two years, $3.50 per issue on selected newsstands.

☐ I enclose $19 for a 1-year Charter Subscription ☐ I enclose $37 for a 2-year Charter Subscription

☐ I prefer to be billed ($3 added to cost of Charter Subscription)

☐ Bill me $22 for 1 year ☐ Bill me $40 for 2 years

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. ____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please make check payable to The New Criterion. Foreign subscribers (including Canada and Latin America), add $4. R

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salman Rushdie

Yorick

THANK THE HEAVENS!—or the diligence of ancienttime papersmiths—for the existence upon our earth of the material known as *strong vellum*; which, like the earth upon which I have supposed it to exist (although in point of fact its contacts with *terra firma* are most rare, its natural habitations being shelves, wooden or not wooden, some dusty, others maintained in excellent order; or letter-boxes, desk drawers, old trunks, the most secret pockets of courting lovers, shops, files, attics, cellars, museums, deed-boxes, safes, lawyers' offices, doctors' walls, your favourite great-aunt's seaside home, theatrical property departments, fairy tales, summit conferences, tourist traps) . . . like the earth, I repeat in case you have forgotten my purpose, this noble stuff endures—if not for ever, then at least till men consciously destroy it, whether by crumpling or shredding, through the use of kitchen scissors or strong teeth, by actions incendiary or lavatorial—for it's a true fact that men take an equal pleasure in devising means of annihilating both the ground upon which they stand while they live and the substance (I mean paper) upon which they remain, immortal, once this same ground is over their heads instead of under their feet; and that the complete inventory of such strategies of destruction would overfill more pages than my ration . . . so then to the devil with that list and on with my story, which, as I had begun to say, is the tale of a piece of vellum—both the tale of the vellum itself and the tale inscribed thereupon.

Yorick's saga, of course; that same most ancient account which fell, near enough two hundred and twenty-five years ago, into the hands of a certain—no, a most uncertain—Tristram, who (although Yseultless) was neither triste nor ram, the frothiest, most heady Shandy of a fellow; and which has now come into my possession, by processes too arcane to be of any interest to the reader. Yes, a velluminous history! which it's my present intent not merely to abbreviate, but in addition to explicate, annotate—& also hyphenate, palatinate & permanganate—for it's a narrative that richly rewards the scholar who is competent to apply such sensitive technologies. Here, dusty-faced and inky-fingered, lurk beautiful young wives, old fools, cuckoldry, jealousy, murder, juice of cursed hebona, executions, skulls; as well as a full exposition of the reasons why, in the *Hamlet* of William Shakespeare, the morbid prince seems unaware of his own father's real name.

Very well then:—It appears that in the latter part of the reign of the illustrious king Horwendillus of Denmark, his chief jester, one Master Yorick, took to wife a toothsome goldhair waif, by name Ophelia; and there all the trouble began . . . what's this? Interruptions already? Did I not tell you, have I not just this moment set down, that the bardic Hamlet, that's to say Amlethus of the Danes, is quite mistaken in believing the Ghost's name to be Hamlet too—an error that's not only unusual but downright unsaxogrammatical?—But were you to be silent and hear me out you'd learn it was no mistake, but rather the secret key by which the tale's true meaning may quickly be unlocked.

I repeat: Horwendillus. Horwendillus Rex.—Still more questions?—Sir, of course the jester had a wife; she may not feature in the great man's play, but you'll concede that a woman's a necessary apparatus if a man would make a dynasty, and how else?—answer me that?—could the antique fool have produced that line, that positive monologue of Yoricks of whom the ill-named Tristram person's parson was but a single syllable? Well! You don't need ancient vellum to see the truth of that, I think.—Good lord: her *name*? Sir, you must take it upon my word. But where's the puzzle? Do you imagine, in a land where men were called such outlandish things as Amlethus, Horwend&c., yes, and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yorick too, that this "Ophelia" was so blasted uncommon a name? So, so. Let's get on.

Yorick espoused Ophelia; there was a child; let's have no more disputes. In the matter of this Ophelia; she'd less than half his years and more than twice his looks, so it will instantly be seen that what follows may be ascribed to divisions and multiplications: an arithmetical tragedy, in sum. A grave tale, fit for gravesides . . . how did it come about that this old wintry fool got himself such a springtime of a bride? A noisome gale blows across the ancient vellum at this point; it is Ophelia's breath. The rottenest-smelling exhalation in the state of Denmark; a tepid stench of rats' livers, toads' piss, high game-birds, rotting teeth, gangrene, skewered corpses, burning witchflesh, sewers, politicians' consciences, skunkhomes, sepulchres, and all the beelzebubbling pickle-vats of hell . . . every time this youthful beauty, the frail perfection of whose features brought tears to the eyes, opened her mouth, there cleared all around her an open ground some fifty feet in radius at the least. So Yorick's path to wedlock was unobstructed, and a poor fool must get what wife he can. He courted her with a wooden peg on his nose; on their wedding day the King, who loved him, gave the jester a thoughtful gift, a pair of silver nose-plugs. That's how it happened; thus pegged and plugged, our fool in love assuredly looked his part.

So that's made clear. Enter Prince Amlethus, bearing a riding whip.

THE SCENE'S a poor bedchamber at Elsinore; Yorick and his lady lie fast asleep in bed. In disarray upon a nearby chair: a cap, bells, motley, &c. Somewhere, a sleeping infant. Picture Hamlet now, tip-toeing to the bedside; then tensing; crouching; until at last he leaps . . . and now *Yor.* (awakes) : O, a! What whoreson Pelion's this, that, tumbling down from Ossa, so interrupts my spine? (There occurs to me a discordant note: Would any man, awakened from deepest slumbers by the descent upon his back of a seven-year-old princeling, truly have such a command of metaphor and classical allusion as the text at this point indicates? It may be the vellum is not wholly to be relied upon in such matters; or perhaps that Denmark's fools were most uncommonly learned. Some things may never be known.) (Back now to our muttons:) *Ham.* Yorick, the day's awake; let's raise a chorus to the dawn. *Oph.* (aside) My husband never loved this prince; a spoiled short brat, and cursed with sleeplessness, which plague he passes on to us. Here's how we wake each morning, with royal fists a-tearing at our hair, or heir-apparent buttocks jig-jogging on our necks. Were he my child, I'd . . . good morning, sweet my prince! *Ham.* Ophelia, it is. A dawn chorus, Yorick, come! *Yor.* That's for the birds. I'm of too venerable feather, that's the truth; my years long since encrowed me, or made of me an owl. I sing no more, but only caw or hoot in most unseemly form. *Ham.* Now, none of this. Your prince would have a song. *Yor.* Still hear me out. Age, Hamlet, is a setting sun; and in my occidental years it is not right I hymn the orient day. *Ham.* No more. Up, sing. I'll ride upon your back and hear you croon. *Oph.* (aside) At seven he's the old man of the sea; who knows at twenty-seven what he'll be?

Yor. (sings) In youth, when I did love, did love, Methought it was very sweet, To contract, O! the time, for-a my behove, O! methought there was nothing meet. But age, with his stealing steps, Hath claw'd me in his clutch. . . . *Ham.* Cease, Yorick, this foul caterwaul; instanter, hold your peace. *Yor.* Did I not tell you so? *Ham.* Enough; give me some jest. Yes, make it about a cat, just such a wauly mog as you just now surpassed. *Yor.* (aside) Now must I do this penance for doing what he willed. (Aloud) There's life yet in this old dog you ride; so tell me, Hamlet, why cats have nine lives? *Ham.* I know it not; but why they have nine tails, that I know well, and you shall find it out quick if the riddle be slow. *Oph.* (aside) This prince is sharp as his tongue; and Yorick's blunter by the day. . . . *Yor.* Then here's the answer. All cats will look at kings, but to gaze upon a monarch is to place one's life in his hands, and lives held in such hands do often slip through fingers and are spilt. Now, Hamlet, count the spaces on your hands, I mean twixt finger and finger, and finger and finger, and finger and finger, and finger and thumb; on two hands, count eight crevices through which a life may fall. Only nine lives will ensure that one at least survive; and so our cat, king-watching, must have nine. *Oph.* Husband, a fine conceit. *Ham.* So now a dance; Discharge your jester's office and let's have a merry jig. *Yor.* You'll hang upon my back the while? *Ham.* I will; and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ponder what I want. *Yor.* (aside, and dancing) Hamlet, you want for nothing; yet Yorick finds you wanting.

AND ALL THIS SPOKEN with filigree'd plugs up the nose, up princely nostrils as well as foolish ones! The child, crying in his cradle, cries as much for his bunged proboscis as for the noise of Hamlet's whip, whishing and whooshing through the air to encourage his dancing biped steed. Then what are we to think of this enraged prince?—It's sure he hated Ophelia; but for what? Her pestilential gusts? Her sovereignty over the fool, who doted on her very eyelashes? Or again: it could have been the swelling buds beneath her shift, that's to say her treasure of a chest; at seven, Prince Amlethus is disturbed by something in this girl, but cannot give it name.—So childish ardour turns to hate.

Perhaps all three: her stink; her theft of Yorick's heart, for as any fool knows the heart of a fool is his prince's possession, for who but a fool would surrender his heart to a prince? Her beauty, too. Why choose? Let's be gluttonous in our understanding and swallow the trinity whole . . . . We shall spare him too harsh a judgment; he was a lonely child, who saw in Yorick a father as well as a servant, viz. the best, most perfect father, for every son would make his father a slave. In Yorick, singing, jesting, dancing, the pallid prince sees Horwendillus chained. He was a mother's boy.

The vellum hereabouts—I should say the ink upon it—or more precisely the fist that held the pen—but the fist's long dead, and it won't do to speak ill of the dead—O,**********!, let me say *the text* begins to ramble, to list in grueful detail all the crimes committed by the prince upon the jester's person: each imprint of heir-apparent boot upon his buttocks, complete with itemisations of cause, effect, location, costume, contingent circumstances (viz. the weather, or Hamlet's mother's absence owing to the tyranny—yes, even over queens!—of the functions of nature); descriptions of jesterly pratfalls, of the clump of turf with which his nose collided, of subsequent searches for lost dislodged nose-plugs . . . in brief, a most lamentable lack of brevity, which we shall rectify here without delay. The point's well made, I think; to labour it further would be to emulate that prince, who belaboured the fool with sticks and whips and the Lord knows what . . . and would we not be rash to treat our reader (being ourselves no prince) as if he were a fool? (And being no prince, what business have I with this newly-infiltrative "we", this purple plural my sentences have—quite unbidden—put on? Off with it; back to the common . . . if quite grotesque, because cyclopean . . . I.)

Once—once will suffice—while riding Yorick, Hamlet with his whip parted the fool's cheek's fleshy curtains, to reveal the bony stage behind. It seems he was a feeling prince; enshouldered as he was, his gorge rose at the bloody sight.—Reader, the Prince of Denmark (to believe what's written here) puked generously on Yorick's dingling cap.

ALBEIT, GENTLE READER, I have till now endeavoured to tell a delicate tale of private character, with many fine touches of psychology and material detail, still I can no longer keep the great World from my pages . . . what ended in tragedy began in politics. (Which will be small surprise.)

Picture a banquet at fabulous Elsinore—boars' heads, calves' livers, parsons' noses, goose-breasts, venison haunches, sheep's eyes, pigs' trotters, fish-roes (here's the anatomy of the table, which, were its several dishes assembled into a single edible beast, would bear a stranger monster than any hippogriff or ichthyocentaur!).—Tonight Horwendillus and his Gertrude are feasting Fortinbras, hoping to stay his territorial greed by satisfying his belly's equal liking for expansion, the latter requiring only the murder of the above and mythical monster, a happier and certainly a tastier strategy than war . . . and is it not conceivable that F., seeing upon the laden board the dismembered limbs of this fearsomely diverse and most occult of creatures, and constructing in his mind's eye a behemoth with antlers on his giant turkey's head and hooves set weirdly down beneath his scaly lower half, might lose all appetite for the fray (fearing to confront, on Danish battlefields, the mighty race of hunters who could slay so wild a beast), and so for Denmark?—It does not matter. I've lingered at the banquet only to explain why this Queen Gertrude, over-occupied by diplomacy and several types of meat, was unable to go upstairs and wish her son goodnight.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now I must show you Hamlet sleepless in his bed—but where's the fellow who can portray an absence?—that's to say, the absence of sleep, and of his mother's kiss upon his cheek—for a cheek unkissed that should have been resembles in all respects a cheek for which no osculation had been hoped, and a boy shown horizontal in his cot (even were I to add the tergiversations and other frenzies characteristic of insomnia) may nevertheless be mistaken for a child plagued by a flea; or fevered; or surly, at being forbidden the grown-ups' table; or practising his swimming in this textile sea; or G— knows what, for I don't. But absence, as is well known, makes the heart grow fonder; so up Amlethus gets, and tip-toes down corridors thus (if each dot represent the conjunction of one toe-tip with the floor):

. . . . . /. . . . . /. . . . . /. . . . . /, &c. &c.

—until (to be as quick as he) he reaches Gertrude's chamber, rushes in, and resolves to await her there so that what's absent from his cheek may be presented: a Lethe-kiss from mother, and then he'll sleep. As it turned out, this proved a lethal scheme.

—And now, in pantomime (for I'm afraid my pages' mean allotment may expire before my tale, and so in compensation for my own garrulity these characters may be obliged to rush through dumb-shows, tableaux, and other acceleratory devices quite unsuited to the tragic content of the story;—but still there's nothing for it—my present long-winded folly must make these ancients fools. Thus haste, enforced by our inevitable end, makes Yoricks of us all), let me recount what followed:

Hamlet Aghast: There are voices at the door!—Not only his mother, but some fierce drunken sot!—Quick, hide!—But where?—The arras, not a moment to be lost!—He hides. (And so, in later life, he slays himself, his child-self's memory, grown hoary and Polonial in form. . . .)—O, what he hears! The grunting, roaring man! His mother's squeals and shrieks; ah, frail maternal cries!—Who threatens the Queen?—Bravely, the prince peers round an arras-edge, and sees . . . *his father* falling wild upon the lady. A porky-snuffling Horwendillus, under whom Queen Gertrude sobs and flails—and then falls quiet, while her breath sounds harsh in Hamlet's ears, as if her throat were stopped.—The prince hears death in her voice; and understands, with seven-year-old acuteness, that his father's bent on murder.—Now out he leaps!—"Stop! Stop, I say!"—His father's springing back; his mother's hand flies to her throat, confirming Hamlet's fears of throttlement . . . the scene is clear enough. "I saved her life", Amlethus proudly thinks, but drunken Horwendillus takes his son and thrashes him and lashes and then thrashes once again.—A curious sort of thrashing, for it beats something in to the prince's hide—whereas the nature of most punishment is to beat an evil out!—What's beaten in?—Why, hate, that's plain, and dark dreams of revenge.

Hamlet Alone: (But I'll leave soliloquies to better pens; my vellum's silent on what Hamlet felt while locked and wealy in his room—you must infer his thoughts from what he did.—It's possible you may see him haunted: a Horwendillian phantom shimmers before his eyes, and seems to miss no chance of squeezing the life-breath from the Queen.—Amlethus' eyes, made visionary by fear, observe the frenzied spectre as it assassinates Queen Gertrude, oh, a hundred, no, more, a thousand times, now falling upon her to throttle her in the bath (soap bubbles burst upon her lips), now choking her at her mirror and forcing her to watch. You, reader, seeing Hamlet's dreams, look through his eyes at Horwendillus's chimaera as it strangles Hamlet's mother in gardens, kitchens, ballrooms, potting sheds; on chairs, beds, tables, floors; in public and private, by day and by night, before and after luncheon, while she sings and while she is silent, clothed and nude, in boats and on horseback, enthroned or on her pisspot . . . until, in short, he (Hamlet) sees his recent rescue's no end, but only a beginning, to his loving anguish; and appreciates the necessity of finding a permanent solution to this matter.—So a plot is born, conceived by nightmare urgency out of hate, its generative organ that royal whip that stung his royal buttocks, delivering upon those nether cheeks just such a yoricking as he'd often given the fool. And so the plot begins to converge on Yorick: bitter Hamlet will use the jester as revenge's tool.—And now you may see two hates coalesce; in Hamlet's angry brain his fury merges (that's to say marries) Ophelia and the King; the stone of his enragement will bring down both these birds, for this is a Medusan wrath, and will turn yoric flesh to fatal granite . . . at last, you hear the child pace round his room, a sullen riddle dripping from his lips:—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nor liquid, nor solid, nor gassy air,—
nor taste, nor smell, nor substance there.
It may be turned to good or ill.
Pour it in an ear and it may kill."

—Now, reader, my congratulations; your fancy, from which all these dark suppositions have issued (for I began by swearing myself to silence), is proved by them more fertile and convincing than my own.)

. . . So well, so accurately have you supposed that my task's made very brief. It remains only to bring Hamlet and Yorick, the one upon the other's back as usual, to a Platform before the Castle at Elsinore.—Where the young prince pours such a magical poison into Yorick's ears that the fool starts seeing illusions.—Yes, you are right: the ghost of Hamlet's still-undead father appears to haunt poor Yorick; and another phantasm, too, is conjured by the venom: Ophelia, Yorick's wife . . . her clothes in disarray, her body twined in translucent, ectoplasmic spendour round the King's!—What was the princely poison? Solve your riddle, reader, and you'll know;—there, there, never mind, I'll solve it for you: reader, it was Speech. O deadliest venene! Being insubstantial, though very serpentine, it knows no antidote: . . . to be plain, then, Hamlet persuades his father's fool that Horwendillus and Ophelia, that Dame Yorick and the King . . . and possibly (the vellum is unclear, smudged at this point by ancient tears or other salty fluid) the boy brought proofs—a pair of golden nose-plugs bearing the royal seal, wrapped in a billet-doux?—or was it a handkerchief?—no matter. The damage is done, and Yorick is multiply a fool:—for he was always a fool by trade, and is now a doubled dolt for being the prince's gull, and (in his own eyes) trebly and quadruply an ass (and a most foolish-looking ass, because of the horns that stand between the ears) for seeming, as he believes, a fool in the lovers' eyes . . . and here's the strangest thing, and the dark heart of the matter: by becoming a fool-actual, he sacrifices the privileges of the fool-professional. A jester was a curious sort of fool, permitted by his motley to speak wisdom and have men laugh at it; to tell the truth and keep his head, jingling as it was with silly bells.—Yes, fools were wise, as wise as clocks, for they knew their time for what it was.—But now this clock-wise Yorick changes round; fooled by the prince, he begins to play the fool—to play it truly, that's to say to rant, to roar, to act the jealous spouse in deadly seriousness.—Which was Hamlet's intention; to force the fool into a fatal folly. I've said he saw the jester as a second, clownish father; this surrogate parent is now unleashed by poisoned words against the royal sire.

You have understood the rest: Horwendillus sleeps alone in his gethsemane: enter Yorick, with juices of cursed hebona in a phial.—The poison Hamlet poured into his ears has precipitated, or so it seems, into this bottle—and from the bottle into the king it goes.—And that's Horwendillus dead; while Ophelia, accused by Yorick, loses her senses and wanders round the palace in a flowery madness till she dies of grief;—which madness gives the clue to Claudius, who then uncovers the crime, and it's to the block with Yorick, and that's that.—But here's a mystery, an unknown hand at work! For someone, whom I cannot name, retrieves the head; and with all necessary bribes and whispers secretly contrives to have it buried there, where after many years the prince will find it out, and be confronted by his grinning bony guilt.—So a faceless joker, some lover of the jester's heady wit, makes of his severed noodle a most *capital* (if unwitting) amusement.

TUMPTY TUM, tumpty tum, and a tumpty tumpty tum . . . reader, time's passing, and each of us passes the time in his own sweet way, whether by drumming of fingers, or in sleep, or courtship, or the consumption of strings of sausages, or however we please; my own habit is to hum, and so tum tum tumpty tum. (If the tune distresses you, be off and pass the time in some other place; freedom's a spaniel that grows weak and flabby if it is not exercised, so exercise your dog, sir, that's the trick.)—But, returning after many years to our scene, what do we see? Not Yorick; he's dead. Then Yorick's ghost? For he seems to haunt the living, so that we may call him a will-o'-the-wits . . . reader, how much has gone wrong at Elsinore! Gertrude, rescued by her son from her first murderous spouse, remained in mourning many, many years, while Claudius ruled. In this it's true my history differs from Master Shakespeare's, and ruins at least one great soliloquy.—I offer no defence.—But this: that these are matters shrouded in antiquity, and there's no certainty in them; so let the versions of the story coexist, for there's no need to choose.—Or this: that when Queen Gertrude at last did marry Claudius, the inter-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vening years (in Hamlet's troubled mind) were by this action concertinaed, blurred together, compressed; so that to him the passage of his childhood, his adolescence and young manhood seemed to be no longer than two months (nay, not so much, not two) . . . and this is wholly comprehensible, for have they not flown by in the brief space of time it took to sing my tumpty tum?—Have they not passed in the few moments it took to walk Freedom, your spaniel bitch?—Well, then, you have two unanswerable cases instead of none; and that's enough, I hope.

I was saying: Gertrude marries! And now dead Yorick's jealousy, unhoused from the jester's corpse, and seeking a new home, finds one in Hamlet. It's clear (so Hamlet plots) the King must be accused of his brother's murder, and Yorick's execution must be shown to be the camouflage, the arras behind which the truth was hid . . . so Murder's spectre is invoked a second time, and Hamlet, in his mother-loving passion, sees it walk the battlements of Elsinore.—But the ghost bears his own name: by which the prince, the accuser, is accused. Haunted by the phantom of his crimes, he starts to lose his reason. His own Ophelia he treats badly, as you know; his cracking brain confuses her with the unbearable memory of the fool's foul-smelling wife . . . and (to cut this short) at last the prince, who once turned speech to poison, drinks from a poisoned cup;—and then dead marches, and also marches of the living: old Fortinbras, too long uninvited to a meal, eats Denmark up instead.

But Yorick's child survives; is brought to England; and generations follow; ending (I'll now reveal) in this present humble AUTHOR; whose ancestry may be proved by this, which he holds in common with the whole sorry line of the family, that his chief weakness is for the telling and re-telling of a particular species of tale: which learned men have termed *taurean*, and also *chanticleric*.—And just such a cock-and-bull story is by this last confession brought quite to its conclusion.

Mahogany Jack

He lowers his heel on to the mat, weighs
the wood against his stiffened arm, locks
his thumb in the hollow, bends his knee.
His wrist scans angles for a favoured route,
his arm creeps back, a pendulum through oil.

Thrust lifts his foot. He crouches, a skater,
as the wood discards a wobble, homes towards
the distant jack. He shuffles sideways
to preserve the illusion of a perfect track.

Diagonals too far now, he takes the cambered
sides. The jack's line in the dew is clear
as sparrows feet. They score in silence,
a finger diffidently raised; or two.

A match flares in the hut. The turf's green
deepens, puddles in the channel widen, merge.
The dry sound of his blackened pipe
is mild against the traffic of the sea.

He winds his watch, fumbles in his pouch.
The sky clears. Knuckles brush the grass,
bowls fling coloured droplets at the sun.
The chock of dark mahogany prevails.
Behind the hut a little boy builds castles.

John Latham

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colin Wilson

The Real Charlotte

"CHARLOTTE BACH has developed a theory about sex and evolution—I know this because I have been corresponding with her for the past three years. But if she is correct, or even half correct, then the implications of her theory are so tremendous that it is one of the greatest intellectual advances of the 20th century, and she should be classified with Einstein and Freud as a revolutionary thinker. . . ."

This was the opening paragraph of an article I wrote for *Time Out* in April 1973. The claim may sound astonishing—but then, so are Charlotte Bach's ideas. Briefly, she believes that we all contain two extremities of sexuality, rather as a magnet has two poles. The poles are, of course, male and female; and between them there exists a tension, as between the two poles of a horseshoe magnet. But human beings are not made of iron; they are, so to speak "bendable." The poles can get pulled closer together. If they actually touch, the result is transsexuality, in which a man more-or-less becomes a woman, or vice versa—its commonest manifestation is transvestism. But since human beings have a certain freedom of choice, they may react in a variety of ways to this pressure—artistic creativity and sexual perversion are just two of the possibilities. This pressure, according to Charlotte Bach, is the driving force behind evolution. If, of course, the two poles touch, then the pressure disappears. Transvestites have simply surrendered to the tension; they are, as far as evolution is concerned, dead ends.

After ten years of reading Charlotte's voluminous—and mostly unpublished—works, I think I have a rough general understanding of her theory. There is still one question that leaves me completely baffled. Admittedly, it was only recently that I became aware of it—to be precise, on 17 June 1981. It was on that date that one of Charlotte's disciples phoned me to tell me she was dead. Alerted by the accumulation of milk on the doorstep, police broke into her small flat in Highgate, and discovered her body. When, in the mortuary, the corpse was undressed, the ample breasts proved to be made of foam rubber, and the removal of the underwear revealed a penis. Examination of her papers revealed that Charlotte was—apparently—Baron Carl Hajdu, born in Budapest in 1920. He was one of those human beings who, according to his own theory, was an evolutionary reject.

And this I find quite incomprehensible. Did Charlotte Bach, that immensely brilliant, immensely conceited lady (for I cannot for the life of me think of her as a man), did Charlotte, who believed that she would one day receive a Nobel Prize, really accept that she was totally non-creative, an evolutionary dead-end? Since her death, I have talked to many of her friends and disciples, all—with one exception—as astonished by the revelation as I was; no one has been able to suggest a plausible answer.

At least it seems clear that Charlotte had no desire to keep the secret permanently. In her flat, her followers discovered thousands of papers—letters, press-cuttings, photographs—many of Charlotte posing in sexy underwear—and manuscripts of scientific articles, books, stories, even two novels. (One of these I regret to say, was accidentally incinerated by my son when he was burning the Christmas wrappings.) There is enough material for a ten-volume biography, and knowing her as well as I did, I am moderately sure that was what she had in mind.

I MET Charlotte Bach some time in 1970. She had written me a letter about my book *Origins of the Sexual Impulse*, explaining that she had developed a completely new theory about sexual perversion. I replied, expressing interest, and received an enormous parcel containing a three-inch-thick typescript entitled: *Homo Mutans, Homo Luminens.* Page 1 was headed "Prolegomena", and the last page—521—concluded "End of Prolegomena." It looked intimidatingly erudite—Monod, Darwin, Einstein, Planck, Jung, Tinbergen, Hegel, Whitehead, and just about everybody who has written on evolution in the 20th century. Her chief detestation seemed to be "empiricist, physics-centred science." I glanced at the first fifty pages, groaned, and pushed it aside. But a few weeks later, con-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fined to my bed with a sore throat, I decided to make another attempt. It was hard going; but my real misgiving was that she was just an absurdly conceited female. She dismissed everyone she disagreed with—Monod, Russell, Desmond Morris—with a lofty contempt that made her sound like a combination of Madame Blavatsky, Gertrude Stein, and Indira Gandhi. Yet as I persisted, this unpleasant first impression was outweighed by a sense of tremendous intelligence and an impressive grasp of European cultural history. Whether the theory was correct or not, there could be no doubt that she possessed a powerful and original mind.

I wrote and told her so and, to my surprise, received an emotional reply in which she said she had burst into tears as she read my letter. It was signed "*Love,* CHARLOTTE." From then on, letters and huge wodges of typescript arrived at a rate of about two a week. They were typed on a typewriter that had only capital letters, and the sheer quantity suggested that she used it for about ten hours every day.

SOME TIME in late 1970, I suggested we might meet on one of my trips to London. I was staying with the painter Regis de Bouvier de Cachard. Charlotte arrived—a broad-shouldered mammoth of a woman with a deep, masculine voice and a heavy foreign accent. She came out to dinner and drank a fair quantity of wine, but struck me as rather reserved, as if she regarded most of the human race as fools. Back in Regis's flat, I asked her about the background of her theory. She explained that she had been a lecturer in psychology at Budapest University, where her husband was a professor; they had been driven out by the Communists in 1948. In 1965, her husband had died on the operating table, and her son was killed in a car crash. (At this point she burst into tears, and it took a good ten minutes to soothe her; but the episode broke the ice.) The shock sent her into depression, and in an attempt to fight it off, she decided to compile a popular dictionary of psychology. It was when trying to write about various sexual perversions, she claimed, that she realised nobody seemed to have the least idea of what they were. So she decided to see whether "perverts" themselves knew what it was all about. She passed the word among her friends, and eventually succeeded in interviewing a large number of people of bizarre sexual tastes. And one day it had dawned on her that sexual perversions are the mainspring of evolution. She described to us how she leapt to her feet and said aloud: "So *that's* what it's about—evolution!" She said that it was one of the most exciting moments of her life.

At about two in the morning, we saw Charlotte into a taxi, for which I paid—she was apparently very poor. I gave her a kiss, and she also kissed Regis. And when we got back indoors, he said: "You know, when she kissed me, she stuck her tongue halfway down my throat. . . ." We laughed about it. My own conclusion had been that Charlotte was probably lesbian, but this seemed to disprove it. It was only after her death that I realised that this was what she intended me to think.

WE CONTINUED TO CORRESPOND, and I occasionally saw her in London. The next time I took her to dinner, I was staying with another friend. And once again, Charlotte told us the story of the death of her husband and son, and burst into floods of tears. In 1972, *Time Out* asked me to write a piece about her—she was already becoming something of a cult figure, with admirers ranging from dubious flagellants to respectable academics. I gave her lunch at the Savage Club, then took her into a quiet corner of the lounge and asked her to explain her ideas in words of one syllable. By interjecting questions every time she seemed inclined to digress, I finally succeeded in eliciting a basic outline of her theory. But she again took the opportunity to tell me the story of the death of her husband and son, and burst into tears. It was impossible that she could have forgotten that we had been through all this before. I began to suspect that there was more than a little of the actress about Charlotte.

But it was obvious that the theory itself was logical and consistent. Its premise is that human beings are sexually ambiguous. Shaw's Caesar describes himself as "part woman, part brute, and nothing of man in me at all." Every man contains a woman; every woman contains a man. And in all of us, this opposite polarity exerts a gravitational pull which tries to convert its opposite into itself. That is, all men have a secret craving to become women, and vice versa. We can react to this in various ways. Some resist it—these she calls *denialists*—and some are willing to go along with it—these are *asseverationists*. A woman might react to her desire to be male either by dressing in male-type clothes—jeans, leather boots and so on—or by becoming excessively feminine. For a man it is more difficult. He may become aggressively masculine, or may simply find himself attracted to all things feminine. A fetishist who steals women's shoes is of this type; so is the drag-queen.

There is another complication. A man may have a female mind in his male body, and vice versa. Such a man is really a woman; so he may try to deny the pull towards becoming his opposite (a man) by dressing in female clothes. Charlotte described interviewing a tweedy, pipe-smoking university professor who said: "Do you mind if I behave naturally?" When she said no, he removed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his trousers, revealing stockings and black knickers, and sat there puffing at his pipe as they talked. He was what Charlotte called a "male negative denialist"—denying the pull to become a man by dressing up as a woman.

HAVING CLASSIFIED us all into eight types—which seemed to satisfactorily explain every shade of sexual abnormality—Charlotte recognised that C. G. Jung had followed roughly the same line of thought—with his animus and anima—and that he was probably correct when he decided that alchemy is a symbolic recognition of the changes that can take place in the psyche. Alchemy also starts from the basic male and female principles. Then what is the equivalent of the alchemical transformation of *prima materia* into gold? She was brooding on this question when a young man of religious inclinations mentioned to her that he had experienced a sexual orgasm that went on for eight hours. She was inclined to dismiss this as fantasy. But then, reading a book on Shamanism, she came across a reference to similar prolonged orgasms in shamans. Suddenly, she said, the answer flashed upon her. *This* is what the "opposition of forces" is supposed to lead to: some ultimate control of the mind, an intensification of consciousness. This is why evolution has chosen to keep us in a state of permanent sexual tension. Those who simply give way to the pressure become homosexuals, transvestites or whatever. Those who merely dig in their heels become dully "normal", locked in a kind of mediocrity. But those who actively resist and can make use of the misery and tension may become artists, shamans, saints. A Ninth Symphony, a *Divina Commedia*, represents a partial transmutation. These "resisters" are what I had called Outsiders; they feel instinctively that the tensions can be used for higher purposes.

In short, man is the most sexually "screwed up" of all species because his potentialities for development are so much greater than those of other animals. (This is undoubtedly why Charlotte had so many admirers in the gay community; she seemed to be offering scientific support for that old gay contention that homosexuality and creativity are closely allied. Charlotte once remarked dourly that if the gays found out what she was *really* saying they'd desert in droves.) Man is a "neotenous" ape, a Peter Pan species, struggling with a problem of arrested development like some eternal adolescent.

After that session, I could at least see the essence of what Charlotte was getting at. I still found it impossible to follow her ideas on physics—such as the notion that time is spherical and has ten dimensions—or on the development of the alphabet. But there could be no doubt about the Spenglerian sweep and the sheer originality of the whole philosophy. I said as much in the *Time Out* article, and it seemed to have the desired effect of bringing her ideas to the attention of a larger audience, and even arousing the interest of one or two publishers. (But they shuddered and excused themselves when they saw the size of the typescript and sampled the impenetrability of her style.) One publisher suggested that I should write a book about Charlotte, and she signified her willingness to give me the fullest cooperation. But the more I thought about it, the more I saw that I was simply not the right person. I had no doubt that she was an interesting thinker whose ideas deserved to be widely discussed. But my gut reaction to her basic idea—that the aim of evolution is some kind of super-hermaphrodite—was that it was nonsense.

I found it impossible to take seriously her premise that we all have a secret, instinctive desire to *turn into* the opposite sex. During the first few months of our correspondence, Charlotte read my novel *Ritual in the Dark* (1960): she wrote to me to say that it revealed a fetishistic preoccupation with women's underwear, and that this convinced her that I was a transvestite. This seemed to me to reveal total lack of insight. I acknowledged that, like many males, I may find the sight of a girl in her underwear more stimulating than the sight of her nakedness. Yet it seemed to me that the explanation is quite simple. Most males are feverishly interested in sex for many years before they have a chance to try it; the feeling that it is something exciting and forbidden builds up until it assumes symbolic proportions, like the spectre of the Brocken. Dr Johnson always ate like a pig and spilled his food down his shirt-front; he told Mrs Thrale that this was because he was half-starved for so many years as a student that it was now impossible to be moderate about food. If Johnson had been told that his ravenous appetite was a desire to *become* a beefsteak he would have snorted contemptuously. And if a tendency to find women's underwear stimulating indicates a desire to become a woman, then why should a man find a girl in a bathing costume or bikini less exciting than a glimpse up her skirt as she walks up a staircase? Surely it is because underwear has a connotation of "forbiddenness" which is not attached to a bikini? In short, fetishism is a psychological quirk due to early frustration, not some deeply meaningful expression of my Jungian anima.

WHEN CHARLOTTE and some of her admirers decided to found an Institute of Human Ethology, and deliver lectures on the topic at a London polytechnic, she asked me if she could use my name as a sponsor on her notepaper. I took a deep breath and told her that I felt that her central

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idea was simply untrue. I expected her to be mortally offended. Instead, she replied that she didn't in the least mind my disagreeing with her ideas provided I agreed that they deserved a wider audience. Since I could safely agree to that proposition, I agreed to let her use my name.

As the number of her followers increased, Charlotte seemed to become less touchy and aggressive. Yet she still had a positive hunger to be recognised and noticed. When I was asked to chair a debate on "the paranormal" between Lyall Watson and John Taylor—at the Royal Institution—Charlotte was prominent in the centre of the front row wearing a huge hat and waving an equally enormous fan. When the speakers seemed to be drawing too much attention, she used the fan vigorously, putting them both off their stride. When question time came, she immediately signalled me with her fan; as a friend, I naturally had to call upon her to speak. She rose magnificently to her feet, and her deep voice echoed through the room; she seemed to be saying: "Enough of these amateurs; *this* is how it ought to be done." It was a superb exhibition of one-upmanship. And because I was chairman, she succeeded in making several more interjections. When I addressed her as "Doctor Charlotte Bach" she seemed to grow even larger. . . .

I NEVER WROTE THE BOOK about her. But I *did* persuade a publisher friend to bring out a volume of her selected writings—it is due out some time next year—and I also wrote a lengthy passage about her in a book called *Mysteries* (1977). Charlotte was obviously disgruntled that I had only given her ten pages or so; but she had this section of the book duplicated and bound as a pamphlet. (By this time, she had friends who were willing to photocopy her writings; so in spite of the lack of a publisher, they began to achieve a considerable circulation). Her expectation of a Nobel Prize struck me as unrealistic, but it seemed highly probable that she would end up as a kind of Grand Old Woman, like Margaret Mead or Dora Russell, with a world-wide (if specialised) audience.

AND THEN, at 61, she died. It seems fairly certain that it was a kind of suicide. She herself suspected cancer—the post-mortem revealed cancer of the liver—but refused to allow any of her medical friends (of which she had several) to examine her. For the same reason, presumably, she refused to go to a hospital. If it was a question of preserving her secret or dying, she preferred to die.

When the news that she was a man leaked out, there was alarm, disarray and incredulity among her followers. One of them, Geoffrey Blundell, phoned to tell me the news. Within a couple of hours, another had rung me up to say that he thought it might be best to keep the whole thing secret—even in my projected contribution to her *Selected Writings*. My own reaction was that it would be absurd to try to suppress the story. In fact, *Gay News* got on to it pretty quickly, and printed an amusing and bitchy little paragraph. It was this as much as anything that led the dissenters among her followers to feel that I might as well come out with the truth.

And, in spite of the long game of hide-and-seek, the truth was not too difficult to pin down when her friend Bob Mellors (to whose *Chronology of Charlotte Bach* I am indebted) began to sort through her papers. The story that emerged is as follows.

CHARLOTTE—actually Carl Michael Blaise Augustine Hajdu—was born in Budapest in 1920; his father, according to Carl's account, was a high-ranking civil servant who had been a wealthy landowner, but lost his estate in the Paris Treaty after the First World War. He was also a baron, a title Carl claimed to have inherited on the death of an elder brother.

Having said that, it is necessary to add immediately that the above paragraph is untrue. More recent investigation—in fact, since I wrote the first version of this article—indicates that Carl Hajdu was actually born into a working-class family in Budapest (this information was given by his sister in a letter of which I possess a copy). But there seems no reason to doubt the remainder of Carl Hajdu's own story of his early life.

Carl taught himself to read at the age of four, and read through most of his father's library. "At school I was told several times I had the highest IQ of all the pupils. I loved putting teachers through the hoop. In turn they loved proving at exam times that I wasn't so bloody clever." So the exhibitionism and desire for attention were present from childhood. He was also sexually precocious. "I started masturbating at the age of ten, and haven't stopped since." At fifteen he lost his virginity with a prostitute. Watching her pull on her stockings afterwards, he wanted to begin all over again, but she didn't have time and he didn't have the money. (A psychiatrist later told him that if he had been able to do so, he might never have become a transvestite. Charlotte was justifiably sceptical.) At fifteen he also tried to earn some money as a homosexual prostitute—a friend was an "enthusiastic amateur procurer." He spent an evening with a cultured elderly gentleman who gave him an excellent dinner with wine, but when the time came, he couldn't get an erection, and left in disgrace—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and without his fee. In later life, he (now she) apparently went back to this method of supplementing his income with rather more success, advertising herself in a sex magazine and, as "Daphne", catering for more bizarre tastes—like men who enjoyed being thrashed by hefty ladies in riding boots and underwear.

In his teens, Carl went to Budapest University, where his performance was less than brilliant. When the War came, he became a junior lieutenant in the Hungarian Army. In 1944, the Hungarians accepted collaboration with the Germans as an alternative to being occupied by them, and in some odd manner Carl Hajdu became attached to the *SS*. In the autobiographical novel *Fiona* he mentions that he was a courier officer whose job was to find Hungarian soldiers in German field hospitals and arrange for their transfer to Hungary—the job seems to have been undemanding, and allowed him to eat and drink well. Then, suspected of aiding the escape of two Englishmen (who, for some baffling reason, were in the *SS*), he was arrested by the Germans and detained for five months: although he was grilled, he was not physically ill-treated. One of his fellow prisoners, an officer, was executed; but Carl was saved by the bell—that is, the end of the War. He returned to the university, and this time did well. (She told me that she received her doctorate in psychology, and became a junior lecturer; but this seems to have been her only qualification for claiming—as she later did—that she was a qualified psychologist.) In about 1947, Carl landed in more trouble, this time with the Russian-backed Communist régime; he is altogether less specific about this in *Fiona*, but seems to have been tried by a People's Court and spent seven months in jail. In 1948, he escaped to England via Austria, arriving in April.

By this time, he was already well "into" transvestism. It had developed slowly. It first appeared one day when he had been making love, and was lying naked on the bed, covered by the girl's satin dressing-gown, waiting for her to make coffee. Looking at the contours of his own thighs under the satin, he became excited, and began caressing them. At this point the girl returned with the coffee and he forgot the incident. A year or two later, he bought several pairs of nylon stockings for another girl-friend. When she rang up at the last moment and cancelled the date, he went to bed early with a book. Then on impulse, he got up, put on the stockings, and admired his legs in them; then he "masturbated with a hitherto unexperienced intensity of total involvement." Then, upset and ashamed, he tore the stockings to pieces and swore he would never do it again.

This seems to have been a key episode in Carl Hajdu's life. Analysing it later, he says that it seemed as natural as an apple falling off a tree, and that what a psychiatrist later told him about "substitutes" and "displacement of affect" was like explaining the fall of the apple by saying it was heavy. What bothered him was that the stockings on his legs were more than an adequate substitute for the girl herself.

When a friend happened to leave a suitcase of his wife's clothes at Carl's apartment, he once again found himself unable to resist dressing up—this time in a complete woman's outfit. He felt so ashamed that he rang the friend to ask him to remove the suitcase immediately. But after that, he began buying items of female clothing, and dressing up. Periodically, he experienced revulsion, decided it was a lot of nonsense, and had a "purge", wrapping the clothes in parcels and "losing" them on buses or in parks. Then the urge came again and he bought more. When he left for England, he gave away the lot to the Hungarian equivalent of OXFAM as a present from "his sister."

IN LONDON, Carl Hajdu found a job as a translator at the Harwich Labour Exchange, and began an affair with a married woman named Julia. It was easier for her to leave some of her clothes and cosmetics at his flat. On days when she was unable to come, he began dressing up in her clothes and using her cosmetics. The affair lasted for three years, and ended when the woman's husband made things difficult.

In the early 1950s, he met Phyllis, a divorcee with a small son and a pleasant flat. He made a habit of spending week-ends with her. When she told him she was pregnant, he decided to marry her—he was convinced he was in love. (There seems to have been something of a mystery about this pregnancy—which proved to be a false alarm—since Hajdu was later convinced that he was sterile.) He wanted to believe that the urge to transvestism had finally vanished. Nevertheless, he kept the clothes for the first five years of his marriage, until he decided it was time to save the money he was paying for storage by getting rid of them.

What happened next is told in the novel *Fiona*. This reads like straight autobiography, and on all points I have been able to check, the story is an accurate account of his own life. The hero, Gregory Blaise—a Hungarian baron living in England—has been given one of Carl Hajdu's own names, as a surname. In the ninth year of his marriage (i.e. 1964), Blaise has rented himself a room in Mayfair, and is making a living as some kind of estate agent; he spends his week-ends with his wife in Hampstead. Blaise is a good-looking, bearded man (as Hajdu was) with a way with women, and in the course of the novel he sleeps

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with about a dozen of them. After a violent row with his wife, he leaves home; in any case, he finds it much more convenient for his love affairs not to keep returning to Hampstead. The main affair is with a girl called Fiona, a general's daughter. (It is impossible to avoid noticing that the author is obsessed with rank and social position.) Even so, he sleeps with other women. In 1965, the affair with Fiona breaks up—she tells him she is no longer in love with him—and he decides to return to his wife. But she has an emergency operation, and dies. A week later, the stepson is killed in a car crash, returning to school.

In fact, Carl Hajdu was making a living as a lecturer and journalist during this period, now calling himself "Michael Karoly." In 1959, he began to lecture at the Stanislavsky Institute on the role of psychology in acting, and in 1961 became the "resident psychologist" for *Today* magazine, a successor of the defunct *John Bull*; he seems to have been a kind of Agony Aunt, writing articles with such titles as "*Should big girls be spanked?*" and "*Why, oh why do I steal?*" As Michael Karoly, he had given himself a string of bogus degrees and set himself up in business as a highly successful hypnotherapist practising in Mayfair. In 1961 he wrote a popular book on hypnosis for the publisher Elek. He was making determined attempts to "become known" and widen his circle of celebrated acquaintances—writing, among others, to Gian Carlo Menotti.

There seems to be no doubt that Charlotte's story of her mental breakdown after the death of "her husband" is basically accurate. Michael Karoly locked himself in his flat in Highgate, and allowed himself to disintegrate. He ran up debts, failed to pay bills, and spent two months in prison. During the time alone in the Highgate flat, he dressed continually as a woman, apparently in his dead wife's clothes. Then he made an attempt to get his life and problems into perspective by writing a book called *Man and/or Woman*. This marked the real beginning of his life as Charlotte Bach. For he decided it was time to widen his experience of transvestism, and in June 1967 placed an advertisement on the back page of the *New Statesman*, announcing that he was a psychologist who wanted to interview transvestites.

Among those who answered the advertisement was a 44-year-old *TV* (the usual abbreviation among the transvestite fraternity) named Derick Alexander. Like Carl Hajdu, he was an apparently heterosexual male who had never had any difficulty finding girl-friends; but for the past fourteen years he had struggled with an increasingly powerful urge to dress as a woman. Derick telephoned the "doctor", and made his way to the Highgate flat. There he found that he had already been preceded by another half-dozen *TV*s all anxious to tell their life stories in exchange for coffee and sympathy. Derick (now Della Aleksander) has described his first impressions of Hajdu—tall, bearded, suave, entirely without feminine mannerisms. He also mentions the interesting fact that whenever he met other transvestites, he felt rather repelled by them—they seemed rather silly and disgusting (like the Oxford don who wore women's underwear). Nevertheless, Derick Alexander accepted an invitation to the home of one of the "women" in Wimbledon, where they all changed into women's clothes—with the exception of Hajdu—and chattered together like a lot of girls. There exists a colour photograph taken at this party. The "women" all look perfectly normal, some of them rather glamorous; Hajdu towers above them. It was quite typical of Charlotte that she had no desire to be "one of the girls"; it was important to be apart from them and above them. She had an aristocratic certainty of her own uniqueness.

Derick Alexander and Michael Karoly became increasingly friendly; Derick made a habit of calling at the Highgate flat most Sunday evenings. One day, he felt a sudden flash of intuition, and commented that it seemed strange that a psychologist should choose to specialise in a subject like transvestism unless he felt some personal involvement. Without a word, Karoly went to his desk and took out several photographs. The first one showed Karoly sitting on the arm of a settee, with a woman—whom he identified as his wife—alongside him sitting on the settee. For a moment, Derick was taken in; then he looked more closely and said: "*They're both you!*" Karoly was pleased that it had taken such a close scrutiny to recognise that the photograph was a montage. It must have been a relief to him to have one other person in whom he could confide. Unlike most of the rest of the group, Derick Alexander was intelligent and widely read; the two became close friends.

Karoly, it seems, had given a great deal of thought to the problem of how to appear in public without being "read" (*TV*-slang for rumbled). The first basic rule, he said, was never to speak unless you're in vision. Once someone takes it for granted that you're a woman, they overlook the masculine voice. Next, observe women carefully and notice the small "feminine" things they do all the time. Derick's self-confidence about appearing in public was low, since he had twice been arrested for "disturbing the peace" (i.e. wearing drag in public). Karoly took on the role of mentor, took Derick for an evening in the West End, and made all kinds of comments on the mistakes he had made. (Karoly found this role of instructor so enjoyable that he wrote a story about it.)

Derick/Della tells a story that is typical of Charlotte Bach. One evening, they were sitting in a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wine bar in Camden Town when Charlotte went out to the *Ladies*—this was part of her ritual. Two old cockney women at the next table were watching, and one of them commented: "That's a man!" When Charlotte returned, Della informed her: "You've been read."

Charlotte eyed the two old ladies for a moment, and went over to their table. She announced courteously with a strong Hungarian accent: "It is my birthday and we are having a celebration. Would you two ladies care to join us for a glass of wine?" The old ladies looked taken aback but said they'd love to. Charlotte then proceeded to tell them the story of the death of her husband and son in the same week, produced photographs of her tall, bearded husband, and became increasingly pleased with herself as the old ladies obviously revised their opinion that she was a man.

Finally, one of the women asked sympathetically: "Do you think you'll ever marry again, love?" Charlotte did a little feminine moue: "If I can find the right man." At which the other old dear remarked with cockney spontaneity: "'E'd 'ave to be a giant." Della had to turn away to suppress hysterics.

Man and/or Woman seems to have been rejected by various publishers, but Charlotte was unperturbed. She felt she was making tremendous new discoveries. In the earlier hypnotism book, she had stated that transvestism seems to be the result of man's intense admiration for women. Now she was beginning to work out her complicated scheme of denialists, asseverationists, and so on. In the British Museum's Reading Room, she requested books on the Mithraic mysteries, Gnostic scriptures, and female homosexuality. She began writing a book on Leonardo da Vinci, convinced that he was a transsexual. In 1969, she told her literary agent Michael Fenton to withdraw the *Man and/or Woman* typescript from circulation as there had been "important new developments." She also wrote to IBM, explaining that she "and her brother, another psychologist", had completed research on an important project about sexual deviations which might have considerable commercial possibilities—for example, in personnel selection. There is no record of their reply.

In 1970, as I have already recounted, Charlotte wrote to me, and sent me the huge typescript of the prolegomena to *Homo Mutans*. I was, I think, the first person with any public reputation to give her encouragement. I suspect that she then began to use my name fairly freely as one of her "admirers" in letters to other writers and academics. She occasionally sent me copies of her letters and their replies. Her own letters were often couched in a tone of aggressive scorn; when she received a fairly courteous reply, she regarded it as a triumph, and circulated copies. It was already evident that her attitude about "recognition" was thoroughly ambivalent. She managed to imply that all scientists—except herself—were fools, and that she regarded them all with contempt; but the least sign of acknowledgement of her views, no matter how guarded or critical, filled her with a need to announce it to the world.

She was, it seems, actively considering a sex change operation. She actually persuaded Derick Alexander to have the operation; but, for various reasons, Charlotte Bach never took the plunge herself. I suspect the main reason was a refusal to acknowledge publicly that she was anything but what she pretended to be. It is true that she and Della became patients of a psychologist specialising in transvestism at Charing Cross Hospital; but this was basically for legal protection; if arrested for "disturbing the peace" they could produce cards to prove they were under treatment.

When Della returned from a year in the West Indies and America, she found that Charlotte was now inclined to discourage a renewal of their friendship. Charlotte was collecting a new circle of acquaintances and admirers, all of whom were convinced she was a woman—even though she had sworn Della to secrecy, she was obviously afraid it might slip out. Although Charlotte's writings remain unpublished, her admirers were now duplicating them. Don Smith, a homosexual and a considerably better writer than Charlotte, simplified her ideas in a brilliant small book, *Why Are There Gays At All? Why Hasn't Evolution Eliminated 'Gayness' Millions of Years Ago?* It was published privately by "Quantum Jump Publications", funded by the admirers.[1] But many of the admirers had no particular sexual hang-ups; they were simply fascinated by the daring of her ideas, and the magnificent conviction with which she expressed them. Some businessmen, like Jack Wiersma, even decided that Charlotte could be correct in believing that her ideas could have important commercial applications, and began funding her "research." By the mid-1970s, Charlotte Bach, although unknown to the general public, had achieved a wide and enthusiastic following in London, and some of the recognition to which she felt she was entitled. When I visited her at her flat in Highgate, I found her in the midst of a group of disciples who obviously regarded her as the theosophists regarded Madame Blavatsky.

[1] The Quantum Jump book and other pamphlets mentioned in this article are available from Another Orbit Press, c/o 5 Caledonian Road, London N.1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUT SHE STILL hungered for wider recognition. She pressed me to redeem my promise to write about her in a book; as a result, I devoted part of a chapter of *Mysteries* to her. After reading this, Della commented: "Colin Wilson will be *furious* when he finds out", and Charlotte remarked casually: "I don't think he'll mind." She was right. I was merely *very* curious. *Mysteries* went into a dozen or so foreign editions—including French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, German, Japanese and American—and spread her reputation; but I think she was disappointed by the relatively mild response; she had hoped to be flooded with correspondence from all over the world. Charlotte was in a hurry. I think that the lack of world-wide fame was a thorn in the side that she seldom forgot; it may have contributed to the cancer.

Still, her reputation was spreading nicely at the time of her death. Wildwood House had agreed to do the *Selected Writings*, edited by Dr Michael Roth with a foreword by Professor Brian Lewis; her friend Bob Mellors was selecting extracts from her *Outline of Human Ethology* and having them privately printed in small and convenient pamphlets, which achieved a considerable circulation; I frequently received letters from readers of *Mysteries* asking for her address. She had become Charlotte Bach at the age of 47; by the time she was 57 she had become a cult figure, and started a new movement. If she had been able to live to be 67, I believe she would have received enough recognition to satisfy even her immense narcissism.

IT IS THIS NARCISSISM that emerges clearly in the unpublished novel *Fiona*. This is obviously intended to be an accurate account of her life between 1964 and 1965, the year of the nervous breakdown. As a novel, it is clumsy and overlong; like most beginners, she has no idea of what to leave out. As I read on through the endless seductions—all described in clinical detail—I found myself unable to understand what had prompted her to write it. If it was an attempt to exorcise the shock of his wife's death, it could hardly be counted a success; she is treated unsympathetically—as a possessive nagger—and there is no internal evidence, apart from his bare assertion, that he loved her. The relations with his stepson are treated equally perfunctorily; there is not a trace of evidence of affection.

"Fiona" is, of course, the centre of the novel. Its point, if it has one, seems to be that in sexual intercourse with Fiona, the hero "Blaise" experiences something like shamanistic ecstasy—he even quotes the mystic Eckhart to explain his feelings. Yet he admits that he is not in love with Fiona; she is merely a "catalyst." In fact, he gives the impression that he is incapable of feeling anything for anyone; he is quite unselfconsciously absorbed in self-admiration. There was a point at which I thought the author was about to go into transvestism—when Fiona begins leaving expensive underwear in his flat; but he steers well clear of any such self-revelation. *Fiona* is almost a public relations exercise, as if its purpose was to tell the world—or posterity—how easy he found it to get women into bed—even rich and titled women (there is an undertone of snobbery throughout). As a kind of justification for the novel, to give it a "happy ending", Blaise goes back to Fiona in the end. Since we know this did not happen in real life, it is difficult to know what Charlotte thought she was achieving. The answer is almost certainly: another fragment of Rousseau-ish self-revelation to fascinate future biographers.

I FOUND ONE particularly curious passage that set up a new train of thought. Since Fiona is such an admiring audience, Blaise uses her as a mother confessor, certain of instant forgiveness. And at one point he tells her how, at the end of the War, he was out after curfew, and was stopped by a teen-age soldier—a boy of about 15. The soldier proposed to take him to the guardhouse for a check. His papers were in order, and it was reasonably certain that he would be released in half an hour. But he was irritated by the way in which this peasant addressed him—a nobleman and an officer; so as the boy walked a couple of steps in front ("that shows what a stupid kid he was—he didn't even disarm me"), Blaise drew his pistol and shot him in the back of the head. "Since then I have often wondered why I did it." Fiona says tenderly that he must have suffered agonies of conscience, and he replies: "No, it never troubled me that much." Fiona feels confused; she knows him to be a kind and gentle person, and this fails to fit into the picture. This is almost certainly the reason that Charlotte tossed the anecdote into the novel—as one more illustration of what a complex and fascinating person she was. Charlotte did tell Della Aleksander she'd shot a soldier who was about to "shop" her, so it seems reasonably certain this anecdote is true.

The hero has another confession that, in its way, is even more revealing. He shows Fiona a wallet, and confesses that he stole it. He had gone into the shop to buy one; this one, which he wanted, cost about a pound more than he had intended to pay; so he slipped it into his pocket. He admits that the pound was a trifling sum, but says that he felt pleased with himself at stealing it so neatly. As he tells her about it, he bursts into tears and Fiona again reflects on the strange and complex character of her lover. . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT BECOMES VERY CLEAR is that Carl Hajdu had a criminal streak. Like all true criminality, it arose out of egoism and a sense of the unreality of other people.

One day when I took her out to lunch, we called in at her printers in Camden Town, and I was introduced to a pleasant man who obviously regarded her with a certain awe. After her death, one of her followers told me that she boasted that she never went into the printing shop without stealing some small item. Della Aleksander described how Charlotte would steal from big stores. But it was not straightforward shoplifting—that would not have been challenging enough. She would look through some items—let us say, bras—and slip one of them (any one) under her coat. Later, she would return to the store and explain to the shop assistant that she had bought it the day before, but it was the wrong size—could she please change it? Asked for her receipt, she would explain she had mislaid it, and put on such a show of being helpless and incompetent that the assistant invariably allowed her to choose the correct size.

What seems clear, then, is that Charlotte was a bit of a "twister", a confidence man. And I suppose it is this, more than anything, that makes me dubious about the value of her work. That she possessed a certain genius I have no doubt whatever; no one who reads *Homo Mutans* (later *An Outline of Human Ethology*) can doubt the incredible grasp of her mind and the breadth of her erudition. But she also had a voracious hunger for recognition that meant that she was capable of writing for effect. When I find some of her arguments bewildering, or apparently incomplete, lacking some all-important step, I suspect she is trying to blind me with science, to perform an intellectual conjuring trick that is also a confidence trick.

But then, I agree, it could be that I knew her too well, and so am unable to see the wood for the trees. Professor Brian Lewis has no doubt that she had discovered "the fundamental biological mechanism behind human creativity." She herself had no doubt whatever that she had stumbled on an insight that placed her on a level with (or, maybe, a rung above) Darwin, Freud and Einstein. The occasional showmanship may be no more than an expression of her tremendous flamboyance.

YET MY DOUBTS are strengthened by what I have learned of her since she died. In the book on hypnotism, she states that transvestism is an attempt by the transvestite to identify himself with something he admires intensely. Transvestism is quite unlike homosexuality, she says, because it is "a fulfilment of a deeper desire for union with a woman." *Fiona* could be regarded as an attempt to illustrate what he meant by this. The initial episode in which Carl Hajdu became sexually excited by the sight of his own thigh under the girl's satin dressing-gown is clearly ordinary fetishism. The sight triggers sexual "releasers", and he reacts like a Pavlov dog. The same seems to be true of the next episode, where he dressed in his girl-friend's stockings. The reason that his orgasm was more satisfactory than usual on that occasion was that his mind was undistracted by the actuality—the irrelevance—of another person; the usual constraints and embarrassments—the need to please, the fear of failure—are absent. Then why did Carl Hajdu become a transvestite rather than an underwear fetishist? Because, I suspect, the intense narcissist found himself a more satisfactory object of desire than some other person.

The insight about the shaman's orgasm seems consistent with this view. Della Aleksander tells me that most transvestites experience a kind of long, mild, continuous orgasm when they dress in women's clothes; excitement is kept at fever pitch for hours at a time. It seems to me that Charlotte recognised this feeling in herself—given an additional piquancy by that "criminal streak", the delight in deceiving people—and found herself wondering whether this was not of the same nature as the saint's religious ecstasy. In that case, the desire to dress as a woman would be an unconventional way of achieving "transcendence." If she had been, let us say, a devout Catholic, she might have devised a theory in which transvestism was a mild way of sinning one's way to God. Since she was, in her way, a Shavian evolutionist, it became a form of the basic tension in all of us. My friend Negley Farson once went to a doctor to be cured of his alcoholism—and the doctor told him he could probably cure it, but that he would also cure Negley's talent for writing. Charlotte saw sexual deviation in the same way—as a kind of cross that we have to bear in exchange for our potentialities of creativity and evolution.

It looks immensely plausible, and she could be right. But to me, the explanation seems simpler. Because of the general mediocrity of our mental equipment, human beings spend most of their lives in a state of muddle and distraction, reacting mechanically when they ought to be wide awake. Their mechanicalness is continually robbing them of the freshness of experience, what Gottfried Benn calls "primal perception." Happiness is always being eroded by habit. The search for pleasure is the attempt to outdistance habit, to jar ourselves awake. If, for example, some perfectly safe and controllable psychedelic drug could plunge us into these states of primal perception at will, the basic problem of mankind would be solved; life would be one continuous "shock of recognition." As it is, we are inclined to try to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outwit "the robot" in us by intensifying the pleasure, as an alcoholic takes his whisky neat. This leads to the kind of progressive addiction one can see in de Sade, where increasingly "forbidden" forms of sex end in such absurdities as shooting pregnant women out of cannons. The answer, it seems to me, lies in a certain control and discipline of the mind, in understanding its mechanisms.

I HEARD a most intriguing story from a friend of Charlotte, called Geoffrey Wood. Wood was one of the very few who knew "Michael Karoly" in his "Charlotte" incarnation, and Michael told Wood that he and his wife had wanted children and had gone to consult a specialist to find out why Phyllis was unable to conceive. The explanation (according to Michael) was that the examination revealed he possessed the internal reproductive organs of a woman. He was, in effect, a hermaphrodite. Whether this would make any difference to the evolutionary theory of transsexuality is anybody's guess—but presumably Charlotte herself did not think so.

To me, it seems basically obvious that, with her narcissism, opportunism, and criminal streak, dressing as a woman produced in Charlotte the necessary sense of forbiddenness. Her attempts to understand why she found it so satisfying led, as all such attempts do, into contemplation of the strange workings of the life-urge in all of us. Convinced—rightly—that transvestism can be understood as a form of transcendence, she proceeded to create the equivalent of an enormous crossword puzzle, a kind of *Finnegans Wake*, full of dismembered fragments of world culture. The result probably *is* a work of genius. But, like *Finnegans Wake*, I find it oddly circular and barren. Perhaps I am too close to it to be a fair judge.

THE INTERESTING PROBLEM remains: Why did Charlotte state that the transvestite is an evolutionary reject, a dead end? One possibility is that it was a sign of her intellectual honesty—a recognition that, in spite of her enormous cleverness, she lacked the spark of genuine creativity.

I find that hard to believe. It seems to me that there may be a simpler explanation. Charlotte made a distinction between the transvestite and the transsexual. The transvestite wants to identify with something he admires, and is usually rather a poor fish, like the professor in his lady's underwear. The transsexual genuinely wishes to bridge the gap between the sexes; he might be regarded as a kind of Tiresias, an inexperienced shaman, reaching out for transcendent experience. Charlotte certainly regarded herself as a transsexual rather than as a mere transvestite.

On the evidence, I am not entirely convinced that she was correct. But it seems to me to be a matter of courtesy, as well as of open-mindedness, to give her the benefit of the doubt.

Da Boss

(in memory of Mayor Richard J. Daley)

Dat guy knew how ta do tings:
he'd get ya a job or fill up da holes in da street
or just wave at ya from a parade
goin down State Street an ya could tell
he really cared about all a us.
I can't hardly believe he ain't aroun no more.
We used to see him on da 6 o'clock news
while we was eatin our dinner
an no matter how tired we was
or how rotten da meatloaf
we'd always cheer up when we seen him
plantin a tree or smashin champagne on somethin
or tellin some chump of an alderman at city hall
ta shut up an sit down.

Julie O'Callaghan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doan Van Toai,
David Chanoff

Learning from Viet Nam

The Pattern of Liberation Movements

THERE may well be a "Viet Nam" of the 1980s, and for a while it seemed that El Salvador was well on its way. All the ingredients are there: an oppressed peasantry, an entrenched landlord class, a history of corrupt government, a pseudo-colonial past, an energetic leftist guerrilla movement, and a US government with the will to intervene. Domestic confrontation within the United States also appears ready to take up precisely where it was interrupted by the signing of the Paris Peace Accords.

Only nine years have passed since Viet Nam provided much of the American and European Left with the chance to define a posture *vis-à-vis* international intervention by the USA. In the process, Viet Nam developed into a moral symbol that transformed the US national debate into a drama of civil disobedience and street violence that added a heavy emotional overlay to the anti-intervention position. Although there have been a few notable defections from the Peace movement since then (Joan Baez, Bernard-Henri Lévy, Jean Lacouture, and now Susan Sontag), that same emotion-charged resistance seems still to be on tap. Already Noam Chomsky has warned that "there is overwhelming opposition to US involvement in El Salvador; the popular response has been quite vocal. . . ." Even the offer to send a peace-keeping force of US Marines to the Lebanon to "help" the evacuation of the PLO evoked nightmarish fears of a "Viet Nam syndrome."

Yet even so, reappraisal is in the air, and the once apparently clear "lessons of Viet Nam", both pragmatic and moral, are being subjected to review. Facing such a reappraisal is particularly unpleasant for those who once believed that the NLF/Vietcong was in fact "the sole genuine representative of the South Vietnamese people" (as Le Duc Tho so often expressed it), and that the eventual goal was "socialism in the North, democracy in the South" (Le Duan's phrase, the most popular revolutionary slogan of the early 1970s). But there appears to be a growing consensus that understanding American involvement in Viet Nam is a prerequisite to formulating a foreign policy for El Salvador or anywhere else in an endangered world that is different from the reflex strategy of *escalating military entanglement* or the equally reflex strategy of *withdrawal*. In Viet Nam, the former approach brought the USA 300,000 casualties and military failure; the latter, 500,000 refugees and political failure. No one wants to be doomed to repeat that particular history.

DOAN VAN TOAI *was a left-wing student who spent many years with the Viet Cong; he then worked briefly for the Hanoi régime until his arrest and his awakening to the human realities which he recorded in his book "The Vietnamese Gulag." He lives now in the USA where he is a research associate at Tufts University's Fletcher School of Law & Diplomacy.* DAVID CHANOFF *is a Teaching Fellow at Harvard University.*

FIRST AMONG the lessons that Viet Nam teaches concerns the composition of liberation-war guerrilla movements. It is perhaps not widely remembered that the Viet Minh was born in 1941 as an anti-French "front" organisation that included nationalists, religious groups, and non-Communist Leftists, together with a tightly disciplined Communist minority that effec-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tively, though covertly, exercised control. After Dien Bien Phu (1954), non-Communist revolutionaries were still employed in the government to continue attracting popular support, even while all anti-Communist factions were being eliminated. It was only when Ho Chi Minh had sufficiently consolidated power that the turn of the nationalists and non-Party militants came.

Exactly the same tactic was re-employed in the 1960s when the National Liberation Front was founded to rally all those who sympathised in any way with Communist goals. Later, NLF operatives created the "Alliance of National, Democratic and Peace Forces" to provide a link with the nationalist intellectuals who opposed the régime and American intervention, but were sufficiently unenchanted with the Left to keep away from the Viet Cong. Both the Alliance and the NLF served as umbrella groups until 1975 when, with the establishment of the unified government, the Communists felt comfortable enough to eliminate their former allies. Even the NLF/Vietcong itself was eradicated, and its demise went unnoticed and unmarked by the same media that had formerly accorded it such lavish attention. Having used the organisation, its army, its supporters, its people, the Vietnamese Communist Party simply disposed of it, along with the load of propaganda that had depended on the appearance of NLF's "independence" and its inclusion of "moderates."

There are two points to be made here, both obvious but often overlooked. One is that Communist "Liberation War" strategy calls for the creation of guerrilla fronts representing many shades of political feeling, within which the Communists themselves are likely to be a minority. Antagonists are thus faced with an enemy which attracts diversified support and whose leadership is difficult to identify. The foreign propaganda effect alone of such an organisation is more than worth the minor risk to the Communist nucleus that it will be outmanoeuvred by some temporarily allied faction. Foreign journalists, for example, can be counted on to make a cogent case for the moderate, the liberal, and the nationalist struggle for a homeland rather than for the Communist flavour of the guerrilla movement. They will note that apparently leading figures are intellectuals or religious leaders whose standpoints may be distinctly non-Communist. And over time their reportage will convey to their democratically and pluralistically inclined readers the impression of a movement that is itself "pluralistic", and to that extent representative and even democratic.

THE FACT IS, however, that the actual layers of guerrilla control are immensely difficult to lay bare even for historians with perspective and leisure, let alone for reporters whose job requires quick insights for urgent deadlines on the basis of limited observation. Even so astute an observer as Bernard Fall could argue in his book *Vietnam in the Balance* (1966) that the Viet Cong, though aided and partly directed by North Viet Nam, was in fact a distinct entity that included substantial support from various politico-religious sects (among others) and that had its own programme quite separate from Hanoi's. Yet in his 19 May 1975 Victory Day speech, Le Duan let the cat out of the bag:

> "Our Party [the Vietnamese Communist Party] is the unique and single leader that organised, controlled and governed the entire struggle of the Vietnamese people from the first day of the revolution."

His remarks were later echoed by Nguyen Huu Tho, the NLF's former president, who matter-of-factly commented that the organisation had always been "wholly obedient to the party line" (Address on the 15th Anniversary of the NLF, 19 December 1975), while the Ho Chi Minh City party newspaper (*Saigon Giai Phong*) editorialised that "under the leadership of the Workers Party of Viet Nam [the Vietnamese Communist Party], the National Liberation Front was founded, and under the wise leadership of the Party, the Front gained victory after victory. . . ." If the Viet Nam experience has taught Liberation Movement organisers anything, it is the value of maintaining a reformist, nationalist, and non-aligned façade. There is no doubt that the Salvadoran movement (or indeed the Palestine liberation movement) will follow that same strategy, and that the façade will be virtually impenetrable to outside analysis.

There is also no doubt (and this is the second point) that the non-Communist elements in the guerrilla front will be destroyed as soon as feasible. Ton Duc Thang, President of North Viet Nam's Fatherland Front, succinctly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characterised Communist strategy in this regard:

> "Rally all forces that can be rallied, neutralise all forces that can be neutralised, eliminate all forces that can be eliminated."

Ton was referring here to the standard Communist device of shifting coalitions in order to make use of opposition forces and eventually eliminate them piecemeal. For example, to deal with three enemies, alliances are formed with two while the primary enemy is attacked. The process is then repeated until Communist power stands unopposed.

This strategy governed the creation of the Viet Minh coalitions and the employment of non-Communist revolutionaries in the Ho Chi Minh government while resources were co-ordinated against the French, just as it governed the elimination of those same elements once the primary enemy was defeated. The same pattern followed suit in the South where the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao sects were initially welcomed and became a substantial part of the NLF. Since the overthrow of Saigon, however, both sects have been suppressed and their leaders imprisoned or executed. They were first rallied, then neutralised, then eliminated.

In fact, none of the former non-Communist Leftists—progressive intellectuals, religious leaders, or student militants who figured so importantly in the anti-American, anti-régime conflict—now hold any major position in the unified government. On the contrary, many of them are either jailed or dead. The former Buddhist leader, the Venerable Thich Tri Quang, whose picture appeared at one point (30 May 1966) in *Newsweek* and in *L'Express* (Paris) with the caption "THE MAN WHO MAKES AMERICA TREMBLE", is now under house arrest in Ho Chi Minh City as are his two chief assistants. Another major Buddhist anti-war figure, the Venerable Thich Thien Minh, who was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment by the Thieu government, survived the régime that condemned him only to die a Communist prisoner in the Ham Tan Gulag in 1979. The activist priest Father Tran Huu Thanh, responsible for organising mass movements against Thieu (most prominently "The People's Movement Against Corruption"), is presently meditating on life's ironies in a Northern re-education camp. Professor Chau Tam Luan, formerly Vice-President of the "Association of Patriotic Intellectuals", has recently escaped the homeland he fought so determinedly to liberate. The list goes on: Tran Van Tuyen (nationalist opposition leader), dead in a Communist prison in 1976; Ho Huu Tuong (Sartre's classmate and Viet Nam's leading philosopher), dead in Ham Tan in 1980; Thich Man Giac (Buddhist strategist), a refugee; Phan Ba Cam (Secretary-General of the opposition Democratic Socialist Party), dead in the Chi Hoa Gulag in 1979.

TO WESTERNERS who are not Viet Nam specialists these names evoke little or no recognition: no faces come to mind, no personal histories. But to those who are educated about the anti-régime, anti-American period, these people and their numerous colleagues among the refugees, the imprisoned and the deceased represented the heart of the non-Communist resistance. These are the people who created and led the organisations that elicited passionate support from the American and European peace movements. They are the ones who made Le Duc Tho believable in the Paris Peace talks (1970–73) with his refrain that "We [North Viet Nam] do not want to impose Communism on South Viet Nam", and his persistent advocacy of a post-War coalition government. Today, of course, seven years after the annexation of the South, Le Duc Tho's Paris positions have long been revealed as nothing more than disingenuous rhetoric. At the time they were taken seriously, and by no one more than those who had bound their fortunes to the Communists. Truong Nhu Tang (a founder of the NLF, Minister of Justice in the Provisional Revolutionary government, now an exile in France) put it this way:

> "The Communists are expert in the art of seduction and will go to any length to woo you over to their side, as long as they don't control the government. But once they are in power they suddenly become harsh, ungrateful, cynical, and destroy you without hesitation."

THESE TWO LESSONS from the Vietnamese primer are available to those who report the Salvadoran and other liberation movements, as well as to those who are inclined actively to support the economic and political aspirations

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a dispossessed peasantry. It is not that such aspirations are unworthy; quite the opposite. It is simply that alliance with or support of a Communist front in order to achieve anything other than strictly Communist goals is suicidal. Eventually they will, in Tang's words, "destroy you without hesitation." That at least is what happened in Viet Nam, and the Viet Nam experience seems applicable to any protracted liberation movement that becomes the focus of East/West confrontation. The non-Communist Left, as well as other revolutionary factions, are simply not capable of long-term survival within a Communist-led movement.

One reason for this is that in a protracted "Liberation War", shipments of supplies and arms to guerrilla forces must move through foreign Communist countries; military training and direction for guerrilla forces must be carried on by foreign Communist governments; and

Gaddafi's "Green" Liberation

Tripoli/Bonn

COLONEL GADDAFI held court for a mixed group of left-wing ecologists, progressive peace-fighters, and assorted "Alternative" militants who had come from all parts of Western Europe to pay a comradely call on him. His message to them was to transform their movements for "greenery", "peace" and "new ways of life" into one great Liberation Movement to struggle against the domination of foreign armies.

The greatest political excitement was caused by the presence of a group of West Germans, members of the "Green" and "Alternative" political parties whose recent electoral growth has brought them into the centre of the Bonn political stage. The Green/Alternative candidates have been winning over 5% while Chancellor Schmidt's coalition-government partners, the Free Democrats, have been faltering—with the result that in SPD-Hamburg (and elsewhere) they have begun negotiations by setting conditions for a partnership with the Social Democrats. Among the travellers to Tripoli were two Green leaders, Roland Vogt and Gertrud Schilling, and an Alternative leader, Otto Schily (famous as the lawyer for the Baader-Meinhof gang).

Although they were not an "official" delegation—the "Green" executive subsequently criticised them for their "secret", "unauthorised" trip—they appeared to reflect the ideological wings and "militant tendency" as represented in the views of the Hamburg Green/Alternative leader, Thomas Ebermann, who at a conference of Communists in 1979 told them they had to win influence over the new movement in order to survive.

THE LIBYAN CHIEF-OF-STATE received the European visitors in a Bedouin tent. He wore, evidently in their honour, green trousers. He in fact recommended that the colour green should dominate all their demonstrations. He expressed fears that too much red might suggest that "others, perhaps the USSR, were behind them." He also advised them to create a full "ideology" and then proceed to take their followers away from the streets and squares towards the American military bases in Europe. Evidently he was very much concerned with the NATO Mediterranean missile bases in nearby Sicily. Frau Schilling, a leader of the Greens in Hesse, presented him with a copy of a map indicating all the US atomic weapon depots in the West German *Bundesrepublik*. According to the official report, "Graciously the Colonel smiled in gratitude...."

A full account of the "Audienz" appeared in the left-wing German newspaper "Tageszeitung" (TAZ), and the servile tone is in the subservient original.

> **"....We entered the tent reverentially and paid rapt attention to his words. In sharp contrast to the petty-bourgeois-republican fussiness of our *Bundeskanzler* [Helmut Schmidt], Gaddafi radiates a ceremonial dignity...."**

But the Colonel's advice was not without military precision. The attack on American military bases should be to cut their "deliveries and water supplies." For this movement, the Libyan leader promised, "we will give all the assistance that is at our disposal." As Colonel Gaddafi dramatised the options:

> **"When peaceful efforts don't lead to success, then they become military efforts. Fedayeen groups will be founded again in order to reach this goal. This must be made clear to the masses. Either the bases will be stopped through your peaceful efforts, or the alternative would be war and destruction...."**

IN THEIR TURN the Greens, Alternatives, and Peace Fighters were capable of only a little less militance. They assured him, in the words of Frau Schilling (reported in the *TAZ*), that they "wanted to get rid of parliaments, and practice direct democracy", obviously following in the path of the Libyan "People's Congresses." They too wanted to "destabilise the power game of the political parties, and destroy them...." They reassured Colonel Gaddafi that they had very much in common with his theoretical work on the Libyan Revolution, the "Green Book."

As reported in:
DIE WELT (*Bonn*) and
FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effective world-wide propaganda must be orchestrated by foreign Communist governments. The entire support system necessary to carry a modern Liberation War to a successful conclusion relies on a power-base outside the host country. Such a base is only available through the Soviet Union or one of her regional proxies, so that revolutionary groups not aligned with the Soviets are inevitably submerged by their more powerful competitors.

In Viet Nam, the Communist strategy of "rallying all those who can be rallied" in order to isolate and eliminate enemies one by one was extraordinarily successful. Unfortunately, the Saigon government was incapable of emulating that strategy and found itself operating from an increasingly narrowing popular base. The same self-defeating polarisation appears to be operating in El Salvador today with the recent setbacks to the Christian Democrats and the apparent dismantling of land reform measures. Here too the Vietnamese experience is worth reflecting on.

In Viet Nam, the hard-line right-wing orientation of successive Southern régimes often radicalised and alienated those who should have been made into allies. In many cases, the government's habitual brutality transformed a loyal opposition into Leftists, moderate Leftists into Communists, and reluctant Communists into zealots. Many students who at first only knew that they were "against the régime" learned through a term or two in prison to be confirmed revolutionaries. The régime, utilising its French-trained police, was adept at torture, but hopelessly inept at any other type of persuasion. Government leaders simply had no concept of the need to differentiate among opposition groups and to split the non-Communist elements from their deadly allies. Instead they regarded as Communists virtually all on the Left (and many in the Centre as well), and so played precisely into the hands of the Communists whose strategy was to "rally all who can be rallied." This appalling obtuseness gave additional credence to the NLF's claim to be a "true coalition" and vastly more representative of the South Vietnamese people than the government. In the long run, this claim, and the corresponding image that Diem, Ky, and Thieu established for themselves as self-seeking despots, played a significant role in the erosion of American domestic support for the war; and it was in the American domestic arena that the outcome was decided.[1]

VIET NAM was the West's first experience with a protracted war of liberation, and perhaps the single most important lesson it taught concerns the power of public dissent. That lesson is particularly ominous since it confirms that ideologised opinion-makers have become central to the West's ability to wage this sort of war, while Communist planners have no equivalent need to take into account the complex domestic role of a free press. At the same time they are highly attuned to the impact of the media among their adversaries. One of the authors of this article (Doan Van Toai) spent two-and-a-half years in the Tran Hung Dao Gulag after an earlier career as a pro Viet Cong student leader, publisher, and sometime prisoner of the Thieu régime. While in Tran Hung Dao he was part of a group of political prisoners chosen at one point to listen to an address by Mai Chi Tho (a Central Committee member and brother of Le Duc Tho). Tho told them:

> "Ho Chi Minh may have been an evil man; Nixon may have been a great man. The Americans may have had the just cause; we may not have had the just cause. But we won and the Americans were defeated because we convinced the people that Ho Chi Minh is the great man, that Nixon is a murderer, and the Americans are the invaders. . . . The key factor is how to control people and their opinions. Only Marxism-Leninism can do that. . . . Between you—the bright intellectuals—and me, I tell you the truth."
>
> *New York Times Magazine*, 30 March 1981

Tho was referring not only to the success of Communist propaganda within Viet Nam, but also to its world-wide impact.

One reason that the American anti-War movement is reluctant to look back at that period is not simply that the post-War history of Viet Nam has been so tragic; it is that people do not relish acknowledging their own gullibility. Harrison Salisbury, Staughton Lynd, Tom Hayden, David Schoenbrun, among

[1] See the two articles which represent the first real efforts to "learn from Viet Nam": Robert Elegant, "How to Lose a War" (ENCOUNTER, August 1981); and H. J. Kaplan, "With the American Press in Vietnam" (*Commentary*, May 1982, pp. 42–49).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others, all found themselves popularising in the West Hanoi's position on such themes as the "absence" of Northern troop infiltration into the South, the "independence" of the NLF Vietcong, and Northern innocence of plans to "annex the South." Pham Van Dong in particular developed a special adroitness in dealing with American visitors, who almost always heard remarks calculated to exploit their own predispositions.

YET EVEN when the full story of Communist manipulation of American opinions is known,[2] we will still need to anticipate the likely effect of media-related pressures should the United States become militarily involved in El Salvador or elsewhere. In that event we would undoubtedly witness over a period of time incidents every bit as vivid and dehumanising as those that Viet Nam still evokes for almost all of us. Children running from napalm, murder in the street, villages burning—the whole iconography of war. In a conflict where the media have access to one side and not to the other, these incidents will regularly depict the brutality of our allies and ourselves and rarely that of our enemies.

At the same time, the mechanisms our society has evolved to achieve "open government" will ensure that much of our tactics and strategy will be public knowledge and open to criticism both emotional and rational. We will know exactly the extent of our economic and military assistance to a government many feel to be unsavoury. But the truth about foreign supply and troop inflation to the guerrillas will remain conjectural. We will have detailed reports on how our soldiers feel about fighting and dying in an alien place. But we will know little that is credible about the enemy except for his courage and perseverance. The stupidity, negligence, and failures accompanying our involvement will be spotlighted each night on television. But the same kind of information about guerrilla troubles will simply not be available. Consequently, media reportage will seem to maximise our difficulties and minimise those of the other side. Over time, such things will have a corrosive effect on even hardened patriots. That at least was the experience in Viet Nam, and it is difficult to imagine anything different coming out of another overseas engagement, in Salvador or elsewhere.

REINFORCING THE PREDICTABLE BIAS of Western news coverage is the predictable bias of editorial analysis. The function of a free press in keeping a vigilantly sceptical eye on government had the long-term effect in Viet Nam of turning the majority of American commentators against the administration. David Halberstam's letters to his daughter describe the changes even the most initially supportive observers went through when confronted with the official hypocrisy and duplicity that inevitably accompany war, and especially a prolonged and confused guerrilla war. During the Viet Nam period none of the major television commentators, other than Howard K. Smith, maintained anything vaguely resembling a pro-Administration perspective. For its part, of course, the Administration displayed disappointment and hostility toward media luminaries who failed to appreciate the government's theories of geopolitical confrontation or even to maintain, in its opinion, decent objectivity.[3]

But a balanced historical perspective is not what we should expect from the media. Their traditions are those of adversarial confrontation and investigative reporting, of scoops and hot news, not scholarly objectivity. Even though they are the conduit through which current history becomes known, they are not historians. By and large they are not equipped for the role and they are not comfortable with its demands. They didn't fulfil it well in Viet Nam, and there is no reason to believe they would be more suited to it in Latin America or the Middle East.

All this suggests that what we can be sure of in El Salvador, or any other Liberation war that attracts serious American attention, is a domestic anti-War movement that will trigger off at a fairly high level and intensify as the flow of news and analysis affects public thinking. Over time, the impact of continuous war-coverage will inevitably erode popular support for US involvement and will help generate a progressively more militant resistance. This effect can almost be taken as a given. After Viet Nam, political strategists have no choice but to include the media factor in their equations and to weight it more and more heavily over time.

Another given is the predilection of the American Left to embrace "national liberation

---

[2] Stanley Karnow, "Viet Nam Duplicity Reconsidered", ENCOUNTER, August 1981.

[3] See Peter Braestrup, *The Big Story* (Westview Press, in cooperation with Freedom House, 1977).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movements" of every stripe as long as there is an element of anti-Americanism in them. Even the anti-régime movements of Pol Pot and the Ayatollah Khomeini attracted their share of initial support. Viet Nam however, remains the textbook case. In that conflict a pattern of domestic resistance developed around radicalised intellectuals and other public figures that can be viewed as a militant model for domestic reaction in any future engagement. In terms of the American ability to commit troops over an extended period, this resistance must be considered ominous. Its obvious continued vitality brings into relief the major problems facing American foreign policy today—the enlightenment of public opinion in the US, and especially the education of the adversarial culture that Viet Nam galvanised throughout the West.

THAT EDUCATION has begun already with the reassessment of Viet Nam currently under way. As public understanding grows of what the North Vietnamese and Southern front objectives really were, how their military and propaganda organisations operated, and what the post-War realities in Indo-China are, it will become increasingly clear that American involvement there was supportable on both moral and geopolitical grounds.

Viet Nam, in fact, should be regarded as an object lesson for the American Left, a lesson in the manipulative strategies of Communist-led Liberation War movements and the subversion of popular aspirations for independence and economic and political reform. The flow of political prisoners within Viet Nam and the flow of refugees out of Viet Nam included large numbers of former Viet Cong freedom-fighters, socialist revolutionaries, nationalist intellectuals, and religious activists who have learned in their flesh the consequences of embracing the Communists as allies. American progressives, it is fervently hoped, will never have the opportunity to learn the same lessons in the same way. But if the Viet Nam scenario is not to be repeated, they must be encouraged to discard their studied ignorance of recent Vietnamese history.

THE NORTHERN BURIAL of the Viet Cong, whose programme was espoused by many in the domestic anti-War movement, should be the subject of detailed public examination, as should the fate of the various other anti-régime, anti-American factions. The single-minded Northern pursuit of annexation, the bloody suppression of the land redistribution under Ho Chi Minh, the campaign to smother religion and culture in unified Viet Nam, these should all be as well known in the US and Europe now as the My Lai massacre, Thieu's "tiger cages", and massive South Vietnamese corruption were then. This history is alive and can be told with best effect, not by the people perceived as conservative ideologues, but by the dissident and dispossessed Vietnamese Leftists and intellectuals who lived it, people like Nguyen Cong Hoan and Truong Nhu Tang, for whose ideas the Left committed itself and who have the standing to make themselves heard by their erstwhile supporters.

IT CAN BE SAID, of course that current Vietnamese history merely re-teaches the lessons of other Communist revolutions. But in certain ways Viet Nam is special. Viet Nam was the crucible of the modern American Left. It was the Viet Nam war that also radicalised much of the intelligentsia in Western Europe ("*Ho-Ho-Ho-Chi-Minh*" shouted the tens of thousands of APO and SDS demonstrators in the streets of Bonn and Berlin). The theme continues to provide the Left with its reference points. Almost significant is that Viet Nam was one of the few—with Castro's Cuba—contemporary forces in the Communist world that stirred deep ideological sympathy in the West. Russia has been bankrupt as a moral force for decades. China is rightly perceived as a nation more concerned with internal difficulties and security problems than with its role as champion of international Communism. Insurgent Viet Nam, on the other hand, is still lionised for its courage, its ability to face and overcome colonialism and imperialism, domestic right-wing dictators, and American militarism. It is thus a model for present and future East-West conflicts in Latin America and Africa, conflicts which can be expected to draw a great deal of American and West European support to the revolutionary side, fighting at once for homeland and radical social ideals.

But the fact is that Viet Nam is an idol with clay feet, and persistent, thorough exposure of the monumental deceit with which the war was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

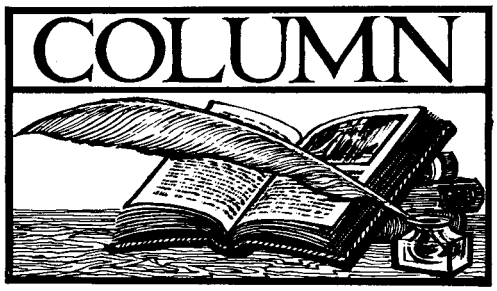
carried on and of the cynical suppression of human rights afterwards will work to split domestic opposition. During the Viet Nam period the American Left had little concept of the role it played (along with the NLF and so-called "third force" elements) in the Communist war game, and so allowed itself to be manipulated in embarrassing fashion. But as the old anti-War leadership achieves literacy about "liberation movement" strategy, its willingness to sponsor and organise future opposition should become less reflexive. Joan Baez two years ago, and Susan Sontag recently have surely done more to provoke objectivity and self-awareness within the American Left than the most convincing conservative arguments ever could. Intensified education is in order, not to divert the Left from its social ideals, but to divorce it from its thoughtless support of Communist-led and/or Soviet-sponsored liberation movements. As trade used to follow the flag, Gulag follows "the final contest."

THERE IS A necessary complement to education, however, and that is the creation of a Western policy for Liberation War situations that is capable of drawing support within the United States. Unfortunately, though, in this era of liberation movements the Americans and the Europeans have until now failed to furnish the Third World with its type of pro-Western revolution. They simply have not developed a coherent, positive approach to resolving the social inequities that provide the framework for present-day international competition. Our failures in this area have forced us into, at best, a defensive "containment" posture which, among other misfortunes, has led to a history of American support for the status quo defended by unpopular authoritarians. Consequences have included the identification of the United States with old-time oppression rather than change, reform, and social amelioration. We ourselves have fostered the impression that, in the Third World context, to be progressive or innovative means to be pro-Communist.

This apparent truth has had tragic effects on populations involved in "liberation wars." But the more profound catastrophe is that domestic American opinion has been so alienated that any scenario which includes a prolonged US military commitment is problematical. The chief effect of this is substantially to reduce American leverage and thus to encourage guerrilla movements in their reliance on the violence of military solutions. In Mai Chi Tho's words: "The key factor is how to control people and their opinions"; and that observation applies every bit as much to sophisticated Western opinion as it does to the "hearts and minds" of Vietnamese and Salvadoran farmers.

Given the opportunity, the American and European Left could find its natural home backing non-Communist factions in Nicaragua, El Salvador and elsewhere. But for this to happen, and for the consequent neutralisation of the general "anti-war" movement to materialise, the West must learn from the Communist strategy of gathering all the support available in order to confront the common enemy. That means a policy, undertaken within the context of regional alliances, of pressing conspicuously for reform in countries not yet embroiled, working to achieve coalitions rather than polarisation where there is already substantial guerrilla activity, and actively supporting indigenous non-Communist "people's movements" in areas where they enjoy significant popular support (in Afghanistan, for example, in Indo-China and now in the Lebanon). Appropriate support along with regional allies of such movements would have several positive effects. It would throw doubt on the commonly-held belief that Communist revolutions are irreversible. It would further drain Soviet resources, already badly extended. And it would spur development of a comprehensive Western "Third World strategy" different from the defeatist alternatives of reaction or isolation. The development of such a strategy, together with continuing public education about Viet Nam and its aftermath, will go a long way toward restoring viability to Western objectives in the developing nations.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A FEW WEEKS AGO, I typed the last words of my seventh or eighth book—and fell forward, as S. J. Perelman once put it, into the waiting arms of my friends.

It's amazing what a relief it is. I've often smiled at the pompous thanks with which academics preface slim volumes. "To the Trustees of the Eidelness Foundation, whose generous assistance made possible the field research on this project; to Euthemia Hinterland and her assistants at the Maunder Memorial Library of Oral History; to Max Blastocyst, Harold Mode, and Kevork Saussurian, for their ever helpful comments; to Helen Spatch and Cathy Liebestraum for deciphering my manuscript (and sometimes improving on it!); and above all to my patient, loving, and much loved wife Chuck, for supplying peace and coffee and coping with Ruggles and Belinda and Mr Pugwick III while the head of the household was closeted in his study." All for five wary chapters on *Tel Quel*.

This time, I was tempted to follow suit. For a year and more I've been putting off invitations, turning down travel assignments, missing films, plays, and concerts, and bolting my meals. I've spent a fortune on paper, typewriter ribbons, and photocopying. My desk and study have been a mess, dusty with fragments of ink eraser, littered with clippings and neglected filing, barricaded with books. I've longed, sometimes, for a circular desk with a hole in the middle, a swivel-chair, and research material arrayed around me—plus reference books suspended from the ceiling: the literary equivalent of Buster Keaton's breakfast arrangements in *The Navigator*. And, of course, I've been testy. Is anyone fooled by my too-calm "Hello?" when the telephone rings in mid-sentence? Not my family, certainly. So I owe them the thanks I shan't put in the preface. This will have to do.

Worst of all, with a book to write, is one's feeling of guilt about reading. Not for fear of contamination, unconscious plagiarism, or involuntary pastiche. It would, I suppose, be bizarre if a sober history book were suddenly to echo P. G. Wodehouse, or a fast-moving thriller drop into a Saul Bellow reverie. But that's not the problem. The real difficulty is concentration and time. If I care about a book, I live it and dream it, whether as writer or reader. And so for the past year I've been in a mental cell, peering out now and then at the goodies that freedom will offer: the paperback Crick on Orwell, the Hamilton biography of Montgomery, the latest Tom Wolfe, maybe even a P. D. James detective story. It's like being starved for music or nicotine.

So why do we do it? Not, obviously, for money—or not much. A recent report from the Society of Authors revealed that most writers earn well below Britain's average national wage. They survive by moonlighting, or more often sunlighting: working in an office, broadcasting, writing for newspapers, reading their poems, being a wife and mother, teaching university students how to react to print. For years now, trend-spotters in London, New York, and Paris have assured us that publishing looks like aping the film business—a random quest for blockbusters, backed by intemperate hype. The middlebrow novel has gone the way of the family film. The days of the publisher's backlist of steadily-selling books always in print are numbered, because of storage costs. What the accountants want are controlled-circulation volumes: books for faddists, cooks, and railway enthusiasts, easy to sell to specialist book-clubs. Tycoons, meanwhile, dream alternately—and sometimes simultaneously—of stumbling on a new Dante or Goethe, and scooping the pool with a Jeffrey Archer, a John le Carré, or perhaps an Ed McBain.

ARE AUTHORS' DAYDREAMS all that different? I suspect not. I know two quite serious writers who have set out deliberately to produce best-sellers, based on analysis of what the market seems to like. An unattached hero; a liberated girl; much technology; some travelogue; an intrigue involving the Kremlin, the Pentagon, and probably Red China, playing on our nuclear nerves. A sour, downbeat manner; wisecracking camaraderie; violence; come-uppance for a detested boss-figure; sneaking sympathy for some of the sanitised bad guys. Happily, these cynical ventures have tended to bomb. I've always believed that really big-selling trash demands a modicum of sincerity: the author has to be booby enough to mean it, at least some of the time. Only genuine lunacy hits the jackpot.

But that, of course, is only part of our aim. We also want to ensnare the reader with a work of art. It may be to convert him to our opinions, enlighten him with fascinating facts, stir him to political action. That, for some reason, is usually regarded as respectable—perhaps because it's an extension of what goes on in law-courts, parliaments, and schools. But if the work of art intends

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to enrich the reader's experience of life, enlarge his dreams, or alter his cosmos—then we're back with Chapter V of *Northanger Abbey*, and arguments about whether novels are a worthwhile pursuit. Best-sellers, clearly, perform their function, like the story-tellers in the Place Djemaa-el-Fna of Marrakesh. But the others? Those worthy, well-thought-out tales of provincial life, full of real people and subtle sensibility, showing how perspectives change with age and experience? Well, we can get that at home.

SO, I SUSPECT, many people feel when confronted with author's sob-stories. They earn very little: but what do they provide? They don't have to go to an office or factory; they can indulge their fancy; they do work which they chose, which they like, and which needn't involve fixed schedules. Amateur gardeners seldom expect to live off their labours. Why should writers? And if they can't, why should they ask for tax-free status or Arts Council handouts?

Trahison des clercs, I hear you murmur—or snarl. Surely it's important to keep literature alive? Without the humus of a general, unspectacular literary culture, how will great works ever flower? I agree with that. But I and others would be happier to hear such arguments if they didn't always come from interested parties: novelists, poets, and teachers of English—the humdrum humus people themselves. Conversely, some publishers argue that there are now too many books on the market. Having just added to their number, I confess to misgivings of my own.

Books, after all, are a means of storing and communicating thoughts and feelings. Other media do likewise, and may yet squeeze them out. As a writer, I hate the prospect of a Barnum & Bailey, Marshall McLuhan world of jabber and images. I don't even care for Ceefax. I like words on paper which I can handle, not trembling in clumsy green-light characters on a screen. I enjoy the feel of leather bindings, India paper, and silk bookmarks; I prefer hot-metal printing to smooth, dead offset; I like serifs and well-spaced lines. All the same, I recognise limits. Makers of automobiles must sometimes wonder where all those damned cars will find parking space. In a house whose every wall has its bookshelf, I feel much the same about words.

It's a feeling that grows every time junk mail comes through the letter-box. Do you get verbose letters from inertia salesmen, "personalised" with mis-spelt details of your name and address? "Just imagine how the neighbours will stare, MR ENCOUTNER COLUMNSIT, when a shining new BL Berlioz, fully licensed and taxed, is driven up to 59 ST MATRIN'S LANE! All you have to do is peel off the Lucky Sticker to see if you have a Prize Number, and if you do, just pop it into the envelope saying YES please rush me my FREE copy of *Great Hucksters of the World*. . . ."

MAYBE THE FLACKS who write such prose are secret word-buffs. There are more about than you might imagine. Some years ago, a beguiling band of madmen led by Jeremy Geelan, of Trinity College, Cambridge, started an undergraduate magazine called *Logophile*. It soon won so many readers that it turned professional. Some of it lacks lustre: I've never gone much for other people's lists of "The Ten Most Beautiful Words" when they feature *translucent* and *gossamer*; and my zest for dialect discoveries like *cackaninny* and *troddle* soon palls. But there's no doubt that words can touch off passion. How many hackles rise when the BBC news says *due to* instead of *owing to*; when *Which?* writes *flaunt* instead of *flout*; or when some poltroon submits to *chairperson*? *Logophile* and its readers debate the issues behind such quirks, as well as fondling oddities. The magazine has edge to match its wit.

What its success shows, of course, is that words embody powerful magic. Swearwords have always done so, even when detached from their original meaning, like *bloody*. Today, taboos have changed but not vanished: politeness now bans *yid* or *nigger* or *the lower classes*—terms our grandparents used without a blush. But even ordinary words have a strong hold on us. We may believe that they merely clothe our meaning: the very metaphor should put us on our guard. As fashion designers know, and as that elegant togophile Alison Lurie has recently reminded us, dress has always been more symbolic than utilitarian.[1] And every word, like every garment, has a *mana* of its own.

This, perhaps, is why misprints are so appealing. They used to be one reason for reading *The Grauniad*; but now, with computer typesetting, there's as much fun to be found in *The Smite*. "Since the BBC stopped recording programmes there, the theatre has not been sussed." "Take back your mini" (from *Guys and Dolls*). "Chairman of the Lewisham Horsing Committee." "Screemed"—"redisvocered"—"nible" (for nimble")—"humbiliating." "It was Maclennan, a local boy, who persuaded [Roy] Jenkins that Hillhead was a very winable seat."

The question "Vy doo vee laff?" baffled Freud and Bergson; but both agreed that uneasiness and incongruity were involved. It may be that misprints betray us into mispronunciation, like the

[1] *The Language of Clothes*. By ALISON LURIE. Heinemann, £10.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mythical Australian author "Afferbeck Lauder", or into reading (more subversively) what we secretly think. In either case, words have welshed on the deal we made with them, handing us chocolate money in place of small change. The trick of reading has suddenly failed us: we're back in the nursery, uncomprehending. The magic has gone wrong.

And magic it is—those dull rows of hieroglyphs turning into sounds and pictures in our heads. Smells and tastes, too, if the writer knows his business: even, in poetry, tactile and kinetic sense. Nor, finally, does the magic work only on the reader. The author may be a wily sorcerer, or simply an illusionist; but he too can be caught in the spell.

IT'S HAPPENED THREE TIMES in my experience. Once, most recently, it was sheer coincidence. In the book I lately completed, I was writing about the 1948 coup in Prague when Poland was taken over, and about the Suez crisis of 1956 when the Falklands war broke out. The hourly news bulletins were a creepy echo of the past.

Earlier, a Frenchman I greatly admired had written his autobiography. He asked me to translate it into English, and I gladly agreed. I felt less glad when I sat at the typewriter facing a blank sheet of paper. Then I cheered up. I could hear the dry, staccato voice of the original author, speaking English. He was virtually dictating the text. The voice was there, when I needed it, for the next nine months. Afterwards, the man's wife said that the translation sounded more like her husband than the original French had done. I didn't feel flattered. It was his work, not mine.

The strangest instance occurred ten years ago. I'd just recorded a radio talk to be broadcast later. As I came back from the studio, a thought struck me. I'd referred in the past tense, as if he were dead, to a well-known statesman who was still living. I made a mental note to call the producer and see if we could put it right. Then I turned on the BBC evening news. Yes, you've guessed it. The statesman had died that day.

I'm not trying to peddle notions of parapsychology, second sight, or any other form of ESP. On all these I remain agnostic. But two more personal experiences have convinced me that scepticism, not dogmatic denial, is the rational stance.

One of our children suffered from a rare blood disorder. The prognosis was alarming: the only alternatives seemed to be steroids, periodic transfusions, and/or an early death. In desperation, we turned to healers: the doctor agreed that they could do no harm. Something worked. To this day, I can't be sure whether it was an early transfusion, spontaneous remission, or one of the healers. What I do know is that some time later, when my left arm grew painfully stiff for no known reason, I was persuaded to try the healer. I told him, as vaguely as possible, that my arm was stiff. He stretched out a forefinger, and touched the exact centre of the pain. "Tennis elbow", he said. Within twenty-four hours the ache had gone for good.

One morning, just before eleven, I was at my desk answering the telephone, when I suddenly felt utterly depressed. The sensation was nearly physical, a draining away of vitality, like fainting or very rapid bleeding; I was miserable, heavy, and weak. I couldn't cope with the telephone call, or with any other work. I moved about, restlessly, then just sat there, wondering what had gone wrong. About an hour went by. Then the telephone rang again. It was my wife. Just before eleven, someone had driven at full tilt into the side of her car. If he had hit it two feet further forward, she would have been killed.

This way for the funny farm? Or the effect of too much writing? Watch this space.

M

Almondtears

Woke early in Armentieres
This side of the dirty summer Alps.
Saw no one at the railway station,
Saw no one in the sleeping streets,
Save you, mademoiselle, save you—
And soldiers, soldiers, still singing
The song of your dead cold mouth.

Freda Downie

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roy Fuller

The Foreign Officer 190?

I

Already blossom falling, March not done.
The seasons scurry in these latitudes.
I long for the lion outcrop, lion grass,
Of my patria, constant sun between
The rains; like children's summers nostalgic here.
The nests are dark, hatched cones in still-bare trees;
Nubility still concerned with toffee, dolls;
Ice ages underlying rose and verse.

Defaulters marched in by the RPO.
Comes one who skipped his ship: the place, a port
Even more northerly. Who charmed him there
Probably candle-nosed, goose-pimpled, fat
With pelts and cake. He'll never know how light
Diamonds bistre skins, watchsprings of hair.

II

The sun sets in a cirrhus haze of March;
Turns orange, dull, discrete, as though the disc
Of sheiks and sandstorms. Then in the pre-dusk sky
A moon emaciated, orange too,
That might come out by the cupolas of home—
A gong, an ear-ring, or an emblem of creeds
That scarcely take mankind into account.
Incongruous bodies for a temperate land!

The spring's already set or soon will set
Humans here searching for their mislaid souls—
These frigid countries where blood's prescribed for sin,
The Fiend defeated by God's agony,
And where sin flourishes and the Fiend. Tonight
Will blanch the grass despite the evening's balm.

III

These weeks of blatant yellow dancing on
Green wicks, or fat and steady nearer earth—
Unlike the quick prisms on the plains at home.
Thence comes an envelope, brought to my cabin
By a young matelot, pimpled by the spring;
Exiguous postage stamps in monochrome:
The one depicting eggs, the other some
White-whiskered fellow at his carpet loom.

Beside the telegraph, the sonar pulse,
The homicidal angling of guns, what shall
I take back with me? Rational supplies
Of eggs, steam-powered shuttles, and a whole
Compelling but inappropriate disguise—
Braid-matching flowers, stillness like squatting gulls?

IV

Eight buttons, like the ark beasts, on my coat,
Who must return to tropical scarcity
Of brass, to folded muslin small-clothes even
In leisure hours. But I shall not forget

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The feel of these dark-blue layers at my breast,
Strangely called doeskin. Though shall I bring the wars
Of Viking seas, killing at distance, to
Miniature fish and coasts of silver sand?

Commonly brave, the past of admirals!
Quite different from our bearded elders, who,
Among their thoughts of other states of being,
Recall the burning dung of villages;
A cheap gem in a little nose's wing;
Revealing shining brown—quite simply rags.

V

Worn on this windy parade-ground by the sea,
Gloves made from animals we milk at home.
Even in coming months we'll carry them—
Udder-shaped artifacts I'll surely find
Always as strange as some will always find
Embattled superstructures towering grey
Above the dhows, and under skies not grey,
Steaming us into an adjacent world.

How to enjoy time's trend, which even spring
May herald with some wry-necked, shrunken buds?
History records an officer or two
Quitting the Andrew to compose a few
Symphonic works. Amazing that the birds
Of forests howitzered by gales should sing.

VI

The questing pulses penetrate herrings, weeds;
Echo in peacetime merely from harmless wrecks.
Computers of ranges reckoned in giants' boots,
Mahogany-housed, knurl-knobbed. At every lunch,
Among the choice of pudding, rice and prunes.
When some day cruising merely in lagoons,
Or pensioned off, I'm sure I'll boast of waves
And fabulous foes (in fact the latter far
From range of even battle-wagons' guns),
All I consider now as rather good
Forgotten (the anteroom's "What's yours, old man?";
The creamy rice, the prune juice rich as blood).
It strikes me suddenly those future years
May bring the preposterous fleet I trained to sink.

VII
Aftermath

For those few years, then, strangely I was part
Of foreign history. Though luckily
They never sent me to the polar isles
Where different flags above the frozen veins
Were challenged by identical Marines.
Towards the hatred I was blank. How favour
One garish stripe or cross above another?
I was reminded of going ashore abroad,
When sparrows begged on café tables, beaked
Heavily as Jews, the gunroom anti-Semites
Did not withhold their cake crumbs and their smiles.
That ancient neutrality of mine returns—
The guilty, almost-pleasure of old age
About the lack or segnity of love.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

After the World Cup

A Fan's Confession

By Raymond Aron

Paris

I BELONG to the legion of hundreds of millions of televiewers who are ready to sit up late into the evening to watch a World Cup match between Italy and Brazil on the little screen. If I venture to make a few remarks about football fans, it is because I am a fan myself—of rugby too, but rugby is not played throughout the world, and even in France it barely reaches north of the Loire. Why is it that outside the English-speaking countries rugby has not won a real following anywhere but in the Midi, whereas soccer has surmounted every barrier, whether of climate, political régime or religion (with the sole possible exception of the United States)?

Everyone who reads this knows one clear answer to my question: that there can be no simpler objective, no game closer to those played by our ancestors thousands of years ago, than putting a ball through a space defined by two uprights and a crossbar. The game is simple; its variations are endless and inexhaustible. Handling is forbidden, except for one of the team's eleven members, and the ball may be headed as well as kicked. Style and skill combine with the ordinariness of the exercise, and enrich it. Who has forgotten the "golden head" of the Hungarian team, Kocsis, who should have won the World Cup in 1954 and whose presence made the heyday of the Barcelona side, after the revolution of 1956?

"Let these numbskulls play ball, if that's what they like doing, but why numb your own brain by watching them, and worse still by holding forth about their great exploits and near-misses and last-minute goals? . . ." I hear plenty of remarks of that kind, and there is no lack of people who are allergic to the spectacle of football; but the believer is powerless against the heretic. One friend of mine, a true philosopher, perhaps the most gifted of his generation, used to say: "Why not give each of them a ball, and they could stop quarrelling?" Is the joke on him, or on those who can't tear their eyes away from twenty-two young men running after a pigskin ball?

When I was a boy in Versailles we lived in a house at the end of an estate, next to a football ground where I played very badly and various and rather second-rate teams performed as best they could. Now and then I found myself standing with the handful of spectators.

Why are so many men and women all over the world so in love with sports in general and the football in particular? Is it the beauty of movement? Yes, of course: Jean Giraudoux used to launch into flights of lyricism about the great runs made by the French winger Jauréguy, who once made a solo touchdown, between the posts, after receiving the ball on his own 22-metre line. (I once met Jauréguy, but only as a sedate official of the *Domaines* or *l'Enregistrement*). The elegance of Platini as he volleys the ball into the top of the net is restored to us by television. The virtuosity of individual players, the clever team interplay, and the diversity of styles all make their contribution to the richness of the short-lived performance which leaves its passing images in our minds.

TO ENLIST the concepts of Roger Caillois, football involves both *agon* and *alea*; as sport, it belongs to the category of violence contained, of shock rigor-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ously legalised. *Il faut "jouer" le ballon et non la jambe.* You "play the ball, not the man."

A football match between two equally balanced teams is a play with a hundred episodes and an outcome sometimes in doubt till the final minute. The action is also fought out in the minds of the players. In the last minute of the World Cup final in 1974, the Dutch team missed a penalty and lost the game, though it was probably the better side. Likewise Hungary, beaten 3-2 by West Germany in another final, in 1954, ought to have won. Ought? *Agon* is the struggle, and there the better side wins. *Alea* is chance, or what we call chance—a side-line conversion in rugby, the nerve of the penalty-taker. Chance or temperament: the spectator enjoys this blend of *agon* and *alea*, and this blend may well symbolise *la condition humaine*. We would like everybody to be the architects of their own fortune, but we know very well that we each need luck to go our own way.

The uncertainty of the outcome is part of the spectacle, and there is no question that a recorded match's subsequent showing loses something when we know the result. The match is not a classic tragedy which fascinated the spectators even though the unfolding drama was known in advance, and precisely because it was known, with fate or destiny sweeping up human wishes like straws in the wind.

The real fans do not despise recorded matches which are no longer in suspense but crystallised and inexorable, a thing of the past: poor so-and-so missed his penalty. The fan, the real fan, is nearly always a supporter, tuned in to the hopes of his team and suffering or triumphing alongside the players: he always wants to have just another look at how and why they won or lost.

This year it was to Spain that the nations sent their best footballers to carry the flag into the stadium or wear the colours out on the field. As a world-wide phenomenon, is the World Cup a matter of "peace among nations", or rather of a kind of war? I feel compelled to answer this question, even though it hardly affects me personally. There is a patriotism *des verts ou des bleus*, of Saint Etienne *v.* Bordeaux, which pre-exists the patriotism of the French eleven. In Great Britain the clashes between the supporters of rival teams have no equivalent at international matches. In French football or rugby, the crowd at the Parc des Princes is pretty badly behaved. I deplore that, and it has to be deplored. But most fans are more or less passionately attached to the fate of one of the teams. When the team is national, the passion becomes national. "Nationalism"? Yes, of course. Must that be a bad thing? I am not so sure.

ALL OF US, from the top of the ladder to the bottom, talk about the "international class" of pianists or singers or scientists. Being themselves unable to achieve these heights, thousands and millions of men and women identify with this élite, take part in its success and gain vicarious pride from it. Is it better to identify with Nobel Prize-winners than with footballers? Again, I don't know. Somehow the players remain closer to us all than Einstein or Marie Curie.

May I suggest yet another reason for a certain indulgence towards nationalism in sports? The players and their supporters suffer less hardship in defeat than they gain joy in victory—when it

Art & Politics

Rome

THE GAME *of football has long since risen to one of the most remarkable mass art forms of this century, and the performance displayed by our magnificent Italian players in the finals was of an artistry equivalent to the greatest in our world theaters and cinemas.*

Franco Zeffirelli
in TIME

Sao Paulo

WHEN *Italy eliminated Brazil from the World Cup last month, they not only knocked out the favourites, but changed the Brazilian political scene. Behind the skills of the players, the joy and spontaneity that dazzled the crowds, lay a meticulously planned campaign to make Brazil champions and reap political rewards at home.*

No other team trained as long and intensely as the Brazilians, no other country was subjected to such saturation radio and television coverage. For the duration of "The Cup", all economic and political life came to a standstill.

The Government encouraged schools, factories and offices to close down and banks to change their opening hours during matches so that concentration on what had become a national obsession, rather than a national sport, would be total.

When the team lost, Brazil was plunged into a stunned silence.

Victory, with the players banqueted and fêted all over the country for weeks on end, had been seen as a miraculous solution to troubles of the Government.

Instead, deprived of the dream, Brazilians came down to earth with a bang, to find that while their eyes and ears had been glued to the soccer fields of Spain, inflation had reached 100% a year, and the Government had quietly slipped through Congress several measures to help it in the elections.

Now football's participation in the elections is reduced to the ballot paper. As this year's elections are so complicated, the only solution is to make the voting slip as much like a football pools form as possible—something with which most Brazilians are all too familiar.

Jan Rocha
in THE TIMES (*London*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comes to real wars, it is the other way round. Even the victories cost dear, and revenge dearer still. The Netherlands weren't playing in the World Cup this year; in four years' time, they may win through to the finals again.

I hope no one was grudging at this great festival, not of friendship, but of rivalries among nations through the medium of extraordinary but fallible artists. It is a competition subject to strict rules and peremptorily controlled by referees. Is it not an image, in the last analysis, of the only kind of reconciliation between peoples which is compatible with the nature of collectivities, and perhaps of humankind itself?

London Commentary

Old Strengths, Discovered Anew

After the Falklands—By EDWARD PEARCE

WILL IT ever be quite the same again? The Falklands was trumpets and drums and death and mayhem . . . like nothing that has happened to us for a very long time. All the customary gods were pushed into the deepest, most shadowy recesses of their niches. The United Nations was played correctly, with a poker face. The Third World came close to being regarded as the vapid conception it is; and it took courage (and no sense of absurdity) to assert that we were fighting some sort of an "old-fashioned colonial war."

A lot of old-fashioned items were dusted off and seen to shine bright. A colonel dies leading his troops into battle, the British Army demonstrates by an astonishingly fast land-march over dreadful terrain just how professional a force it is (without vainglory, the best army in NATO). But there is a contemporary touch which tells one a good deal about that army. The colonel who died at Goose Green was an Etonian (of American extraction); the young captain, David Wood, who died beside him was the son of an engine driver and someone who from childhood had "never wanted anything but the life of a soldier. . . ."

I would draw the inference that the modern British army has become democratic in the right way. There is no rubbish about long hair and military trades-unions; and to be frank, the slatternly ineptitude of the US Army and the West German *Bundeswehr* is simply not tolerated. But the prohibitive hierarchy expressed in the old phrase "Off Limits to Other Ranks", placed on agreeable billets and hotels as the British crossed the Rhine in 1945, is part of history.

One has the impression that this is an army in which merit and dedication rise. The word "professionalism" is much used, and not, I think, in pursuit of public relations. Carnot would have liked this army; William Cobbett would have been astounded by it.

Now all of this—long suspected, proved on paper, demonstrated on NATO manoeuvre—should have immense political implications. One Member of Parliament remarked privately, when we were all drumming our fingers in apprehension, "If we bring this off, we won't be measured by the size of our GDP. We will be a good deal taller than the countries to whom we have come to defer. . . ." Indeed! There is something which we, despite a litany of industrial failures over 25 years, can do and do better than almost anybody except the Israelis, and we haven't been shelling non-combatants. The honour of war is here, the high competence of trained troops in the field, and the clear public proof of it. So suddenly we discover, and the world discovers, what we had rather suspected: that we are very good at soldiering and sailoring.

What should go on record amid the shouting and the tumult is that that army with a large contingent of very young men suffered not only deaths and awful injuries but immense emotional strain for those who were witness to them. As to personal comfort, our soldiers were less well equipped and protected than the Argentinian infantry, and this in a Hebridean climate. The condition of trauma and certainly of distress has hit many of them. One cannot write of the necessity of a war, and do so from safety, without acknowledging as much. The sharp end of conflict has more edges

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for cutting than we ever imagine at our distance from it.

Even so the brilliance of the forces was sustained by the public, and specifically the working-class public who never hesitated in their support. After the sinking of HMS *Sheffield* support actually increased. The "Imperial Working Class", as the New Left sociologists smirkingly call them, know what their country is called and walk indifferently over academic people's notions of what is good for them. Make the contrast with Germany, Holland and (sorry) the US, and you have a component—army and country—in NATO which is quite simply the one upon which everybody else may well have to rely. Except, of course, that we do not lightly think of ourselves as a component of anything.

THIS ALSO MEANS that certain assumptions about our inevitable decline, the absolute rightness of always giving up something we happen to hold, the need to behave with reverence towards posturing Spanish colonials and African politicians presiding over regression and self-destitution all look a bit paltry. It doesn't do too much either for the "Good Europeans", faithful to their plastic, pork-barrel homeland. We are, I hope, learning lessons which Charles de Gaulle always understood, that a country is lit by its own hearth-fire, that economics is all-important but all-boring and that whatever is "multi-" (multi-national, multi-ethnic, multi-cultural, you name it) may sometimes have utility but will never be loved. The British are part of NATO and accept its necessity, but the British people support NATO as a means to defend Britain. This proposition will be clucked over by the glass-fibre internationalists but it is a far more temperate standpoint than the one taken by General de Gaulle (exit from NATO and polite egress for its headquarters from Paris). Yet, paradoxically, France is a far more effective ally now that she has candidly resolved to pursue French interests. To put it plain, we can only fight well for each other when we are set upon fighting for ourselves. Diplomacy, as I tried to argue here three months ago, is a perfectly honourable undertaking too much abused; but diplomats do overestimate the advantage to be gained from seeking to please.

It was urged by Mrs Jeane Kirkpatrick and by British critics of the expedition that both Britain and the United States would suffer vast political loss in consequence of the engagement. It is too early actually to prove anything but I would have thought that wildly wrong. Pan-Americanism like

ON MONSTERS & MARVELS
Ambroise Paré

Ambroise Paré, born in France around 1510, began his career as a barber-surgeon, became chief surgeon to both Charles IX and Henri III, and survived tempestuous times to reach the great age of eighty.

On Monsters and Marvels is a marvellous encyclopedia of curiosities — monstrous human and animal births, bizarre beasts and natural phenomena. Paré wrote to teach, and his book is one of the first attempts to set forth data about birth defects, their characteristics, effects, and causes, and many of the modern sciences can be detected in embryonic form. Translated into English for the first time by Janis L Pallister, this edition includes commentary by two contemporary scientists. Of obvious interest to historians of medicine and biology, *On Monsters and Marvels,* plentifully illustrated with woodcuts, will fascinate and entertain any reader. 1982, £14 00.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pan-Africanism is a continental conference of wind. A simple question: is Argentina popular with her neighbours? . . . And is not the clumping of the ear of the self-exalted leader of Latin America something which may register quiet pleasure and acknowledgement of the serious nature of any country which has the capacity and will to administer such clumps?

Suasion is all very well but a sound foreign policy is best based on a judicious mixture of suasion and clumping.

BUT IF BRITAIN feels inspirited, what happens next? Observations in the House of Commons suggest to me a certain urgent desire to get back to the full majesty of political mediocrity. The invasion could not have taken place under any Prime Minister but Margaret Thatcher, whose gift it is to be out of touch with all the people who are out of touch, and whose populist instincts merge with those of the "Imperial Working Class"; but since she is grown so tall there are a lot of important people with a distinct urge to get her.

Their opportunity may come in the enquiry set up to investigate the causes of the Falklands crisis. In principle British official enquiries reveal about as much as the average frosted window. They are the other thing, along with soldiering, which we are incontestably good at. If only Mr Nixon had had the blessing of the British system, the entire suicidal escapade of destroying the President of a Great Power for whatever political transgressions would doubtless have been averted. Woodward and Bernstein would have been drowned in the usual channels, a D-Notice would have been erected over their evidence, and a properly briefed judge, a figure of outstanding integrity, would have found the essential parts of the tapes to be either not relevant or prejudicial to national security, or both.

The British system of protecting the authorities is almost part of the constitution. We are a free country but *lieber Gott* we are a secret one; and for the good reason that tainted majesty is deemed to be the beginning of discord. Accordingly, the committee which has been set up is loaded with dedicated non-rockers of boats (and since when was it clever to fall out into the sea?). "One has the impression", remarked a Labour back-bencher cynically, "that there is one Privy Councillor to protect each of the surviving former Prime Ministers. . . . And indeed, one sees Lord Lever looking after Sir Harold Wilson, Lord Watkinson looking after Mr Harold Macmillan, Lord Barber looking after Mr Edward Heath, Mr Merlyn Rees looking after Mr James Callaghan, whose agent he was in the leadership elections of 1976. Then we have two Civil Servants: Sir Patrick Nairne, and Lord Franks, the chairman (rather too often described as "outstanding" for one's comfort).

Now Mrs Thatcher is good at survival, but two things are rather worrying. Blame for the lack of preparedness before the Falklands can be placed on the Government and its head where responsibility formally abides, or it can fall on the Foreign Office (Lord Franks may be outstanding enough to be able to think up somebody else, in which case I salute him).

The two cases conflict. It is hardly a secret that the Foreign Office, in pursuit of suasion and in rather unpleasing contempt of what some of its members like to call the "Sheepshaggers", wanted to be over the hills and far away from the Falklands decades back, and thus in greater or less degree may have demonstrated that degree of "come-on" which has been known to mitigate charges of rape. People who really dislike the Foreign Office have hinted that a *fait accompli* (less crudely carried out than the Galtieri invasion, perhaps also done when the planned naval cutback had made retaliation exceptionally difficult) might have been quite welcome to Foreign Office Civil Servants.

Without taking this, the hardest view, the Foreign Office are comprehensive getters-out and, even innocently, must have contributed to an Argentinian view that only a certain amount of stage indignation would follow direct action.

THE CONTRARY THESIS is aimed at Mrs Thatcher. She was the head of the Government when the events took place. There is evidence of some warning given, reports by the captain of the ice-patrol ship *Endurance*, the publicly-known episode of the Argentinian scrap-metal dealer hoisting that rather regrettable Sheffield Wednesday flag over South Georgia. And if "defects of Intelligence" are to be blamed, as Mr Heath, his heart full of an ancient wrong, declared, the Prime Minister is ultimately responsible for Intelligence.

What is wrong with the "Blame Margaret" campaign, which got very nasty at the hands of some distinguished elder statesmen in the Commons debate preceding the enquiry in early July, is that it ignores a political fact of life. Lord Carrington, the former Foreign Secretary, had a degree of autonomy based on his personal standing which has plenty of precedents but which cannot be acknowledged for a variety of political and constitutional reasons. Crudely, Lord Carrington had the means to destroy the Prime Minister by resignation during the travail of a struggling and painful economic programme, and the power to change that policy totally by public dissent of the sort which his own deputy, Sir Ian Gilmour, did actually voice. In consequence he could command for his silence and consent an autonomy in his

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own department which a feudal baron in the time of King Stephen would have envied.

THERE IS A WAY OUT of the unpromising spectacle of a cut-throat defence, one which a notable speech by the expert Mr Raymond Whitney (a former Foreign Office man who is also, extraordinarily, a Thatcherite) has pointed to: there is a very long history of incidents involving the Argentine and the Falklands. The Argentine is, after all, the only South American country not to own its neighbouring islands; the Martin Vaz complex belongs to Brazil; San Felix and Juan Fernandez to hated Chile; the Galapagos to Ecuador; only Argentina with its throbbing ego is deprived.

It can be shown, Mr Whitney believes, that events as disturbing or menacing as the drum roll preceding April 2nd have happened before . . . often. An Argentine plane had actually landed on the Falklands; an Argentine port, whose "coolness" towards a British vessel and its crew is cited as evidence of coming invasion, had in an earlier "crisis" actually been *closed* to British shipping. And Whitney cites other threats and menaces. This line of reasoning is clear and helps both the Prime Minister and the FO. It is the thesis of the wolf who cried "boy" once too often. Rationally it can be said by the Foreign Office, "Look, we always expected flak and fits of Spanish tremendousness from the current gold-frogged local absurdity, but none of them had ever delivered before, so who reasonably would expect a snatch this time?" The historic perspective seems to me immensely important, and possibly a guide to a rational mistake which may have been made in precisely that context. It also helps us to meet a second point. We do not in Britain allow the state to be assassinated, even if the officers of the state have been mistaken or unwise, which in practice means not assassinating those officers. The worry which lingers with me is that while I have perfect conviction that the Foreign Office will come up smelling of Parma violets, the same certainty does not quite apply to Mrs Thatcher.

There *is* an Establishment and the lady does not quite belong to it. The objection to her is not precisely her sex, nor indeed her lower-middle-class origins, but her dissent from the consensual view (which is one of suasion rather than clumping).

There is real hope in certain quarters—parts of the Opposition, certain groups in the Conservative Party—that the Falklands enquiry, while being of course smooth-spoken and full of the little civilities, may discreetly "do for Thatcher" while protecting the F.O. She has her faults. She can hector; she can be brassy; she does, metaphorically speaking, throw dishes. But she has a quality of courage, of wilfulness and of resources of nerve, which

Britain Against Itself

The Political Contradictions of Collectivism

SAMUEL H. BEER

Samuel H. Beer's *Modern British Politics* has been hailed as 'one of the most important and interesting books of this century on the nature of British politics' (Bernard Crick). Now, in this new book, he investigates the state of the British political system today – the factors that have come into play in the last two decades, the problems which threaten the stability of government, the prospects that lie ahead. What indeed has happened to disrupt Britain's once prosperous and orderly system? Professor Beer's analysis is based on a profound understanding of that system and it deserves the attention of every serious reader interested in the causes of Britain's present condition.

231 pages. £9.50 *October 4th*

Faith and Power

The Politics of Islam

EDWARD MORTIMER

Political aims and conflicts in Muslim countries are often expressed in Islamic terms that are difficult for Westerners to understand. In this book Edward Mortimer, a foreign affairs specialist on the staff of *The Times*, decodes the Islamic vocabulary and makes intelligible 'the politics of Islam'. He summarises the political experience of past generations of Muslims, analyses the political interpretations of Islam which Muslims have developed in the twentieth century, and describes in detail the role Islam plays today in the political life of six very different societies: Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, the lands dominated by Arab nationalism, Iran and the Muslim regions of the Soviet Union.

415 pages. Hardcovers £10.50; paperback £5.95 *October 4th*

ff

faber and faber

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nobody has shown in government for a generation. Just as noses were wrinkled in sensitive circles at the "Jingoism" of the Falklands expedition, only for it to be discovered that we were a nation of jingoists, so she is shrugged and smiled at as an atavist in a country whose hunger for its past authority and national pride is grievingly and atavistically missed. Nationalism is there all the time in the British; we are probably as chauvinistic as the French though not so blatant about it. We have been taught by a generation of nice (and some not so nice), discerning and civilised people to be ashamed of it.

THE SEVERAL LEFTS have their several orthodoxies, but although an individual figure like Peter Shore may feel a fierce Englishness, their fatherland has been something called "Society" which is on nobody's birth certificate. The Tories of the last 25 years have been a fascinating amalgamation of the rich, in various stages of panic, trying to hang on to what they have got, plus administrative and autocratic figures with a violent internationalist bias, and finally an Old Right—patriotic and semi-imperial, which was generally thought to be stupid and which generally was. Though, as one contemplates the port of Aden, so important to the Gulf, its oil and the transport of that oil, serenely given away in the certain knowledge that the Soviet Union would pick it up, one hesitates to mock them. (Nobody, by the way, has ever asked in the light of Yemen Marxism for an enquiry into the events preceding the surrender of Aden!)

Mrs Thatcher may make noses wrinkle among the discerning, but against all the orthodoxies she has enacted a British form of Gaullism. And the discerning tended to admire General de Gaulle, he being a foreigner and all. A certain submissive acceptance of defeat or humiliation as the small thing which happens to Great Britain and perhaps *ought* to happen has been tentatively rejected. It is a modest price to pay for hectoring. One does hope the Committee of Enquiry will do nothing to diminish old strengths discovered anew.

THE LOVE BETWEEN government and the journalistic community, to choose one's words very carefully, has never been intense. The aftermath of the Falklands has done nothing to improve it. Responsible TV journalists like Michael Nicolson (ITN) and Brian Hanrahan (BBC) have complained at the measure of censorship and uncooperativeness (and worse) of Naval and Ministry of Defence officialdom. One sees their point. One deplores the things they deplore, but then recalls that we did win and that first-class pictures of the worst things which happen are not always conducive to winning.

Newspapers and governments, even in free countries, should expect to be in conflict, and more fiercely in conflict during a war. The British MoD is not sinister, still less the Navy, but both go in for what might be called a creative pig-headedness. "Journalist chappie wantin' clearance for photographs of the tennis courts. Ask him why before tellin' him that it isn't in the national interest . . . ." All very tiresome, and surely a barrier to the Total Revelation of the Truth, but not altogether surprising during a war.

The British have never made a doctrine out of the right to know. As I said, "Freedom and Secrecy"—we are a free country but a persistently secret one. I find it very difficult to imagine us, had we ever possessed the means and the power to have been engaged in the defence of South Viet Nam from the Hanoi régime, putting out the nightly telecasts which broke the will of the Lyndon Johnson administration, brought out the "Vietnik" crowds (and ultimately, in the name of freedom, filled the vessels of the boat people). We British practise the residual secrecy of an old empire linked up with the new bureaucratic style of a country enmeshed in civil servants. It isn't something to be idealistic about, but arguably it makes the courage of soldiers and the will of a strong Prime Minister just that degree more likely to achieve their ends and gives them a breathing space in which to do what is necessary.

We have a lot to learn on the purely technical front—about aluminium ships and steel ships and the extent of the air cover we should be budgeting for against long-to-medium-odds eventualities; and we thank God (or whomever) for those responsible for not checking the circuits on those Argentine bombs which hit but didn't go off. We had a lot of luck; we did some skating and stretching in Government relations with the press. But we won, and as a nation we are not going to start apologising for the way things went. The psychology of the West is hideously streaked with defeatism such that there is no conflict involving the home country which will not at once seem either doomed or utterly wrong to a class of people for whom all victories by the home country demand that the wine glass be tipped downwards. The bloody-mindedness of the Ministry is something for the press to oppose and circumvent as best they can as part of an eternal class conflict (The Fourth Estate v. all others); but I am not broken-hearted to find that some officers and civilian officials play to win and even play rather rough. Ungentlemanly conduct is the beginning of a low and proper understanding of the world. But with the Defence Minister, Mr Nott, politically dead at his own hands, we seem not to have learned the lesson.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Was Surprised in the Falklands, and Why?

Prejudging an Inquiry—By JAMES CABLE

"YOU, MY DEAR, are surprised", the pedantic husband told his unfaithful wife. "I am astonished." The words might have been General Galtieri's.

The distinction is important. The Argentine invasion of the Falklands, though not its timing, was readily predictable; the British reaction was not. This has nothing to do with the existence, dearth, appreciation, neglect, or suppression of intelligence reports. Spy stories are always fascinating, though connoisseurs must regret that "The Secret of the Falklands" has yet to be graced by the photograph of a beautiful and mysterious woman, and politicians can scarcely be blamed for indulging so popular a fantasy.

It is nevertheless supremely irrelevant. NATO, the Nuclear Deterrent, and the British Army of the Rhine were not created because anyone knew when to expect a Soviet attack. No responsible Western leader has yet argued that 37 years without such an attack constitute sufficient grounds for relaxing these precautions. Proclaimed political hostility and manifest military capability have alone justified the maintenance of the most elaborate and costly defensive system in human history.

Yet it has always been easier to argue that the Soviet Union had neither the intention nor the incentive to invade Western Europe than it has been to assert similar propositions of Argentina and the Falklands. Admittedly it is seldom safe to rely on disclaimers of territorial ambitions or of warlike purposes. Scepticism in such cases is healthy, but it becomes a dangerous complacency (as the experience of *Mein Kampf* ought to have convinced us) when it informs our attitude to specific territorial claims repeatedly advanced by people able to match their words with deeds. No "intelligence resources" were needed to reveal that Argentina intended to recover the Falklands: it was openly proclaimed by every public and official means at Argentine disposal from 1948 onwards. Only the British attitude was ambiguous.

Consider the chronology, set out in the box on pp. 40–41.

THESE EVENTS must, of course, be seen against the larger background of the progressive liquidation of the British Empire, the reduction of the Royal Navy, the general acceptance of anti-colonialism, and the growing use of force for the resolution of certain international disputes (an annual average of five significant armed conflicts). The specific pattern is one of mounting intensity in the Argentine claim and, from 1966 onwards, of increasing British readiness to negotiate, conciliate and appease.

Unfortunately, from the Argentine point of view, this readiness did not extend to the essence of their claim: sovereignty. The British persisted in talking about the wishes of the islanders, whereas the Argentine delegate to the United Nations had made his country's attitude clear as early as 1965: "there is not the least doubt that the territory of the Falkland Islands is much more important than the population. . . ." What the British regarded as attempts to seek a compromise were considered by Argentina as mere delaying tactics. Blithe British proposals to "freeze the issue of sovereignty" sounded reasonable in London, but in Buenos Aires had all the harsh resonance of a Russian "*nyet*."

Exactly when the 1966 contention that "the force of reason" would have to be replaced by "the argument of force" became official Argentine policy will be a nice question for future historians. It was obviously inherent in the logic of the situ-

SIR JAMES CABLE *is a writer on international relations and naval affairs: his books include "The Royal Navy and the Siege of Bilbao" (Cambridge University Press, 1979), "Gunboat Diplomacy 1919-1979" (n.e. Macmillan, 1981) and "Britain's Naval Future," which Macmillan are to publish early next year. Sir James retired from the Diplomatic Service in 1980 as Ambassador to Finland, having held various posts in Europe, South America, and South-east Asia. From 1971–75 he was Counsellor, Contingency Studies, Head of Planning Staff, and Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ation: a reiterated Argentine claim the British were lastingly reluctant to concede; a strong Argentine Navy and Air Force; undefended islands; the great discrepancy in distance from the respective bases; some bellicose talk and recurrent military ascendancy in Buenos Aires.

In earlier years this seemed to have been recognised in London: until 1966 the Royal Navy attached importance to the capacity to respond promptly to minor incursions and thus to manifest British resolve. That was a watershed year. Thereafter only one Argentine challenge encountered a naval response: the still obscure episode of 1977.

With that exception British actions (always regarded by foreigners as a better clue to British intentions than mere words) offered a clear enough picture. Overseas intervention capability and standing naval deployment were both being reduced. Local defence was barely token. Provocations were ignored, appeasement attempted, and minor concessions offered; but the passage of the years brought no yielding on the essential issue of sovereignty. The British seemed to have renounced every expedient but procrastination. In Buenos Aires the argument must have seemed persuasive that the British would never move of their own accord, but that they were ready to be pushed. If Iceland could do it, in years of attrition, how much easier for Argentina to create a swift and bloodless *fait accompli*. This was a dream which became progressively more practicable and more attractive as drastic repression consolidated

YEAR	ARGENTINE MANIFESTATION	BRITISH RESPONSE	INTERNATIONAL
1948	*Special department founded in Foreign Ministry to press claim* *Navy demonstrates in Antarctic*	**HMS *Nigeria* sent to scene.**	*Britain yields to force and withdraws from Palestine*
1950	*Senate & Chamber of Deputies declare Falklands to be Argentine territory*		
1953	*Attempted naval occupation of Deception Island*	**HMS *Snipe* sent to expel intruders**	
1955	*Argentina rejects jurisdiction of International Court of Justice or of "any other judicial or arbitral tribunal"*		
1960			*UN General Assembly pass Resolution No. 1514 calling for an end to colonialism*
1963			*Britain withdraws from Kenya*
1965			*General Assembly call for negotiations on Argentine claim to Falklands*
1966	*Military coup d'état* *Navy shell a Soviet trawler*	**Foreign Secretary visits Buenos Aires for talks on claim**	
	"Condor Commandos" invade the Falklands in a hijacked airliner	**HMS *Puma* sent to Falklands**	
	"The Argentine people must realise that one day they will have to employ the argument of force" ("Historia Completa de las Malvinas")	**Ministry of Defence renounces carriers and "landing . . . of troops against sophisticated opposition outside the range of land-based air cover."**	
1968		**Chalfont mission to Buenos Aires and Falklands**	

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the power, if not the popularity, of the ruling Military Junta.

ALL THAT IS ODD about that argument is that it was evidently not perceived in London as obvious. When Argentina invaded the Falkland Islands, the Chief of the British Defence Staff was reported as saying: "There were no contingency plans on the shelf, we had to improvise. . . ." The improvisation was brilliant but, as one of the Admiral's predecessors had earlier pointed out, counter-attack is inevitably more costly—in lives, ships, equipment and political damage, as well as money—than either defence or deterrence. Why was neither attempted?

THE ANSWERS are complex and manifold, but one contention must be disposed of at the outset. Neither was ever impracticable, only inconvenient: to Admirals focusing their binoculars on the Third Battle of the Atlantic; to Economists slicing away at the defence estimates; to Politicians sensitive to accusations of belligerence; to Diplomats dreaming of an Argentina denied the substance but satisfied with the shadow of her claim. Increasingly inconvenient as the locust years went by, but impossible?—never.

Life itself, as the Russians are fond of saying, has swept that argument into the dust-bin of history. The money spent on the Falklands War, to say nothing of the re-equipment, the restoration, the continued defence that will have to follow it,

YEAR	ARGENTINE MANIFESTATION	BRITISH RESPONSE	INTERNATIONAL
1970	*Military coup d'état*	**Naval presence reduced to visits by ice-patrol ship**	
1971	*Anglo-Argentine Agreement on communications with Falklands via Argentina*		*British inaction in face of Iran's seizure of islands in Persian Gulf*
1974	*Press and opposition politicians demand invasion of Falklands*		*British inaction in face of Turkish invasion of Cyprus*
1975	*Attempted military coup*		
1976	*Military coup d'état* *Occupation of South Thule*	**Silence**	*Britain finally concedes her defeat by Iceland*
	Argentina initiates withdrawal of Ambassadors in protest against Shackleton visit *Navy fires on British ship*	**Shackleton visits Falklands**	
1977	*Anglo-Argentine talks are resumed.* *Navy commissions translation of "Gunboat Diplomacy."* *Navy use force to capture six Soviet trawlers and factory ship on high seas* *Invasion scare*		*Britain backs Chile against Argentina over Beagle Channel dispute*
		HM Ships *Dreadnought, Phoebe, Alacrity* and two auxiliaries sent to South Atlantic	
1978	*Successful Argentine naval demonstration against Chile.* *Anglo-Argentine talks on Falklands adjourned*		
1979	*Ambassadors return to their posts*		
1980		**Ridley fails to persuade Falkland Islanders of the need for concessions to Argentina**	*Iran imposes her will on the USA* *UN General Assembly support independence for Belize in spite of Guatemalan claim*
	Hence no progress in Anglo-Argentine talks		

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have paid for years of peace-time defence or deterrence. Neither would have required a force capable of repelling any attack, merely sufficient strength to make serious fighting inevitable and pose a credible threat of war.

There is no evidence that anyone in Argentina intended or expected war—merely the definitive use of limited naval force to create a *fait accompli* that is the classical expedient of "gunboat diplomacy." Five other states were in undisturbed possession of islands, or parts of islands thus acquired during the 1970s,[1] and General Galtieri had every reason to consider "an English reaction" as "scarcely possible and totally improbable." It would have been different if there had been a defensive force on the islands, or even that "substantial naval task group" which the Ministry of Defence talked (but only talked) of sending "on long detachments for visits and exercises in the South Atlantic."

DETERRENCE (for the concept embraces partial defence) is naturally fallible, but it has worked so far with the Soviet Union; and there is no obvious reason why it should not have worked with Argentina. It was militarily practicable—a fraction of what was done in 1982 would have sufficed from 1966 onwards—and if it was not politically acceptable (because it presupposed the possibility, in the event of failure, of fighting for the Falklands), the logical consequence should have been admitted and the Falklands ceded to Argentina. Tough luck on the islanders? But they would have been only one of a hundred peoples, since 1918, to suffer the world's denial of President Woodrow Wilson's ringing declaration that "peoples and provinces shall not be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were but chattels or pawns in the game. . . ." They could have been compensated by the United Kingdom citizenship that the present government has denied them, and by the full costs of their resettlement in the country of their choice. It is for professed moralists to decide whether such a solution would have been more or less iniquitous than a war of uncertain final outcome; but the ordinary man may regard it as more decent than retaining the allegiance of the islanders while denying them protection.

This statement of the dilemma provides the first answer to the complex of questions stemming from Argentine success in surprising the British on 2 April 1982. No British government, no British parliament, no British political party—at least since 1966—had been willing to face the crucial choice: cede the Falkland Islands or defend them. Nor had their professional advisers been determined to press this choice upon them.

THE PROMISED OFFICIAL ENQUIRY will doubtless produce many rationalisations of this indecision. There may even be embarrassing "revelations", when particular documents seem to crystallise, at this or that moment, the prevailing mood of unjustified complacency. These are likely to be quite beside the point. When Admiral Ciliax humiliated the British government, successfully taking the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* from Brest up the Channel back to Germany in 1942, many more or less plausible excuses were forthcoming for the failure to predict the date of the operation or even to detect the squadron's sailing. What mattered was that the long expected move would have succeeded whenever it was attempted, because no adequate preparations had been made to counter it. In the case of the Falklands, there is little reason to disbelieve General Galtieri's statement to Miss Oriana Fallaci that: "if the military events had not taken place on the second of April 1982, the same thing would have happened in April or May or June next year, or one of the following years. . . ." (*The Times*, 12 June 1982). A standing threat can only be deterred by standing—and visible—precautions.

What the enquiry may help to identify is the moment by which this view, already suggesting itself in 1966, should have become irresistible in London. If a particular year is thus selected, the choice may well seem unfair to those it spotlights. And so it probably will be. If the slowly mounting wave of Argentine irredentism surprised the British when it finally overwhelmed the Falklands, the cause should not be sought in the particular errors of individuals, but in the deficiencies of the conventional wisdom. Alas, force is not obsolete, nor are the days of gunboat diplomacy over. The necessity for choice is not to be evaded by procrastination. Foreigners do exist and, even when Latin American, must sometimes be taken seriously. There is more than one threat and the single scenario is a delusion as certifiable as conveniently early warning time. It is still as true today as it was when the Foreign Office said (in 1907) that:

> "The opportune presence of a British ship of war may avert a disaster which can only be remedied later at much inconvenience and considerable sacrifice."

[1] In 1971 the Iranian Navy seized the strategically important islands of Greater and Lesser Tunb at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. In 1974 China seized the Paracel Islands in the South China Sea; South Viet Nam in the same year took the Spratley Islands, which were retaken in 1976 by the Vietnamese Liberation Navy; and Turkey invaded and occupied Eastern Cyprus. In 1975 Indonesia invaded and occupied East Timor.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hakluyt for Beginners

Travellers & Adventurers—By JAN MORRIS

ON 27 April 1556, the English pinnace *Searchthrift* prepared to depart from Gravesend on a voyage of exploration to the North-East Passage, around the top of Russia—"very easy and short", the geographer Mercator had pronounced it. Although an earlier expedition had mostly been frozen to death in Lapland, the *Searchthrift*'s men were full of confidence: and they were given a merry farewell by none other than the veteran Sebastian Cabot, one of the most famous of living navigators, who threw a banquet for the crew at the Sign of the Christopher, and "made them all great cheer", and "entered into the dance himself among the rest of the young and lusty company. . . ."

On 11 June 1593, the English ship *Desire* ran ashore at Berehaven in Ireland after an unsuccessful attempt, lasting nearly two years, to pass through the Magellan Straits and enter the Pacific in search of Spanish plunder. Four accompanying ships had all been lost, and of their crews only 16 men were still alive, eleven of them incapacitated by "a monstrous disease", a slow swelling from the ankles up, which left the Captain himself to go aloft and take in the topsails. "Thus, as lost wanderers upon the sea . . . without victuals, sails, men or any furniture, God only guided us into Ireland"—where the locals charged them £10 for rescuing them.

Such was the grand lottery of Elizabethan adventuring, its hopes and prizes stunning, its penalties and disappointments ghastly in the extreme. Such too was the varied fascination of Richard Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations, Voiages, Discoveries and Traffiques of the English Nation*, the great collection of reports which is our chief source of information about the Elizabethan travellers, and which is now re-presented in a handsome selection from the 450,000 words of its 1598 edition. The send-off of the *Searchthrift* is the very first of its extracts, the landfall of the *Desire* is the last, and the narratives in between run the whole gamut of Elizabethan romance, squalor, cruelty, courage, greed, faith, patriotism, treachery, curiosity and prejudice, being short only, like the age itself perhaps, on simple loving kindness.

FOR THOSE OF US who have never been quite sure how to pronounce Hakluyt, let alone read him, Mr Richard David's project is a great and generally enjoyable boon.[1] Though for myself I could do with a rather more thorough annotation, and some less elementary maps, still the various fields of exploration are clearly defined and explained, there is a glossary detailed enough to tell us that an argomack was a thoroughbred horse and a fizgig a kind of harpoon, and the selections seem to me well-balanced between the emotional and the factual, the educated and the semi-literate, the chiefly navigational and the largely impressionistic.

For the great thing about Hakluyt's method was its omnivorousness. Everything was grist to his mill, as he put together his immense anthology, and no travel story was too simple or too circumstantial. Hakluyt was attracted to his life's addiction by way of the 107th Psalm, which says that those who go down to the sea in ships see the works of the Lord, and everyone who occupied his business in great waters was of equal interest to his insatiable scholarship. His editing was, Mr David says, sensitive and strictly limited, and his criterion for inclusion seems simply to have been proximity to the events described—eye-witness reports if possible, second-hand accounts at worst.

So he drew upon a marvellous variety of sources, and many of them are represented in this still substantial volume. There are sophisticates like Sir Walter Raleigh, poet and courtier, there are yokels like Job Horton, Lincolnshire powdermaker. It is the great navigator John Davis who describes the technical problems of ice and current in the far north-west, but a landlubber merchant, Laurence Aldersey of London, who assures us that the ladies of Venice are "rather monsters than women." The expert and the amateur, the hard-headed and the gullible, all rub shoulders here, and the only stylistic element that unites them is a distinct suggestion of the calculating. These travellers are seldom, one feels, altogether frank. Most of them have personal axes to grind, and some are influenced too by considerations of State or financial policy, keeping them vague no doubt on

[1] *Hakluyt's Voyages*. Selected by RICHARD DAVID. Chatto & Windus, £12.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Barth
SABBATICAL

"As *Sabbatical* reminds us with great power, the fictional game is more than a game. It is a means, quite literally, of novel discovery."
Malcolm Bradbury, **Observer**

"There are wonderful things in the book – things that only a storyteller of the first rank could have written."
Paul Bailey, **Standard**

"Insistently readable . . . John Barth is a skilled and sophisticated literary navigator."
Nicholas Shrimpton, **Sunday Times**
£7.50

Carlos Fuentes
DISTANT RELATIONS

"Most of us, from time to time, want to read what we might describe in shorthand as a great novel, a contribution to literature. Carlos Fuentes is one of the few world writers who has the power to answer this need."
Martyn Goff, **Daily Telegraph**

"A highly gifted writer . . . this is one of the most distinguished translations that it has been my privilege to read – a triumph. Fuentes is complex but highly readable . . . richly imaginative and profoundly humane . . . it will resonate in the mind for a long time."
Martin Seymour-Smith, **Financial Times**
£7.95

David Lodge
GINGER YOU'RE BARMY
[reissue]

"This is a remarkable novel on many levels, vivid, funny and with a compassion made all the more moving by the harshness of its military setting."
Selina Hastings, **Daily Telegraph**

"This novel has all the ring of complete authenticity . . . the mingling of horror and farce are all brilliantly evoked. There must be lots of other novels about National Service. But even if there are, this must be the best."
A. N. Wilson, **Spectator**

"A telling and enjoyable novel as well as fortuitiously providing a valid footnote, or bootprint, to the century's social history."
Norman Shrapnel, **Guardian**
£7.95

Secker & Warburg

routes best left undetailed, and encouraging them sometimes, like poor Walter Raleigh on his discoveries in Guiana, to over-paint their already exotic lilies.

NOT THAT THERE WAS really much need to exaggerate. The communal exploit of the Elizabethan voyagers, as they spread their wings and enlarged their horizons from one end of the earth to the other, was one of the greatest adventures of them all, and makes the excitements of the space age seem prosaic by comparison. It is true that in many parts of the world the English were preceded by more imaginative rivals, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, sometimes French. Columbus beat them to America, da Gama round the Cape, Magellan round the world, and their own first trans-Atlantic voyages were commanded by the Italian Cabots. But when they got into their stride, in the confident heyday of the Elizabethan era, the English penetrated more corners of the world, established themselves in a greater variety of waters and landscapes, than the explorers, traders and colonists of any other people.

Mr David's choice of pieces (which generally excludes mere sea-battles, like the fight of the *Revenge*, or the defeat of the Armada) powerfully illustrates this truth. His 40-odd chroniclers describe their adventures in six widely differing fields of enterprise: the north-east and Russia; the Mediterranean and the East; west Africa; the north-west and Newfoundland; the Caribbean, Virginia and Guiana; the countries beyond the Magellan Straits. Nobody else was sailing, trading, fighting and settling in *all* these places. The fatuous Papal division of the unknown world had long been overtaken by events, and the English were already building the foundations of that vast world-wide experience which was one day to make them cock of the earth's walk.

HAKLUYT must have made marvellous reading at the time (he published his last volume in 1600), and much of it is marvellous now. One or two of these extracts are of the sort parodied years ago by Peter Fleming ("Ye Shippe goeth slowlie Backwarde") but most of them are rich in incident and surprise. There are the horrific experiences, for example, of castaways from Hawkins' third voyage to the Spanish Main, who were enslaved by the Spaniards, tortured by the Inquisition, and got home to England, those who got home at all, only after years of suffering and ordeals of hair-raising awfulness. There is the splendid reception that the Emperor of Russia, with his crown on his head and his golden staff in his hand, offered his English visitors in 1557, the gifts of "certain furred

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gowns of branched velvet and gold", the mead brought to the table in six-gallon silver bowls.

We see the assembly of ships of many nations, jammed in the cold harbour of St John, which greeted Sir Humphrey Gilbert when he arrived in 1583 to take official possession of Newfoundland (embarrassingly running aground as he entered, but grandly receiving presents, from the assembled foreign captains, of wines, marmalades, rusks, sweet oils, salmon, trout and lobster). We see four desperate English prisoners hurling themselves like so many Errol Flynns upon their Turkish captors as their galley takes them towards perpetual slavery in Constantinople in 1584—only to be betrayed by their fellow prisoners—only to be rescued in the nick of time by a galley of the Duke of Venice!

All these things were true, and read as convincingly now as they did in the 16th century. Other reportage of the mariners has turned out to be, in hindsight, rather less accurate. There was Raleigh's desperate hyperbole of Guiana, of course ("for health, good air, pleasures, and riches, I am resolved it cannot be equalled by any region either in the east or west"). But there were also multitudes of more guileless inventions, distortions and misunderstandings.

Did (for instance) the men of Siam *really* insert golden balls into their penises, to protect themselves against the temptation of sodomy? *Did* the Russians bow to their ikons so often that they had knobs on their foreheads as big as eggs? Could there have been such a man as Suckel Counse the King of Cooch? Is it true that spiders died, if put into the horns of sea-unicorns? Could you actually feel the heat of the moon in Guinea? Did the raining tree of Ferro truly give the islanders all the water they needed? Were there three-headed, four-footed serpents in Florida? Did sea-horses go ashore to eat the negroes of Sierra Leone? Could it be true that in Pegu the Bramas *blacked* their teeth, so as to be as unlike dogs as possible?

AS TO THE RAINING TREE, well, as was observed by John Sparke, who reported its existence in 1564, though it might be thought incredible, "it is known to be a divine matter and something ordained of God, at whose power therein we ought not to marvel. . . ." These were, in theory, very religious adventurers, not to say sanctimonious. "Serve God daily", Hawkins exhorted his crews, and seldom a ship comes home to England without its chronicler thanking Almighty God for His great mercy in getting it there. Their religion, though, was of a flexible kind. If they prayed and thanked God frequently, they also slaughtered, looted, lied, mutinied, and would do almost anything, captain or cabin-boy, for the chance of getting rich. "Go down, dog", hissed Thomas Moone, laying about him among a group of Spaniards off Valparaiso in 1588, and "one of these Spaniards, seeing persons of that quality in those seas, all to-crossed and blessed himself . . . ."

One cannot blame him. These Englishmen were disconcerting visitors. It was not simply that they were swashbuckling, rapacious, and violent. Something more subtle, and more insidious, emerges from these narratives: that ingrained sense of superiority, contempt and aloofness that was later to make of the English the most formidable of imperialists, and the spawners of racialism everywhere. Often enough, in these stories, Englishmen are shown charity by foreigners—by native people frequently, but also by their prime enemies the Spaniards. They are dealt terrible cruelties too, of course; but still one feels, even through these naturally biased recollections, glimmerings of genuine human sympathy among the people they fought or traded with.

One seldom feels it, though, among the English themselves. "This whoreson Jew", cried Captain Wyndham of the *Primrose* in 1553, when irritated by his distinguished Portuguese pilot, "I will cut off his ears and nail them to the mast." "The young woman and the child we took away", reported Frobisher's men when they seized some Eskimos in 1577, "but the old wretch . . . for her ugly hue and deformity we let her go." Russian women looked "as though they were beaten about the face with a bag of meal." The natives of Cyprus were "very rude, like beasts and no better." Egyptian people were rude. The Czar's choir "delighted our ears little or nothing."

In short, even in those days niggers began at Calais: and as Hakluyt's Elizabethans storm about those seas and coasts, plundering here, striking a hard bargain there, fishing for crocodiles with live dog as bait, putting the thumb-screws on obdurate prisoners, so one sees dimly emerging through the mists and winds the figure of the Power that was to come—the England that would, three centuries later, dominate the world by its panache, piety, greed and vigour, and leave the nations at once amazed at its energy, and repelled by its loveless pride.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Book Section

History & Archaeology

Out of the System

Social England—By JOHN BOSSY

WHAT IS social? We seem to know, otherwise we should not have as many social democrats and social workers, social services, social sciences and social contracts as we do. If we didn't know what society was, how could we make sense of the admonitions of judges and clergymen, students' essays, or programmes from the Open University? How would publishers make a living? Could a publisher put on a *Social History of England* in several volumes without having much of a clue what the subject was? Well, we now have an answer to that question at least. G. M. Trevelyan, who wrote his *English Social History* forty years ago, had an idea, and said what it was in his introduction. He said among other things that you could define social history by exclusion as the history of a people with the politics left out. Made wary perhaps by the general contempt meted out to Trevelyan's effort in recent years, the anonymous inventor of the Hutchinson series has not attempted anything of the sort. He (or she) gives no evidence of having an idea what social means, except that it cannot mean what Trevelyan meant since Trevelyan will not sell anything, not in higher education at any rate, in 1982. In fact a reviewer from outer space, presented with these three books, would conclude that Trevelyan had got it right, since the leaving out of politics is about all they have in common.

So let us try and do in this age of the helicopter what Trevelyan tried to do in the shadow of D-Day. Social history, we might say, is the history of human relationships, of that chapter in the human chronicle which deals with the consequences of the inability to be human and alone. We might also say that the autonomy of the subject depends on this being a fact about people irreducible to any other facts about them. True, as R. W. Malcolmson reminds us with a great show of having no truck with humbug, without the production of subsistence there are no people (or true enough, since people can actually get by on berries and wild honey). Nor, even more to the point, are there any people without some activity in the field of human biology. But neither subsistence nor biology, and subsistence I should think rather less than biology, is productive of persons, and persons are the subjects of the social (they have names). The primitive topics of social history will then be, in a rough sort of way: language, eating, sexuality directed towards other persons, marriage, domesticity and the bringing-up of children; kinship, friendship, association, what the Americans call interaction (including interaction with dogs, cows, horses, mountains and gods in so far as they may have names and be persons); enmity, quarrelling, divorce, violence, murder, lawsuits, war and the general area of do-as-you-would-be-done-by; and all the ways, mysterious or unmysterious, in which persons who have never met one another get bound together in solidarity and enmity.

What these ways may be, and how by pursuing them we may get to social democrats and social workers are questions which cannot be answered without entangling the definition of the subject with its own history. From the late 17th century it became customary to dignify the whole corpus of these relations, visible and invisible, with the name Society; to divide the corpus roughly in accordance with the boundaries of states; and to treat these distinguished entities as quasi-persons or things which were bigger than any of us. It is probably true that, as in the case of God, this invention has made possible extensions of understanding: it has certainly made possible the discipline of sociology. But there is a real problem about Society in its constitutional tendency to cast off its moorings in the field of human relationships it was invented to describe, and this seems more than just a matter of linguistic inertia. Society can only exist as a thing or quasi-person by casting off these moorings, since in so far as it is a shorthand for relationships it can have no substantive existence.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has become a larger and more substantial presence precisely as its meaning has evaporated. The Americans, who have system in these matters, have finished the job by abolishing the word "social" and inventing the word "societal" to replace it. The English, who prefer their non-meaning implicit, have come along with "the community", "a multi-racial society", and so on. English historians in particular have had an enjoyable time writing books called *Constipation and Society in the Age of Luther*, in the sure knowledge that nothing whatever they might have to say about the history of constipation could be ruled out of order on the grounds that it had nothing to do with Society.

Naturally enough, such floppy indefinition has not satisfied everybody. The feeling that relationship has to be got in somewhere, that society is an activity not a thing, has been a strong card in the hands of Marxists, and helps to account for the enormous influence of the model which presents Society as a whole where solidarity arises among, and hostility between, horizontal segments of a population classified by their relation to the means of production.

This is not perhaps, or not exactly, the model preferred by contemporary Marxists; but if vulgar economism is in decline among the initiated, it has penetrated the rest of us so deeply as to make the term "social-and-economic" or "socio-economic" a barely noticeable tandem of economic horse and social carriage, and our principal public representation of the social until such time as Gramscian conceptions of culture-conflict bring "socio-cultural" into fashion. Most of our conventional usages of "social" are versions of it, often by way of the 19th-century "Social Question"—that is, the problem of antagonism between classes—which social democrats, social services, social workers, social contracts are all designed to do something about. In the work of English historians who are not Marxists, Harold Perkin's *Origins of Modern English Society* (1969) is a classic explication of it.

FROM THIS EXCURSUS we can at least retrieve the information that a social history of England might be one of three things. It might be a social history proper—a history of human relations among the English; it might be a societal history, or history of things-in-general in England by comparison with other countries and probably with the politics left out; or it might be a social-and-economic history, a history of class solidarity and

New in paperback

English Culture and the Decline of the Industrial Spirit, 1850-1980

MARTIN J. WIENER

'Economic science, working solo, hasn't so far been successful in accounting for Britain's economic decay. Slowly – none too soon – it begins to dawn that literary analysis must be called in as well ... Martin J. Wiener has provided an indispensable working document.' Bruce Page, *New Statesman*

Paperback £4.95 net

New in paperback

The Political Thought of John Locke

An Historical Account of the Argument of the 'Two Treatises of Government'

JOHN DUNN

'... Dunn's approach yields something entirely new in Locke scholarship: a full-length portrait of Locke's mind, shown in its evolution and all its stresses and inconsistencies.' *The American Historical Review*

Paperback £7.50 net

New in paperback

A Discourse on Property

John Locke and his Adversaries

JAMES TULLY

'... as a treatment of Locke's views on property (a fairly central topic in the history of political ideas) Tully's book is a huge advance on any previous account.' John Dunn, *London Review of Books*

Paperback £4.95 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conflict. Since our three authors have obviously not been advised by their publisher which of these they were to attempt, they have chosen according to their fancies, which are all different. The result may be thought of as a tribute to English pluralism, or a mess; it is hard to think of them all as contributing to one social history of England.

Pamela Horn is a case of the societal or things-in-general.[1] Her book is a perfectly straightforward; knowledgeable history of rural England from enclosures to the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the word "social" in her subtitle is quite superfluous. She works on the assumption (possibly this is the social part, something to do with bringing light to the illiterate masses?) that long extracts from documents, tables of occupations, wages and poor-relief, and a lot of visual aids make a gripping book, which is only partly true. She starts and finishes with chapters on the "rural community" which are all about the mechanics of agriculture, and seems to an ignorant reviewer to have something interesting to say about a revival of morale in rural England after the disasters of the post-Napoleonic period were over. By the way, she mentions some matters which might be pretty central to a social history of the English countryside, such as the disappearance of the living-in farm labourer and the arrival of the policeman: but her village institutions (school, poor-law, church) are sadly institutional institutions. Marriage and kinship get a page, and I didn't notice sex at all. In short this seems an estimable contribution to a well-established genre, and a monument to the vacuity of one usage of the word social.

By contrast R. W. Malcolmson knows exactly what he is doing:[2] he writes well, and wraps up the 18th century in four brisk chapters of socio-economics. "Working people", as the blurb says, are his subject; his topics, work itself, what he calls the facts of life, Gramscian popular culture and Thompsonian popular protest. On work he seems excellent, on the facts of life selective, on culture and protest he makes the appropriate noises. His method is to leave out what does not fit into his subsistence economy of the social, either because we are supposed to have heard too much about it already from J. H. Plumb (the rest of the population), or because it is impossible to know anything about it at all. This is his line with both Christianity and family life among "working people": we simply do not know, he says, what they felt about Christianity, which enables him to imply that they did not believe in it; or how wives got on with husbands, children with parents, which enables him to imply that as working people they did not have much time for that sort of thing either.

I would guess that if he had spent half the time which he has spent looking for evidence of their "magical" beliefs on evidence of "working people's" Christianity, and half the time he has spent chasing up food riots chasing up their domestic relations, he would have found enough to be going on with. Something is going on here which was long ago, and in another context, described by the present Lord Dacre as the principle of unequal scholarship, or straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Among the more sizeable camels to be swallowed are the Methodists, on the grounds that there were not enough of them to matter before 1780, and the Gordon Riots of that year, which don't seem to be mentioned at all unless you happen to come across a practically invisible footnote suggesting that religious rioting was a non-working-people activity inspired by the gentry. Connoisseurs of Northern Ireland will have heard that one before.

It is worth spending a moment on Malcolmson's use of the word culture, since claims about culture are likely in the future to play a larger part in progressive historiography than claims about society. Malcolmson tells us with perfect clarity what he means by it: "beliefs, outlooks, values and customary practices", the perception and interpretation of experience. He also tells us that beliefs, interpretations, and so on, form different constellations corresponding to different "social" situations: there is a "plebeian culture" contrasted with the "culture of gentility", the "culture of commerce" and in general the culture of polite society. Plebeian culture consisted, as he describes it, of magic, games, social drinking, wife-sale and similar matrimonial customs, and the Thompsonian food-riot. During the later 18th century this popular culture became, due to the pressure of social-and-economic change, increasingly segregated from the culture of polite society, and a "culture of class-confrontation" was created. While this description has surely many virtues, I can't help feeling that the last phrase gives the game away, with its implications about culture as a sort of penicillin produced by class-fermentation. If you are going to use the word you must make some concession to the axiom that the cultural is the meaningful as distinguished from the functional, and though Malcolmson does have a sense of what is at stake in the work I don't think he is ultimately willing to concede this. It is a pity that some Malinowskian overtones of Keith Thomas's *Religion and the Decline of Magic* have made it possible to recruit him as an authority for philistinism.

[1] *The Rural World, 1780–1850: Social Change in the English Countryside*. By Pamela Horn. Hutchinson, £12.00, paper £5.95.

[2] *Life and Labour in England, 1700–1780*. By R. W. Malcolmson. Hutchinson, £10.00, paper £4.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CULTURAL DIFFERENTIATION, however, is likely to be the name of the game for a good while to come: like the rise of the bourgeoisie it has the advantage that it is always going on, and the disadvantage that it is always going on *again*. Keith Wrightson has made a name for himself as its apostle on early-modern England, mainly apropos of the modest Essex village of Terling, which has had to bear a weight of socio-cultural model-building almost as groan-making as the demographic pit-machinery grinding night and day over Devon's poor Colyton. (Who walks there now, on summer-holiday Sunday afternoons, over the landslip from Lyme?) From this and other signs one had got the impression that Wrightson was a hardened socio-economist, but if you read his book[3] and can bear with some forgivable jargon and log-rolling you will find that of our three authors he is the only one who has tried to make the social as such the object of his investigations. It is given a full half of his book, and he has been commendably firm in resisting the depersonalisation of his subjects. His chapter on "social relations in the local community" gets off on the right foot with Richard Gough's description of Myddle from the standpoint of its church pews, and deals with fundamental things—kinship, neighbourliness, hierarchical relations, dispute, the occasions of collective identity. His chapter on marriage contains an admirable description of marital conflict as practised in the 17th century. You don't have to agree with everything he says.

I personally find it hard to swallow his negative conclusions about kinship, or his claim that hierarchical or deferential relations cannot be genuinely personal. I wish he had gone further into things like friendship, godparenthood and eating, and had not banished witchcraft, "crime" and drink to another part of the book. I cannot understand why he doesn't mention Pepys, whom surely even new-wave social historians have heard of. I think there is room for a discussion about the implications of the term "local community", and do not see why he says capitalism when he means greed. None of this really counts against the credit of looking his subject straight in the eye, and saying what he sees.

And I don't see any reason to complain when it emerges that his social description has been so humane, has seemed so unmarred by preconceptions, precisely because he has a particular axe to grind. It is not often that you find a witty dénouement in a history book, but here is one. The grinding, generally pointed in the direction of Lawrence Stone, is that Wrightson wants to show that during the century he is talking about nothing of any significance happened in the field of English

[3] *English Society, 1580–1680*. By KEITH WRIGHTSON. Hutchinson, £12.00, paper £5.95.

TWO PIONEERING TITLES
FROM
THE INSTITUTE OF ECONOMIC AFFAIRS

WILL CHINA GO 'CAPITALIST'?
By STEVEN CHEUNG,
Professor of Economics,
University of Hong Kong

An economic analysis of property rights and institutional change. Drawing on his deep understanding of the historical roots of Chinese society, Professor Cheung predicts that China is on the 'road to capitalism.' Largely as a result of the current 'open door policies,' Cheung contends that China will eventually adopt a structure of rights which resembles economies based on private property similar to Hong Kong and Japan.

IEA HOBART PAPER 94
64 pages **£1.50**
ISBN 0.225 36152.1

THE WELFARE STATE: FOR RICH OR FOR POOR?
By DAVID GREEN,
Social Sciences Research Fellow,
Australian National University, Canberra

Is the Welfare State achieving the purpose for which it was created?

Are the middle classes the chief beneficiaries?

Are there better ways of helping people with low incomes?

Dr Green forthrightly examines these and other questions and looks back to the 1911 British national health insurance scheme which represented the 'death-knell' for the friendly societies. Could traditional 'mutual aid' once more have a viable future as people become progressively more disenchanted with the Welfare State?

IEA OCCASIONAL PAPER 63
40 pages **£1.20**
ISBN 0.255 36154.8

AT ALL GOOD BOOKSHOPS

or from:
The Institute of Economic Affairs,
2 Lord North Street,
Westminster, London SW1P 3LB

The IEA's 25th anniversary catalogue available on request.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social relations which was not externally caused; that, as I read him, the social proper never carries within itself a motor of change.

Change is the effect of the impinging upon it of the "broader social and economic context" (this "broader" is one of my reasons for worrying about "local"), and this is described in the three chapters of Wrightson's second part. It consists of a demographic and "social" crisis dating from around the end of the 16th century and resulting in the emergence of unprecedented numbers of the poor and a consequent "social polarisation"; of a crisis in crime and public order; and of a cultural segregation associated with an imperfect diffusion of literacy and expressed in the emergence of English puritanism. Puritanism, a term which Wrightson might handle a bit more nervously than he does, is nevertheless usefully described as a flight from neighbourliness by those village notables who ought principally to have maintained it. We are back at Terling after all.

I DOUBT if it is worth quarrelling about the absolute dimensions of Wrightson's social crisis, but if it is being offered as *the* explanation for some very deep change in Englishmen's conception of the boundary between themselves and others, it looks a bit unpersuasive. And in an odd way he doesn't seem any too convinced of it himself, since he is at pains to point out that neither his subsequent crime-wave nor his puritan culture-treason had necessarily anything to do with it. This discretion is honourable and realistic, but rather undermines his larger strategy. It removes, in the first place, the justification for beginning the book in 1580, which strikes me as simply perverse. It invites you to take an old-fashioned view that the one indisputable exterior motor of change in the social consciousness of Englishmen around 1600 was the English Reformation. It draws attention to the fact that all the really penetrating contemporary comments on what he is talking about were made by professional apostles of the Reformation—William Perkins, Arthur Dent, Richard Baxter.

Pursuing this line of thought, we should come to the really interesting question about those timeless topics of social description recorded in the first part of the book: how far, that is, they themselves can really be extracted from the history of Christianity. Marrying and living in marriage, having children and bringing them up, were, as Wrightson perfectly recognises, activities directed to the salvation of souls. So, as he seems less willing to recognise, were the outward forms of neighbourliness, which the Englishmen he is writing about would have called charity. In so far as his subject means "the corpus of human relationships in England, 1580–1680", I think it is probably misguided to seek to distinguish it from the corpus of English Christianity, even in the minimal way in which Richard Hooker claimed that there was an English commonwealth and an English church, but they were the same thing. For while it would have been obvious to anyone in 1600 what you meant by making a distinction between the church and the commonwealth, nobody (except conceivably Hooker himself) would have had a clue what you were talking about if you had tried to make a distinction between either of them and "society."

I DOUBT if you would have really got much farther if you had tried another and apparently more promising tack, and explained that what you were really talking about was the population of the country arranged in hierarchical order: the "degrees of people" described in Wrightson's first chapter. Some would have said, like St Augustine and Shakespeare, that the function of degree was to inhibit discord and so promote salvation. Others, like William Harrison who is cited and Sir Thomas Smith from whom he was cribbing, would have said that its function was the orderly distribution of rule in an English humanist *respublica*. You would have had difficulty in persuading

FROM ALEXANDER TO CLEOPATRA
The Hellenistic Age
MICHAEL GRANT
On sale now
£16.50
Weidenfeld & Nicolson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either that it was worth describing the totality of degrees as Society. But in one respect the Smithites were nearer to that concept than the Shakespeareans: their classifications found little or no room for the clergy, since the original premise of their *respublica* was that the clergy, like the poor, did not rule in it. (I am not suggesting that the poor had ruled beforehand.) In that sense they were precursors of what, at roughly the point where Wrightson's book ends, was to emerge from the hands of John Locke as Civil Society, the Society we have come to know. The concept was not current before the Restoration. Hence the real problem about this interesting effort, which has certainly got a lot nearer to genuine social history than either of the other contributions to an oddly conceived series, is that it is probably about something which did not yet exist.

What Sort of Revolution?

Causes of the English Civil War— By MAURICE ASHLEY

IT IS EXACTLY a hundred years since Samuel Rawson Gardiner, a pioneer scientific historian, completed the revised version of his history of England, stretching from the accession of King James I to the Cromwellian Protectorate. He wrote the original version in the British Museum Reading Room, posting off each chapter to the printer as he finished it for he wanted to avoid hindsight, the historian's vade-mecum. The result was that his interpretation of the characters of the figures in his period did not always square with the facts. Because he was an adherent of the sect called the Irvingites (his wife was a daughter of Irving) he forfeited his Fellowship at Merton College, Oxford, and had to turn out textbooks to earn a living. In his definitive history he wrote about the civil war; but his pot-boiler he entitled *The Puritan Revolution*. Since then hundreds of English-speaking historians who have investigated this crucial period in the 17th century have preferred to refer to "the English Revolution." Just as the French Revolution culminated in the empire of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Russian Revolution in the dictatorship of Stalin, and the Chinese Revolution in the triumph of Mao Tse-tung, the English Revolution ended effectively with the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.

The causes of the English Revolution have been exhaustively analysed. Some historians have attributed it to social causes, to a shift in power from the nobility to the bourgeoisie; others have assigned it to intellectual reasons, stemming from Francis Bacon, claiming that novel scientific as much as religious ideas appealed to the "middle sort of people", for example yeomen, tradesmen, and professional men. Parliament, Christopher Hill has told us, in its struggle with King Charles I enlisted the support of doctors and apothecaries. Broadly, therefore, the civil war was a class war.

But the academic world is divided about all this. Robert Ashton, in *The English Civil War* (1978), suggested that both sides were conservative, the rebels claiming that they were resisting the innovations introduced by Charles I and his Archbishop of Canterbury, William Laud, and the Royalists or at any rate the Laudians insisting that the Crown was merely harking back to the Anglo-Catholicism accepted by King Henry VIII when he threw off the papal yoke. We have also been warned that it is difficult to speak meaningfully of a single monolithic and national "Puritan movement", and it has recently been established that the Roman Catholics, who practised their religion privately and were known as recusants, were mainly neutral in the civil war; they were not, as the Parliamentarians contended at the time, trying to bring back the Church of England into the papal fold, helped by Laud and his friends and by Charles I's wife, Queen Henrietta Maria, who was herself a Roman Catholic.

Conrad Russell, who has deeply studied the origins of the English civil war, has maintained that the connection between Puritanism and revolution was largely of Charles I's making; because of his personal commitment to the doctrine of Arminianism (i.e. Anglo-Catholicism); he was attempting to cast out of the Church the whole generation of Puritan Anglicanism. And Russell questions the belief that either "the crisis in the aristocracy", demonstrated in an enormous book by Lawrence Stone, or "the rise of the gentry" stressed by R. H. Tawney in a famous article had much to do with the outbreak of the war. In his latest excursion into military history, *Civil War England*,[1] Peter Young observes that the causes of the civil war were threefold—religious, constitutional and economic: "Take one of these elements

[1] *Civil War England*. By PETER YOUNG. Longman, £7.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

away and you get no civil war." The book is admirably illustrated, and the portrait of Charles I by Gerard Honthorst reminds us of the King's essential weakness, which was a fourth factor.

WHAT HAS BEEN MOST emphasised during the present century is the important part played by "the mob" in starting the political movement against King Charles. It was the menaces supplied by huge crowds milling about Whitehall palace and outside the Houses of Parliament at Westminster that persuaded the monarch to sign away the life of his able servant, the Earl of Strafford; for Charles feared that his Catholic Queen was in peril of assassination. This betrayal (for he had promised Strafford he would not suffer in life or property) he knew was an error, which he regretted until his dying day. Once it had been committed he felt obliged to make other concessions to the House of Commons, led by John Pym, son of a Somersetshire squire and educated at Oxford and the Middle Temple. In particular, Charles agreed to let Parliament keep on sitting until it chose to dissolve itself.

The attitude of the mob, we are told, was influenced by economic distress which, as today, was blamed on the Government. Nevertheless, it can hardly be doubted that the mob's animosity towards the Queen, the bishops, and Strafford was manipulated. (The principal manipulator was Isaac Pennington, a rich Puritan merchant, who became Lord Mayor of London.) Historians tend perhaps to forget that the London apprentices, who lent their support to the overthrow of Charles I, were succeeded less than twenty years later by another mob of apprentices who called for the restoration of King Charles II to his father's throne.

THE IDEA THAT Pym was a "moderate", which was popular 50 years ago, must surely be abandoned: he was, as Anthony Fletcher shows in *The Outbreak of the English Civil War*,[2] a violent anti-papist who was determined in effect to take away from the King his right to appoint his own Ministers, officers, and servants. A reaction against Pym's leadership became obvious in November 1641 when the Grand Remonstrance, a public manifesto outlining the monarch's crimes, was carried by only the narrow margin of eleven votes. It was then that the King made his second crucial blunder: coming by coach to Westminster, accompanied by 500 "desperate soldiers, being men of no rank or quality", he tried to arrest Pym and five other Puritan leaders in Parliament, accusing them of treason for plotting with the Scots against him. Parliamentary diaries, now published in full for the first time,[3] though their existence had been known for years, show the spirit in the Commons after Charles I's failure to catch the ringleaders. As one of his escorts said, "Zounds, they are gone and we are never the better for our coming."

A week after the abortive coup the King left London, not to return until he was a prisoner on trial for his life. During the two months that followed, the split between Parliament and the King widened, and anyone who reads these *Journals of the Long Parliament* can see the political crisis emerging. (It is a pity that the editors of this expensive book decided to include only a technical introduction: an historical foreword placing these debates in perspective would have added enormously to the value of the volume.)

The presence of crowds of apprentices, Southwark women, Suffolk clothiers, and a mob from Moorfields "disrupted the normal routine of the House of Commons." Parliament was guarded by the City militia, and the magazines in the Tower of London, at Kingston upon Thames and Hull were all put into safe hands. On 14 January 1642 Oliver Cromwell "moved that a committee might be named to consider of means to put the kingdom in a posture of defence." By the time that the King had sent a message to the House of Lords admitting that his attempt to arrest the six members was a breach of Parliamentary privilege, the road to civil war lay open.

As Anthony Fletcher points out, "If Charles suspected that Pym had a hand in summoning the crowds that clamoured for Strafford's death, he was bound to deduce by December 1641 that appealing to the populace had become a matter of policy." In *The English People and the English Revolution* (1976) Brian Manning claimed that "the genesis of the royalist party arose from the dislike of popular tumults." On the other hand, he suggested that the rioting—which was not confined to London but extended to Colchester, Birmingham, Manchester, and the West Riding of Yorkshire—was effective, and was condoned by the Parliamentarian nobility and gentry. "Between 1646, when the civil war ended in victory for the Parliamentarians and 1649 when Charles I was executed the revolution became an open class conflict of which the Levellers were the spokesmen." Mr Fletcher, however, takes the view that the civil war arose out of "two competing myths", the King believed that a conspiracy by a small clique to bind him to Parliament's will was being organised in London, while Pym and his friends thought that Charles's vain attempt to put them

[2] *The Outbreak of the English Civil War*. By ANTHONY FLETCHER. Edward Arnold, £24.00.

[3] *The Private Journals of the Long Parliament, 3 January to 5 March 1642*. Edited by WILLSON H. COATES, ANNE STEELE YOUNG, and VERNON F. SNOW. Yale University Press, £44.00, $60.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under arrest for treason was part of an army plot to destroy Parliament. These myths precipitated the civil war.

In *The Rise of the New Model Army* (1979), an American historian, Mark Kishlansky, sought to prove that the Levellers—the egalitarian party of agitators led by John Lilburne, who believed that once the small man was given the vote his social and economic grievances would be satisfied—were far less influential in the victorious Parliamentarian army than has generally been imagined, and that the army mutinies, which were to be suppressed in 1649, were simply due to material injustices felt over their arrears of pay or conscription for service in Ireland. "No one need doubt", writes Mr Kishlansky, "that if the Parliament had settled the army's arrears of pay and carried through its scheme of demobilisation no more would have been heard of the Levellers . . . and very little of Oliver Cromwell." This of course contradicts the views of Conrad Russell, who in *The Origins of the English Civil War* (1973) asserts that Cromwell was not a committed revolutionary and that "his real achievement was his defeat of army radicalism." Anyone who reads the debates in the Army Council in 1647 will be inclined to accept Mr Russell's opinion.

The Leveller ideology made no appeal to Parliament and the Leveller leaders entered into negotiations with the exiled Court of Charles II. They were soon to disappear from history along with the lunatic fringe of Fifth Monarchists, Seekers, Ranters and Diggers brilliantly depicted in Christopher Hill's *The World Turned Upside Down* (1972).

WHAT WAS NOW SOUGHT by the victors in the civil war was positive reforms; religious liberty, legal reform, electoral reform, financial reform, army reform. The Parliament that was sitting after Cromwell's defeat of the Irish and the Scots, and General Monck's defeat of the Dutch at sea was not identical with that which had begun the civil war in 1642. The Royalists who had left it after hostilities began had been replaced by recruited members, and in 1648 those of its members who wanted to continue negotiations with the King in honourable captivity in the Isle of Wight had been ejected by the Army. Altogether only 200 out of the initial total of over 500 took their seats during the years 1648–53, and only about 60 or 70 regularly attended the House: that is why it was known as "the Rump." Since the Rump annually elected the members of the executive body, the Council of State, it was in fact a ruling oligarchy.

The Rump Parliament did not satisfy Cromwell

HISTORY TODAY

The magazine that brings the past to life

History Today is the only popular, illustrated monthly history magazine in the English speaking world which carries articles on serious historical subjects from ancient times to the present day.

* Our current authors include: Asa Briggs, Martin Gilbert, Hugh Trevor-Roper, John Vincent, Peter Stansky, John Brewer.

* This month's issue looks at Horace Wilson — Chamberlain's man of Munich? ● Popular prints of the German Reformation ● The court of Henry VIII ● Autobiographies of childhood

Plus full background articles to **History Today**'s television programme **Today's History** starting on Channel 4 on November 14.

History Today is available at bookstalls or by subscription £15/US$39.
History Today Ltd., 83/84 Berwick Street, London W1V 3PJ.
Write today for a *free* inspection copy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the army officers who looked to it for reforms. All it achieved was to lay down that court proceedings should in future be conducted in English, to appoint a commission on law reform, and to pass an act for probate of wills. On matters of religion, which Anthony Fletcher believes was the essential ingredient of the civil war, it merely repealed the penal laws compelling attendance at Sunday worship in the parish church—laws that had been little enforced. It tackled neither the hated tithes nor lay patronage. It did, however, pass a Navigation Act aimed at helping the carrying trade at the expense of the Dutch.

By 1653 the Rump was surrounded with enemies at home and abroad. The extreme religious sects demanded toleration, claiming that the Members of Parliament were corrupt and ungodly. Cromwell had pleaded after his victory over the Scots at Dunbar:

> "Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England; and if there be anyone that makes many poor to make a few rich that suits not a Commonwealth."

Finally the Rump became involved in a war with the Dutch, who were fellow republicans.

CROMWELL HAD LONG lent his support to the Rump, hoping for domestic reforms and the ending of the Dutch war. But other Army leaders were convinced that the Rump was inert, conservative, and over-legalistic. They therefore pressed for its dissolution and the election of a new Parliament: either it must dissolve itself or be forcibly removed to make way for an elected successor. In Blair Worden's *The Rump Parliament* (1974) and more recently in Austin Woolrych's *Commonwealth to Protectorate*,[4] the events leading up to Cromwell's forcible dissolution of the Rump on 20 April 1653 have been exhaustively examined.

Cromwell had long been organising meetings between his officers and Members of Parliament aimed at finding a constitutional settlement. He was reluctant to have a general election so soon after the execution of the King and the abolition of the House of Lords. The Rump, however, was pushing through an Act for the election of a new representative assembly on 3 November, if only to dish the Army.

So much is accepted. Yet Cromwell claimed that their intention was "not to give people right of choice (it would have been but a seeming right): the seeming to give the people [their right] was intended only to recruit the House, the better to perpetuate themselves." Mr Worden suggests that after he had dissolved Parliament with his musketeers and taken away the Bill, Cromwell could have seen that this was not its purpose. In a letter written to Cromwell later—probably by Sir Arthur Hesilrige, a member of the Rump and of the Council of State, though both historians attribute it to Henry Marten, whom Cromwell had dismissed as "a whoremaster"—Cromwell's accusation that the Parliament intended to perpetuate itself and merely fill such seats as were vacant by recruiting new members was rebutted. Unlike Charles I and Charles II, Cromwell was not a liar though sometimes he deceived himself, and it is quite likely that during the six months that the Rump planned to continue in office it could have so constituted the electorate that most of its members would have been returned again.

THE RUMP WAS generally unpopular: hardly any protests were made when it was dissolved by the Army, whose officers proceeded to choose a new assembly of 140 members, representing the counties. They were to combine legislative and executive functions until a new constitution had been worked out and a general election held. We owe to Austin Woolrych conclusive proof that the Members were nominated not, as used to be thought, by the gathered or congregational churches but by Cromwell, who was designated a new Moses or Joshua and was advised by his Council of Officers. Half of this new assembly consisted of men who had not been Members of Parliament before, and the majority were drawn from the top half of the population. The Royalists claimed they were "abject and mean people" or "a pack of weak senseless fellows"; but, Mr Woolrych points out, they included landed gentry and justices of the peace, professional men, merchants, and only a few soldiers like Robert Blake and George Monck. The Assembly is known indifferently as Barebone's Parliament (after Praise-God Barbon, a leather-seller and Baptist lay preacher), as the Nominated Parliament, or as the Assembly of Saints.

Mr Woolrych writes that the subject of his excellent book is "a turning point in a revolution, whether the word is used in its modern or seventeenth-century sense", though he does not explain what he means by the latter. The new Parliament contained both moderates and radicals, though more of the former as is shown by the fact that it voted for the imprisonment of John Lilburne, the Leveller leader, who had returned from exile. It voted for legal reforms, civil marriages, the abolition of the Court of Chancery, and the establishment of county registers of births, marriages and burials. A radical caucus within the Assembly wanted to abolish tithes and lay patronage.

[4] *Commonwealth to Protectorate*. By AUSTIN WOOLRYCH. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £22.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although, as Mr Woolrych shows, the divisions did not follow exact party lines, the moderate majority, amounting to about 80 members, came to fear the radicals' threats to private property if these Saints continued to rule. Headed by the Speaker, 40 or 50 of them therefore rose early one Monday morning and handed back their power to Cromwell, the commander-in-chief from whom they had received it.

On 1 December 1653 Cromwell declined an offer of the Crown and was reluctant to become Lord Protector. He had learned of the resignation by the majority of the Assembly only after it had taken place, but he may have suspected it was going to happen. The Instrument of Government, the constitution drawn up by Major-General John Lambert, who had organised the latest *coup d'état*, was defended as separating the legislative and executive functions of government, which had been joined together in both the Rump and Barebone's Parliaments, and so avoiding the ills of successive or perpetual parliaments dreaded by the Army.

THUS A RETURN WAS MADE to the idea of "mixed monarchy" that had been advocated over ten years earlier by the constitutional Royalists, such as Edward Hyde, whereby the prerogatives of the Crown, the privileges of Parliament, and the rights of the subject were balanced by the "fundamental laws." Cromwell himself saw the need for a balanced constitution:

> "In every government there must be somewhat fundamental, somewhat like a Magna Carta, that should be standing and unalterable."

By the terms of the Instrument, the first written constitution in English history (if one omits Magna Carta) the Lord Protector was to exercise his authority both at home and abroad, with the advice of a Council consisting of not more than 21 members and not fewer than 13. His power of war and peace was limited because it required the consent of the major part of the Council (later Cromwell was to compare himself to "a child in swaddling clothes"). Legislation was the business of an elected Parliament meeting once every three years. Ordinances passed when it was not sitting needed its confirmation and so did taxation.

Mr Woolrych remarks that the appointment of the councillors for life and the denial of any formal authority to the Protector to initiate their removal were "curious features." Curious or not, it can be argued that the way was thereby opened to the constitutional or semi-constitutional monarchy of Charles II. When, four years later, the obstreperousness of the two Protectorate Parliaments induced moderates to offer Cromwell the

New from
Leo Cooper in association with
Secker & Warburg

A History of the British Cavalry

Volume 3: 1872-1898

The Marquess of Anglesey F.S.A.

"It can be recommended to people not specially interested in cavalry as such, nor even the army, as a clear, lively continuously readable, excellently illustrated, document of the epoch."
Anthony Powell, **Daily Telegraph**

"The author's narratives of these little wars are as pithy and fast-moving as his sociological chapters are broad and measured, providing an epitome of the history of the British army at the peak of the nation's imperial grandeur."
John Keegan, **Guardian**

"Lord Anglesey has brought enthusiasm as well as devotion to his scholarly task. Clearly he has enjoyed writing this absorbing chapter in the history of war . . . Its sparkling tradition lives on in Lord Anglesey's crowded, vivid pages."
George Malcolm Thomson, **Financial Times**

£35
61 illustrations 520pp maps
Note: Volume I & II are still available.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crown for the second time, the likelihood of the return of the Stuarts became even clearer. Mr Woolrych thinks it wrong to regard the Rump, the Barebone's Parliament, the Instrument of Government, and the Petition and Advice which added to the Protector's powers in 1657, as a series of unsuccessful constitutional experiments: he considers them a series of expedients hastily cobbled up to fill a hiatus in legitimate government or to avert a threatened breakdown. As A. L. Rowse rightly points out in his *Discoveries and Reviews* (1975), all along Cromwell wanted a limited monarchy ruling with Parliament, but he never found a settled basis for his temporary régime.

WHY DID THE ATTEMPT to establish a limited monarchy with Cromwell at its head fail? The reason was that a group of leading republicans could never forgive the Army for three times overthrowing Parliament, in 1648, 1653, and 1654. Cromwell further antagonised them by his appointment of Major-Generals to maintain security in the counties during 1655–56, thus interfering with local government.

Cromwell's latest biographer, Roger Howell (*Cromwell*, 1977), finds the establishment of the Major-Generals "hard to explain" and "a predictable failure." Had he studied the Royalist sources in detail, he would have discovered that a widespread conspiracy had been planned, aiming to overthrow the Protectorate and put Charles II on the throne. The security system did not fail: it was abandoned when the danger of insurrection faded. What did fail was Oliver Cromwell's appeal for a consensus, for the acceptance of four fundamentals of his government, including religious toleration. He was only able to carry on by twice excluding from the House of Commons all his critics—that is to say, those who refused to agree to the Protectorate. When he died, the leading republicans came into their own and soon rid themselves of Oliver's son, Richard, who had been nominated as his successor. The quarrels between Parliament and the Army persisted and anarchy prevailed.

In *Some Intellectual Consequences of the English Revolution* (1980), Christopher Hill writes that "Charles was restored not by popular clamour but by the men of property; by Monck, the one general who could pay his troops acting in close co-operation with the City of London." But the vast number of petitions received by Monck as he marched from Scotland to England asked for "a free parliament": everyone knew that a free parliament would recall Charles II. The London apprentices, who were not men of property, wanted the King's return, and when the soldiers of an infantry regiment on guard outside Somerset House, where the Speaker of the revived Rump Parliament lived, mutinied in February 1660, some cried out for Charles II and some for a free parliament. In fact, after Oliver Cromwell's death the restoration of the Stuart monarchy was evidently likely, though the exiled Royalists were slow to realise this.

MEASURED BY his successors, Cromwell was a colossus. Though the civil war might have followed the same course without him, the return of Charles II might have come much earlier—what, above all, Puritanism owed to Cromwell was time to spread its roots deeply and widely.

Charles II's long Parliament prescribed all sorts of limitations and penalties on nonconformists because it believed that what England had passed through had been a Puritan revolution. Anthony Fletcher considers that the essence of the conflict with the King was "a collision between true religion and popery." Because of Charles I's and Laud's policy towards the Church, he writes, "the connection between Puritanism and the civil war was largely of Charles I's own making." Thus he agrees with Conrad Russell. Even Christopher Hill says that "few would deny that the main ideological driving force in the Revolution was religious."

After the Restoration, Puritanism became a part of the English way of life and remained so until the emergence of the permissive society in our own times. Even now, our Government attempts to dissuade people from smoking, refuses to allow them to buy alcoholic drinks in the afternoon, and is about to compel them to wear seatbelts. The trend in nearly all the latest books by serious historians about the civil wars is away from the sociological explanations so fashionable fifteen to twenty years ago. The English revolution was in fact a Puritan rebellion.

Did the Puritan revolution have scientific causes or consequences? In *The Intellectual Origins of the English Revolution*, his Ford lectures, published in 1965, Christopher Hill attempted to prove that Francis Bacon, Walter Raleigh and Edward Coke all paved the way to the Revolution: Bacon because he separated science from religion (though he admitted that religious controversies "must hinder the advancement of science"), Raleigh because he once referred to the people's right to resist a bad king and because he was anti-Spanish, Coke because James I and Charles I disliked his writings. All this strikes one as ingenious. What is certain is that the scientists who made discoveries in the reign of Charles II, the first patron of the Royal Society, were not political revolutionaries.

In his *Science and Society in Restoration England*,[5] Michael Hunter differs from Charles

[5] *Science and Society in Restoration England.* By MICHAEL HUNTER. Cambridge University Press, £18.50, paper £5.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Webster who in his *Great Instauration* (1975) attempted to prove a connection between science and the Puritan Revolution. Dr Hunter thinks that "many of the beneficial effects of the revolutionary upheaval were fortuitous." Most scientists were neither Puritans nor collaborators but Royalists or neutral. William Harvey, whose pupils flourished during the reign, was a Royalist. So were Seth Ward, Christopher Wren, William Petty, John Wallis, Thomas Willis, William Oughtred the mathematician, Robert Hooke and Robert Boyle. Thomas Hobbes, who was a mathematician as well as a political philosopher, tutored Charles II. Both the King and Prince Rupert of the Rhine had their own laboratories. Dr Hunter has written a valuable book. It shows that, whatever else the Puritans achieved, their impact on the rise of science was minimal.

Digging Up People

Archaeology Old & New—By BARRY CUNLIFFE

FOR MANY PEOPLE Sir Mortimer Wheeler was the personification of archaeology. Imposingly tall and flamboyant, yet with a degree of military austerity that never left him, he was a larger than life character—almost a caricature—enlivening our drab post-War lives with reminders of sun, romance and adventure. What he presented to the television audience of the 1950s was a nice blend of erudition and arrogance carefully spiced with a suspicion of wickedness. A few years ago, viewing the last surviving clip of one of the old *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral* films, one was left feeling how sophisticated we have since become—it had all the quality of a mediocre *Monty Python* skit—yet at the time the programmes were immensely popular and both Wheeler and the programme's presenter, Glyn Daniel, were voted television personalities of the year.

That times change fast and individuals may be left, sometimes in a stranded isolation, acting out their lives according to the mores of the past, is a theme carefully developed in Jacquetta Hawkes' new biography, *Mortimer Wheeler*.[1] She sees Wheeler as a Hero figure standing out increasingly in a world which throughout his lifetime was fast becoming the world of the anti-hero. Reckless energy in the First World War was carried through into the 1930s when Wheeler's drive and qualities of leadership enabled him to ride roughshod over a moribund but powerful establishment, to set archaeology to rights, and send it off in new directions. Just as several projects were coming to fruition there was another war for this 50-year-old, "driven onwards by 'Seven Devils' which resided within him", to fling himself into. The Fates were kind and in the doldrums of the late 1940s, when many promising careers faded into oblivion, Wheeler found himself on the Indian Subcontinent, as Director of the Archaeological Service, at a time and in an environment which enabled his personality to develop almost god-like attributes in the eyes of many of those who served him. This all-too-brief Indian summer was extended for a few more years by British television, which at that time also needed its deities. But by 1960 the anti-hero was in firm control.

Jacquetta Hawkes reflects on all these matters in a thoughtful and thoroughly entertaining manner. Wheeler emerges as a not particularly lovable man, who ploughed a lone furrow. Always on the look-out for "good subaltern material", he was a leader who taught by example and expected others to obey and follow: those who did not were discarded. An audience was obligatory, whether a group of students to be taught the subtleties of stratification or a coachload of Hellenic travellers to harangue on the glories of the Parthenon. He was the kind of man who absorbs energy from others, an actor in need of an audience. While there was undoubtedly a ruthless disregard of those considered second-rate and an arrogance sometimes hard to accept, there was also, hidden beneath it all, a vein of kindness, particularly for the young, and a wicked, often self-mocking, humour. On one of the last occasions that I had lunch with him, after he had been taken ill on a flight from Paris, we were drinking in the library of his London club when he became aware of the other members, sunken and grey, in the corners of their armchairs. His eyes twinkled and in a very loud voice he said, "Let me tell you about the last time I died, it was on a plane from France." The effect was galvanising.

WHEELER'S MAJOR creative impact on the discipline of archaeology was made in the period between

[1] *Mortimer Wheeler*. By JACQUETTA HAWKES. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £10.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the two World Wars. When he came to the subject it was in a state of disarray: it had lost direction, and techniques of excavation had actually declined. The 1870s and 1880s had been a time of rapid development. Collections of artefacts from all over Europe had been assembled and arranged in typological series, enabling the major technological stages in European prehistory to be presented to an increasingly receptive public, while on his estates in Cranborne Chase the mildly eccentric General Pitt-Rivers was excavating settlement sites on a large scale, perfecting techniques of precise recording, and publishing his results with meticulous care. More to the point, he was teaching that it was only through a study of common artefacts, a knowledge of evolution, and an awareness of contemporary primitive communities that archaeologists could begin to understand the social development of past societies. The future of archaeology looked bright; but for some reason intellectual inertia had set in and the impetus of the high Victorian era was lost.

Wheeler tells us in his autobiography (*Still Digging*, 1955) that, surveying the scene in 1919, two factors stood out with particular clarity: "The utter inadequacy of the pre-war techniques for the recovery and analysis of buried material" and the fact that the First World War had blotted out much of his generation.

> "During the years before the First World War archaeology was still an unorganised discipline, its techniques were largely unevolved. Systematic training did not, and could not, exist, and archaeological posts were in any case nearly non-existent. The past had no future in it."

Here was a problem worthy of his attention, and much of his working life was directed towards it. Techniques of excavation were rapidly improved (the French refer to grid-system excavation as *le système Wheeler*), students were trained in the newly created Institute of Archaeology in London, and the public were led to accept archaeology as an enjoyable and necessary part of their heritage. (Wheeler would have regarded as a triumph a current cigarette advertisement showing an excavation, but would have disapproved of the scruffy style of digging!) His achievements were considerable, and in consequence his critics many.

Perhaps the most often repeated criticism of Wheeler's work is that it contained little intellectual content. This is blatant nonsense. He may not have produced elegant theories of human development and philosophical generalisations of social behaviour, but he did not set out to do so. In the 1930s, when his creative field-work was at its peak, he was defining problems, designing programmes of research to advance our understanding, implementing the work with panache, and publishing the results promptly. The quality of his work lay in his research designs and his technical skills of analysis. Nowadays, 40 years on, the results may look old-fashioned and the simple historical models he used may no longer be widely accepted, but this should not obscure the real merit of his achievement. Within the constraints and aspirations of the day, Wheeler's excavations made considerable technical and academic advances: to judge them with the advantage of hindsight needs a detachment which many of his critics fail to achieve.

IN THE FIFTEEN YEARS or so following the Second World War archaeology again went through the doldrums. Although there were startling technological advances, such as the development of radiocarbon dating, much of what was being taught in the universities in the late 1950s was little different from that taught twenty or thirty years before. Typologies of weapons or tombs had become more intricate and "historical" explanations more ingenious, but there had been very little change in the philosophy or aspirations of the discipline. Most archaeologists were still interested only in the "what happened when" type of question.

The revolution, if so it can be called, began in America, where archaeology and anthropology are taught together with little distinction. It began in 1949 with the publication of L. A. White's *The Science of Culture* and gained momentum throughout the next decade. In Britain "the new archaeology", as it was called, made its first major impact in D. L. Clarke's remarkable book *Analytical Archaeology*, published in 1968, and was further consolidated in *Models in Archaeology* which Clarke edited in 1972. The cry was simple and direct:

> "Archaeology is an undisciplined empirical discipline. A discipline lacking a scheme of systematic and ordered study based upon declared and clearly defined models and rules of procedure. It further lacks a body of central theory capable of synthesizing the general regularities within its data. . . ."

In other words the aim of the practitioners of "new archaeology" was to drag archaeology from descriptive, anecdotal antiquarianism to a new maturity, allowing it to take its rightful place as a serious discipline with its own core of theory. Much of their writing since then has been geared to this end—to the explanation of social variation and change, rather than to its description, and to the formulation of general laws.

David Clarke died suddenly and unexpectedly in 1976 in his early forties, leaving behind a considerable volume of outstandingly brilliant writing, a bevy of ardent followers, and a discipline

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that could never look back. Before he died he had agreed with Academic Press to bring together a collection of his papers in edited form. This task was completed by his colleagues and published in 1979 as *Analytical Archaeologist: Collected Papers of David L. Clarke*. Carefully, and in the main unobtrusively, linked by new texts written by his friends, the volume is a fitting memorial to one of archaeology's giants, and must be required reading for everyone interested in the development of archaeological thought.

It is a pity that the same cannot be said of his second memorial, *Pattern of the Past: Studies in Honour of David Clarke*,[2] a Festschrift of some fifteen papers by different authors arranged under the headings of ethnographic models, settlement patterns, subsistence patterns and social patterns. Some individual items are undoubtedly good value and will have a limited shelf-life; others, however, add fuel to the critics who argue variously that much of "the new archaeology" is a matter of applying borrowed theory to inappropriate data or dressing up what is already well known in unnecessary jargon—naivety obscured by verbosity. It is a sad truth that disciples seldom match the quality of their master.

That there are critics of "new archaeology" is inevitable: the forces of dynamic conservatism are always at work when something new and challenging is proposed, and retrenchment behind familiar barriers was only to be expected. Nor were differences of attitude helped by the evangelical and intolerant attitudes of the practitioners of the new—to describe one's senior colleagues as "the empty minds behind the flowered waistcoats" is not the best way to win support for academic views.

On both sides of the Atlantic books on various aspects of archaeological method and theory continue to be published in great number. One of the most influential (and most useful) series is *Studies in Archaeology*, published by Academic Press and now approaching 50 titles. I have already mentioned David Clarke's collected papers. Another recent volume is Fekri Hassan's *Demographic Archaeology*[3]—a much-needed study of population change seen against an archaeological perspective. There can be little doubt that population pressure sometimes played a decisive role in social and economic change, and it could be argued that the constant feedback mechanism

[2] *Pattern of the Past: Studies in Honour of David Clarke*. Edited by Ian Hodder, Glynn Isaac and Norman Hammond. Cambridge University Press, £27.50.

[3] *Demographic Archaeology*. By Fekri Hassan. Academic Press, £21.20, $32.00.

The New Empire of Diocletian & Constantine

Timothy D Barnes

This reference book provides a factual framework for the political history of the Roman Empire in the late third and early fourth centuries. It establishes dates and official titles, gives chronologies for individual emperors, lists each emperor's principal residences and charts his travels, catalogues officeholders, and records administrative divisions. August 1982, £24.50

Mycenaean Pictorial Vase Painting

Emily Vermeule & Vassos Karageorghis

Here is a vividly written and fully illustrated assessment of the figured decoration on Late Bronze Age vessels from the Greek mainland, Cyprus, and the Aegean islands. A catalogue of the 700 remaining whole and broken examples, now in museums around the world, is appended. 952 illustrations. June 1982, £42.00

Greek, Roman, and Islamic Coins from Sardis

T V Buttrey, Ann E M Johnston, Kenneth M MacKenzie & Michael L Bates

In the course of excavations since 1958, the archaeological expedition at Sardis has uncovered important numismatic evidence from the Lydian, Greek, Roman and Turkish periods. This full catalogue of the finds is a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the production and circulation of coins as well as the history and religions of Asia Minor. Archaeological Exploration of Sardis, Monograph 7. April 1982, £21.00

Commerce and Social Standing in Ancient Rome

John D'Arms

D'Arms explores here a question of central importance for the social economic history of the Roman world: which sectors of society were actively engaged in trade? In demonstrating a flexibility in upper-class attitudes toward commercial activity, he offers a study in the adaptation of a social system to economic realities. 1981, £14.00

Constantine and Eusebius

Timothy D Barnes

This study of the Roman Empire in the age of Constantine offers a thoroughly new assessment of the part Christianity played in the Roman world of the third and fourth centuries. ". . . a gripping and complex story told in fresh and lucid prose." *Keith McCulloch, History Today.* 1981, £24.50

HARVARD University Press

126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which exists in all communities between population size and socio-economic systems is one of the prime dynamic forces in human society, carrying with it the power of providing explanatory models for social change. Hassan's book, which is both a review of the extensive but scattered literature and a development of new concepts, will be of enormous value to archaeologists who may have been unaware of the pitfalls—and the potential—of demography.

Another field which has received a good deal of attention of late is "ethnoarchaeology." This is not the ethnographical parallel quoting of the Victorian era so beloved by General Pitt-Rivers, but the archaeological study of living communities, and the detritus which they create, in an attempt to relate patterns of artefacts and debris to social structures and economic systems. Several specific studies have now been published, and in his new book, *The Present Past*,[4] Ian Hodder offers an up-to-date review of the broader field of anthropology for the archaeologist. At best it is a useful reminder of the dangers of arguing by analogy and of the very real limitations of archaeological data. Although the anthropological evidence can show us variability and patterning in human behaviour and thus provide constraints within which our archaeological interpretations should be framed, one is left feeling how interesting it all is but wondering whether it has real relevance to mainstream archaeology or indeed contributes to the central theory of the discipline.

Advances in Archaeological Method and Theory,[5] edited by Michael Schiffer, would claim to be in the theoretical forefront of archaeology. This annual compilation (vol. 4 is for 1981, vol. 5 for 1982) is a very mixed bag indeed, and if anything it serves to emphasise the divide which still exists between American and European archaeologists. Much of what is offered is not new and original thought at all but comparatively low-level review articles of previous literature—worthy arrangements of other men's flowers. This is not to say that reviews of this kind are not useful—one of the best, Robert Wenke's "Explaining the Evolution of Cultural Complexity", is a helpful survey ranging widely over cultural evolutionism, Marxist structuralism, systems theory, catastrophe theory and so on, with perceptive critical comment added; but after reading the entire volume one cannot help but wonder whether the new archaeology is not fast running out of new ideas.

[4] *The Present Past*. By IAN HODDER. Batsford, £14.95.

[5] *Advances in Archaeological Method and Theory: Volume 4*. Edited by MICHAEL B. SCHIFFER. Academic Press, £25.20, $38.00.

IN THE MIDST of the debate it is not easy to develop a perspective; but now that the dust raised by the scuffles of the 1960s is beginning to be laid, certain things are becoming clear. No one would deny that the "new archaeology" revolution was anything but a healthy development. The old methodologies of the 1930s, the imperialist models of invasion and conquest used to explain culture change, and the very limited horizons which these constraints imposed, were beginning to stifle archaeology. A new generation of professionally trained archaeologists was needed to set the discipline on a new expansive course, to describe and explain social variation and social change—an aspiration not far removed from Wheeler's often quoted phrase that "an archaeologist digs up people, not things."

But the revolutionaries, angry young men with their own newspeak language, rejected so much that was good. Indeed one of them (A. G. Sherratt—not so young in 1979, when his denunciation was published) wrote off the entire profession:

> "The subject has tended to serve as a sump for the low-brow ancient historian, or a respectable indoor habitat for the explorer and field man, and to provide rationalisation for the activities of the antiquarian and collector. Even as taught in many universities, it has had a strongly anti-intellectual streak, emphasising expertise in excavation and typological finesse at the expense of sustained inquiry into the development of human culture and society."
>
> *Analytical Archaeologist*, pp. 195–96

Good provocative stuff but just a little unfair? What is interesting is the short shrift given to expertise in excavation—just the subject that Wheeler was at such pains to develop in the 1920s and 1930s. Wheeler, looking to the future, saw clearly that if the discipline was to advance, its technical methodology would have to improve. Forty years later a new generation considering the same question decided its priority to be the development of central theory. Both were surely right.

BUT WHAT OF the future? The "new archaeologists" of the early 1960s are fast becoming middle-aged, and a new generation of professionals has emerged. What has been learnt in the last twenty years is that model-building and the creation of general theory can, in themselves, become sterile pursuits, little more demanding than writing fairy tales, if they are not constantly constrained and tested against a solid base of data. There is an increasing awareness that if the discipline of archaeology is to advance, new research designs involving extensive programmes of fieldwork and excavation, and greatly improved techniques of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

data-retrieval and analysis, must be developed in the full awareness of new theoretical frameworks. Those unable to cope with such concepts will no doubt react against them much as their predecessors reacted against the "new archaeology" twenty years or more ago.

In times of financial stringency archaeological fieldwork tends to become limited or trivialised, and many young archaeologists are in danger of being disillusioned. Indeed, the next Conference of Young Archaeologists intends to devote itself to the theme, "Is there a future in archaeology?" The answer must be a resounding *Yes*! I shall always remember the occasion in Wheeler's office when I admitted that because of lack of finance I could see no way of pursuing a course of action I thought desirable. He smashed the table and roared, "Good God, boy, where's your inner fire!" What, I wonder, might have been his contribution to the present debate?

Echoes of the Past

Recent Chinese History—By DON RIMMINGTON

IN THE EYES of external observers, the changes in China in 1976 occurred with baffling speed. In September of that year, as everyone knows, Mao Tse-tung died and within one month of his death the so-called Gang of Four, who had dominated the country's affairs throughout the 1970s, had been arrested. All the leading radicals were soon purged and their policies discarded. The Tangshan earthquake, which brought devastation to a wide area of North-east China, and had at the time appeared ominous in many ways, could now be seen by those who held to such traditional superstitions to have been a portent heralding the end of a political era.

In the early heady years of the new era that followed, China appeared revitalised and ready to achieve the rapid economic advance which had been so lacking in those previous "wasted" years. This progress was to be built on the basis of imported foreign technology and the released energies of the Chinese workers and peasants, who were offered not only financial incentives but a generally more relaxed and agreeable atmosphere of life. China was "opening up" to the outside world for trade and also for a wide range of educational and cultural contacts.

By 1979 it was apparent that the pace of these developments would have to be much slower than had been hoped. For obvious political reasons, a major intrusion of foreign capital could not be tolerated, and the country was not in a position to finance the purchase of goods and technology it required for its ambitious modernisation programme. China's external trade did expand dramatically after 1976, but the "economic adjustments" of the last two years, which have led to the cancellation or scaling down of many trading contracts, have indicated to foreign businessmen that China does not after all offer them prospects of a vast consumer market.

The "opening-up" has, however, not simply disclosed the dimensions of China's economic problems; it has also begun to reveal to the large number of visitors—businessmen, advisers, tourists, students—the character and style of contemporary Chinese society to a degree that would have been unthinkable in the Cultural Revolution and virtually impossible at any time since 1949. These insights invite some cautious reappraisal of the course of China's history this century.

Such reflections are being helped by some recent publications. Colin Mackerras has produced a detailed chronology, covering events in China from 1842 to 1981, which gives the basic subject matter for any historical review.[1] With the assistance of Robert Chan, he has painstakingly assembled a chronicle of the major incidents in this period, with other events subdivided into the categories of economics; official appointments, dismissals, resignations etc; cultural and social; publications; natural disasters; and births and deaths. Historical annals are at the heart of the Chinese historiographical tradition, and it is not surprising to find that, even for the modern period, the Chinese chroniclers have provided a wide range of sources to be tapped. Both in his use of sources, which emanate from China and Taiwan, as well as the West, and in his selection of events, Mackerras has succeeded in his endeavour to "exercise historical objectivity", and the chronology will be a most useful reference for those interested in modern China. An understanding of China's history, however, requires knowledge of the human dimension, and this is to be

[1] *Modern China: A Chronology*. By COLIN MACKERRAS. Thames & Hudson, £20.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found in abundance in Jonathan Spence's latest book.[2]

The Gate of Heavenly Peace has been well received by reviewers and deservedly so. The title is the name of the Gate, *Tiananmen*, of the old imperial Palace in Peking, which stands on the north side of the famous square of the same name. Spence writes extremely well, though the tone may at times be a little too rhapsodic for some. The style of his historical narrative can be gauged from this explanation of the symbol of the Gate:

> ". . . Thus while the name of the gate, with its rich historical echoes and its evocations of a timeless sphere beyond politics, has seemed across the last century to bring a promise of solace to the Chinese people dreaming of escape from current realities, the gate itself in the same period came to stand implacably for the power of the state: the state that sought sometimes to prevent such dreams, sometimes to co-opt them, and sometimes wavered uncertainly before their unpredictable force."

Spence also charts his history chronologically, from 1895 to 1980. His technique is to intertwine the biographies of a number of significant individuals and to allow their involvement with events to provide the basis for his historical coverage. The people he describes are not politicians but leading writers and intellectuals, and he focuses to some extent on three people: the Confucian Scholar and reformer, Kang Youwei; Lu Xun, the leading figure of the literary world and acid commentator on human affairs; and China's most celebrated female novelist and liberated woman, Ding Ling. Their lives overlap, and their public activities provide a continuous link with events throughout the whole period: the narrative opens with Kang's emerging ideas for reforms in 1895 and closes with the final "rehabilitation" of the 74-year-old Ding Ling, following her long years of detention and ignominy.

Apart from these three, other figures make regular and significant appearances: the reformer colleague of Kang Youwei and outstanding journalist, Liang Qichao; the early feminist and woman revolutionary, Qiu Jin; the short-story writer, Shen Congwen; the Marxist and literary theorist, Qu Qiubai; the poets, Xu Zhimo and Wen Yiduo; the popular novelist and playwright, Lao She; and the young dissident of recent times, Wei Jingsheng. Many others appear more briefly, but the experiences and opinions of all these individuals are blended with extreme care and skill, so that the continuity of events is sustained.

It is inevitable with this technique of blended biographies that some substantial items of historical importance are omitted, but Spence does not in any way hide behind his method to fudge historical issues, and he takes trouble to fill out the general political background where necessary. Writings on Chinese history do not normally prove easy for Western readers to tackle, but this biographical approach with its emphasis on the human element softens the descriptive outline. The specialist reader will also find value in the numerous footnotes, and will be impressed by the fact that, though there is considerable reliance on secondary Western language sources, Spence has managed to cover an extensive range of sources in Chinese and in many cases includes his own translations of these sources.

SPENCE IS ABLE to breathe life into his characters and recreate the intense atmosphere of that small intellectual coterie which brought together individuals with widely differing standpoints. A nation's intellectuals often seem to form a remarkably close community and the intelligentsia in China, despite the country's huge population, are no exception. Of those in Spence's group, Ding Ling was at one time associated with Qu Qiubai's brother; she had also at school been the friend of Yang Kaihui, who was to become Mao Tse-tung's second wife; Xu Zhimo in his twenties was a close friend of both Ding Ling and Qu Qiubai, and he unsuccessfully courted Lin Huiyin, who later married Liang Qichao's son; and the close links between Kang Youwei and Liang Qichao, and between Ding Ling and Shen Congwen, scarcely need mentioning.

Spence's success in capturing the mood of this group derives not only from his impressive research methods, but also from his sympathy for them and their predicament in 20th-century China. He admires their vitality and commitment, but he also understands the poignant dilemma in which they found themselves:

> "At their more strident or ineffective moments, certainly, one can see them as being in some senses parallel to the members of the chorus in a Greek play, watching in horror and fascination the working out on centre stage of a conflict between mortals and gods, the end of which has been long foretold. Yet . . . they still possess the essential power . . . of leaving their apparently allotted space and marching to the centre of the stage . . . one cannot deny that they often show a startling wisdom, the wisdom of those who have seen the hidden directions of this particular play, who have understood that this is not the kind of drama in which those who stay on the periphery will be left in peace."

Spence does not pursue any further this prob-

[2] *The Gate of Heavenly Peace*. By JONATHAN D. SPENCE. Faber & Faber, £11.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lem of role identity for Chinese intellectuals, but leaves the stories of his character to illustrate his point. His theatre simile could be modified to leave actors performing a play they did not really know at all, where the moral was totally unclear and the directors imposed endlessly inconsistent standards. The intelligentsia of traditional China possessed a purpose for their erudition in the form of recruitment into government service on the basis of their knowledge of a corpus of orthodox learning and their familiarity with the accepted Confucian standards of leadership and responsibility. The collapse of the old order left the élite class scrambling to acquire a new education which could be of use to them and of service to the state. Careers in teaching or journalism, or even in creative writing, were some of the new professional roads which opened up to them. The intensity of their desire through service to improve the condition of their country was matched by their uncertainty as to the principles by which this amelioration of the state could be achieved. The cultural gap left by the demise of Confucianism was not to be filled in any way until Marxism in its Soviet form supplied both an ideology and an organisational structure. However, the contribution of the intellectuals to a Chinese state run on Marxist lines has also not proved easy to identify.

It is not surprising that, among Spence's intellectuals, only the old Confucian, Kang Youwei, is able, despite his setbacks, to show consistency and confidence of purpose, and he is still to be seen at the age of 70 writing memorials to the deposed Emperor. The rest, for all their energy and brilliance, are given to regular bouts of despair, with the most perceptive of them, Lu Xun, in the deepest despond. The haunting imagery and pathos of his early short stories show not only his fury at the Confucian scholar-gentry, who were leading China nowhere, but also his contempt for the fundamental weaknesses of the Chinese mentality, which he represented most famously through the weak and self-deceiving Ah Q.

Lao She, whose pre-war novels and short stories in general display a mood of buoyant comedy which is light-hearted in comparison with the bitter humour of Lu Xun, none the less became increasingly uneasy as the years went by about the prospects for his fellow-countrymen. He sensed the pain and anguish that revolutionary upheavals might bring, and, despite his satirical descriptions of old-fashioned Chinese whose attitudes were out of place in the modern world, he himself felt an obvious sympathy for the old values and was deeply suspicious of the young proponents of radical ideas, whom he saw as motivated primarily by self-interest.

Even Qu Qiubai, who had been in 1927–8 at the

The Identity of Man
As seen by an archaeologist
GRAHAME CLARK

This book is a study of the origins of mankind and the reasons why man differs from the other primates in possessing both animal appetites and awareness of the gods. Professor Clark argues that whereas the behaviour of other animals is determined largely by their genetic make-up, and is relatively stable, that of man is guided by his social environment and is therefore constantly changing.
The author draws on his considerable experience of archaeology and anthropology and on a wide range of other sources to throw light on the question of man's identity. The book is fully illustrated and will be of interest to general readers as well as specialists in the field.

208 pages, illustrated
Hardback 0 416 33550 0
about £15.00

Jawa
Lost city of the Black Dessert
S W HELMS

The site of Jawa in north-eastern Jordan lies in an arid dessert of black basalt and until recently was almost completely unknown. But new excavations there have shown that an urban settlement, of considerable complexity and covering an area of 22 acres, existed there as long ago as the fourth millenium BC.

Svend Helms directed the excavation of the site, and in this remarkable study describes its discovery, the fortifications and town plan, and the sophisticated water retrieval system which supported a large, urban population in a very hostile environment.

288 pages + 46 pages of plates
Hardback 0 416 74080 4 £14.95

Kings and Vikings
Scandinavia and Europe AD 700-1100
P H SAWYER

In this study Peter Sawyer assesses the consequences of the Viking raids and conquests and the changes they brought about in Scandinavia itself, the most obvious being the spread of Christianity. The development of Scandinavian society and the history of the Christian conversion are both discussed in detail, and particular attention is paid to much-neglected contemporary written evidence including runic inscriptions.

192 pages + 12 pages of plates
Hardback 0 416 74180 0 £11.00
Paperback 0 416 74190 9 £5.95

METHUEN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age of 28 the *de facto* leader of the Chinese Communist Party and had become the party's senior literary theoretician, reflected with profound disillusion on his achievements in his famous testament, "Some superfluous words", written shortly before his execution in 1935. He criticised his shallow and evasive attitude to life and his inability to make a more effective contribution to the Communist Party, which he had led, he claimed, for that brief period in the late 1920s as a result simply of accidental circumstances. He recorded that his real love had been Russian literature and that, in his own estimation, he was nothing more than one of those "highbrow loafers" who contribute so little to the world.

The revolutionary enthusiasm of Ding Ling was soon deflated when she reached the Communist base area at Yenan. She reacted against what she saw to be the stultifying attitudes of the Party cadres and the hypocritical treatment of women who were in no way able to lead emancipated lives. She was to pay dearly in later years for her unrestrained comments at this stage.

The consistent pattern of oscillation between enthusiasm and disillusion among all these individuals is a measure of their incapacity to cope with the complexities of post-imperial China. Their minds had been freed from Confucian constraints and they were able to explore the world's philosophies and ideologies; but they were unable to recreate in a modern form the coherent, social balances and standards of China's traditional culture, and their emancipated minds often tragically found it difficult to conform to the inevitable restorations of the new socialist orthodoxy. They were always in danger of finding themselves both the proponents and the victims of change.

The subtitle of Spence's book is *The Chinese and their Revolution, 1895–1980*. The conventional view of modern Chinese history is that it was punctuated by a revolution in 1911, which ended two thousand years of imperial rule, and another revolution (or "liberation") in 1949, which replaced a Republic with a People's Republic. However, as Spence points out in his preface:

> "A single focus for the Chinese revolution appears elusive as one looks back across the twentieth century; one sees, rather, an overlapping series of quests, some of which were abandoned long before they were attained, others of which failed after seeming to be almost within the seekers' grasp, while yet others were gained albeit in fleeting or in altered forms."

Certainly, the longer our perspective on modern Chinese history becomes, the more difficult it is to settle on a clearly-defined periodisation for that history, and the more it is apparent that 1911 and 1949 are important markers in our evolving sequence in which profound cultural and political issues are at stake.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES which led to the collapse of the Qing Court were themselves extremely complex. China's military defeat by Japan in 1895 brought a new urgency and an increasingly nationalistic tone to the pleas of those who were seeking constitutional reform. As the pressures built up, the court conceded reforms which were far more significant than the final collapse of the dynasty. In particular, the abolition in 1905 of the traditional examination system, which ended recruitment to the Civil Service on the basis of training in the Classics and sent many young Chinese abroad in search of the "new learning", was, as we have seen, to have a profound impact on all Chinese intellectual life.

The formal abdication of the Manchu Emperor in February 1912, may have terminated Manchu rule, but as Stephen Mackinnon's study[3] shows, it did not immediately disturb the political power

[3] *Power and Politics in Late Imperial China: Yuan Shikai in Beijing and Tianjin, 1901–1908*. By STEPHEN R. MACKINNON. University of California Press, £11.00, $23.10.

'Such volumes as these should be greeted . . . with a sustained blare of trumpets.'*

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

LETTERS

EDITED BY J. A. W. GUNN, JOHN MATTHEWS, DONALD M. SCHURMAN AND M. G. WIEBE

'The method and scholarship are meticulous and magnificent. These first two volumes bulge with riches old and new.'
***Michael Foot,** *Observer*

Volume 1 1815-1834, Volume 2 1835-1857
£37.50 each

University of Toronto Press
Ely House, 37 Dover Street
London W1X 4HQ

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

structure in Peking. Control remained firmly in the hands of Yuan Shikai, who had since 1901, as Governor General of Zhili, subtly exploited his influence with the foreigners, especially the British, and at the same time maintained his authority in the central Peking and local Tianjin bureaucracies. With Yuan becoming the President of the new Republic and in the end aspiring to be Emperor, "imperial" rule may be said in a real sense not to have ended until Yuan's fall in 1916.

The first two decades of the Republic were characterised by intellectual ferment but political chaos. Administrative unity was reimposed in 1928, when Chiang Kai-shek successfully completed his Northern Expedition. The autocratic, centralist government he established with its capital at Nanking was replaced some twenty years later by a Communist régime which established its capital in Peking. The Communists with their more effective organisation and clearer ideological direction had been better placed to take advantage of the Japanese intervention and the indecisiveness and financial crises of the Nationalist Government in the 1946–49 period. The profound significance of the Communist victory was to be seen in the 1950s when the new government brought revolutionary changes to the Chinese cities and countryside with the nationalisation of all industry and commerce and the collectivisation of agriculture.

In looking at China in the 1980s, as it recovers from what the Chinese themselves recognise as the catastrophe of the Cultural Revolution, one senses that many people at senior levels of government look back with some nostalgia to the early 1950s, when there seemed to be progress and positive achievements. There are echoes of the past everywhere. The post-1976 leadership in a spirit of national unity drew up its plans for economic advance with its sights on the use of western technology, in a way not unlike the early reforms of the beginning of this century. More recently the increasing anxiety to exclude the cultural values and trappings that come with the technology reflects in an uncanny way the views of one of those early reformers who coined the famous phrase which, as literally translated, reads "Chinese learning for substance, Western learning for function." The special economic zone, already well under construction across the border from Hong Kong, may be seen as a direct expression of the government's dual concern for economic and technological advance with cultural exclusion.

The new constitution of 1978 referred to raising the "cultural and scientific level of the whole nation" and sought to establish a political situation which allowed for "both centralism and democracy, both discipline and freedom." The range of open debate which followed this official relaxation of controls matched the outpourings of that previous release from restrictions in the "Hundred Flowers" of 1957; the vigour and challenge of the ideas expressed even invited comparison with the iconoclasm of the May Fourth Movement of 1915–1922. The most extreme critics, like Wei Jingsheng, claimed that what China needed was not just foreign technology, but a fundamental ideological change which would remove from the leadership the persistent root problems of "feudal autocracy and obscurantism." The moves to silence these views, and Wei Jingsheng in particular, were inevitable, but the sequence of events illustrates the continuing dislocation of intellectuals who cannot form an ideological framework which does not bring them into conflict with those who hold power in the state.

WITH THE PASSING of the initial euphoria, a new and perhaps more disturbing trend can be discerned. In earlier days, the Confucian bureaucracy ruled by virtuous example and in that way preserved the cultural and social harmony of the whole state. The modern successors of those bureaucrats, the Party cadres, to a great extent functioned in the same way, educating as well as directing China's citizens. In both cases, therefore, the publicly observable actions or "working style" of these administrators were crucial in inspiring

THE RIGHT TO MANAGE

Industrial Relations Policies of American Business in the 1940s

Howell John Harris

The premise of this stimulating work is that labour was a reactive rather than initiative force in the process of social change in the 1940s, and that the business community was the dynamic force in the shaping of the environment to which labour was forced to react.

October, 352 pp, £16.90

JOHN HAWKESWORTH

18th Century Man of Letters

John Lawrence Abbott

This complete biography of John Hawkesworth introduces original evidence to define the life of a man who helped shape the cultural life of Britain in the late 18th century.

October, 320 pp, £16.15

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS

1 Gower Street, London WC1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respect for the political system. The decay of the Qing administration may be explained not only in terms of its incapacity to respond to new and complicated problems, but also in the increasing corruption and venality of its officials. The power-struggles amongst the Party leadership first surfaced in the late 1950s but became graphically exposed in the following decades; Lin Biao, Mao Tse-tung's constitutionally established successor, was killed in a bizarre plane accident, having allegedly failed in a coup to overthrow Mao; and the Gang of Four, whose rhetoric imposed a most distinctive political and cultural style on the whole nation, were summarily ejected from power immediately after Mao's death. It is almost certainly the case that these manoeuvres among what had been considered an exemplary leadership gave rise to a crisis of confidence for many Chinese.

Other factors in contemporary Chinese society compound this problem. The generation trained during the Cultural Revolution, whose educational and professional qualifications have at least in part been invalidated by the discrediting of the teaching standards and recruitment policies of that period, are to be heard voicing their frustrations. In addition, the younger people, who are unable to match the fierce competition for entry into advanced training, are left with their disappointment and the prospect of job allocation, over which they can be given little choice. The mood of lassitude which has been widely observed in Chinese cities must derive at least partially from feelings of personal frustration. What China sadly appears to be losing is not the ability to criticise but that sense of service to the nation, which was such a marked characteristic of those earlier intellectuals, even in their gloomiest moments.

To see China, as some Chinese evidently do, as a nation still locked in the inefficient, bureaucratic practices of its past and lacking the will now to break out of them, may be an unduly pessimistic view, but it is almost certainly the case that China has still a long way to go before its Revolution is complete. Some measurable advance in the standard of living would undoubtedly influence attitudes, but the very scale of the problems is overwhelming. This year's census is expected to confirm that the population is in the region of one thousand million, which is an unthinkable responsibility for one government and nation to encompass. It must be in the interests of all of us that China achieves some economic progress. The time has passed when we can look at China either with stony hostility or seek there inspiration for radical fantasies. The country's problems in coming to terms with the modern world are linked inexorably with the operations of its highly distinctive society, and the utmost patience and understanding must be shown by us if we are to offer serious and constructive help.

Late

In the rented rooms above the bay
The simmer of epistles was like sleep.
Old men grow bored with young men's books,
But still they followed and were sold
At the stall that an uncle had kept.
His landlady found roses in the hall
Without a note, and for the afternoon
There was the itch of Sundays at the Spa:
Band-music, marble, heat and wickedness.
He did not have to work, she thought.
Eat greens for the conduct; wear sensible shoes;
Keep up with the journal; walk out to the light
At the pier's end, a mile in the ocean.
Look back for the window seen only from here.
It is only a place you can see.
It survives you. It makes you a ghost,
Where she lived, where we both lived once.
I am embarrassed to have stayed
So long and on so little and for this.

Sean O'Brien

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONVERSATION

The Middle East: Illusions, Great & Small

By Elie Kedourie & Andrew Mango

KEDOURIE: *The situation in the Middle East is very dispiriting. There is the Lebanon, and Beirut is almost destroyed; there is war in Abadan and Khorramshahr, and now in Basra; and there are other very difficult and disagreeable situations. I think it possible to provide some kind of explanation for each and every one of these events, but one wonders whether there isn't some underlying factor which has to do with "the character of the Middle East" today. What do you think?*

MANGO: I find it hard to accept all-embracing explanations, but none the less one must try and isolate certain factors which seem to operate if not throughout the Middle East at least in most countries. One historical factor: it seems to me to be the case that "the Middle East" as a region was controlled from outside throughout most of recent history until the years following the Second World War. To be sure, the Ottoman Empire was an indigenous power; and if one includes Turkey and the Balkans in the Middle East, then control was exercised from within. but certainly as far as the Arab countries of the Middle East are concerned, they were under outside control. Istanbul lay outside the Arab world as we know it today; and what is more, the Ottoman Empire was itself under (or, to some extent, interpenetrated by) Western influences; and with the help of the West, or playing off one Western power against another, it could maintain control. Outside control gradually ceased after World War II. There were attempts thereafter to influence events, but local forces began finding their own level. This is a bloody process. It brings destruction in its train; and it is changing both the political map, the social map, and (as we are seeing particularly in the Persian Gulf, in Khorramshahr, in Iran in Abadan, perhaps in Basra tomorrow) even the physical appearance of the cities of the Middle East. That is one factor.

KEDOURIE: *I agree. I think that the Middle East is now out of all control. There isn't any power there, whether "inside" or "outside", which can influence events in any significant way. Consider for instance the Iran-Iraq war. All the great powers are, it seems to me, either unwilling or, more likely, powerless to intervene in order to impose a solution (even assuming that they know what "solution" they would like to impose). The same thing is to be seen in the recent events in the Lebanon. Again, what is so very remarkable is that* the *great powers, the Superpowers as well as the "great powers of Europe", are on the sidelines. They attempt to mediate; they exhort; they make declarations; occasionally they threaten. But there is very little they are able or perhaps even willing to do. And that is a remarkable thing. It is disagreeable for the great powers and the Superpowers, but it is also disagreeable for the peoples of the region themselves. Because it seems to me that by themselves, if they are left on their own, they might easily test the Middle East system of international relations to destruction.*

MANGO: Why has this come about? I think because of an equilibrium between East and West at the end of World War II. Within that equilibrium there was almost a vacuum of power in the Middle East where the local forces managed to assert themselves. If one could make an historical parallel (perhaps not a very accurate one but none the less useful), it is rather like the beginning of the independence of ancient Israel between Assyria and Egypt. There were two states of more or less equal power or countervailing pressure, and in between a local state, a smaller regional force which could assert itself. So one can see that Western control over the Middle East broke down when President Nasser concluded his first Czech arms deal—an outside power brought in to frus-

THIS ENCOUNTER *interview was conducted recently in London between Professor Elie Kedourie and Dr Andrew Mango. Professor Kedourie is Professor of Politics, University of London, and Editor of "Middle Eastern Affairs." Dr Mango, born in Istanbul in 1926, studied classical Persian at the University of London. He is the author of "Turkey" (Thames & Hudson, 1968), "Discovering Turkey" (Batsford, 1971), and "Turkey: A Delicately Poised Ally" (Sage Pubns, 1976), and works as a broadcaster in London.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trate an existing system of control.

But I think one must make one exception to the general statement about outside powers and their dispositions. Turkey is outside that system now. After the First World War the West did make provisional plans for Turkey, plans which were rejected by the Turks. The Turks managed to prevail over the designs of outside powers. Western powers (Britain, France) then contented themselves basically with the Arab Middle East and North Africa. They remained in control until after the Second World War, and they left after making a number of arangements which seemed to promise continuing stability after their departure. A constitution for the Sudan, for example; or a parliamentary monarchy for Iraq; a presidential parliamentary régime in Syria and in Lebanon where it was supplemented by the so-called "National Pact", under which the various confessional and ethnic groups of the country apportioned offices, and spheres of influence, and agreed to live together. All of which seemed reasonably solid as Britain and France left the Middle East to be replaced by a much vaguer "American umbrella." Then it all gradually broke down.

KEDOURIE: *Yes, but isn't Turkey the exception which proves the rule? Turkey is not indebted for its Atatürk Constitution to foreign powers. Turkey after the First World War was, and still remains, independent of foreign influences—in the sense that there was foreign influence in the Lebanon, in Iraq, in Egypt. That never obtained in Turkey which, in a sense, could be said to be the master of its own fate under Kemal Atatürk.*

And yet look at what happens to Turkish politics. In 1950 there is a change of government; a new Democrat Party comes into power. You might say that this is the natural and genuine working of parliamentary and constitutional government. But then if you look at the record from 1950 up to now we have a coup d'état in 1960, a semi-coup d'état in 1971, and another coup d'état in 1980, brought about as a result of the failure of the politicians to work the system in reasonably orderly and satisfactory manner. If even in Turkey things do not work, where else can they?

MANGO: Very hard to think of another place where things can work. But then one might remember the strictures against Italian society by Gramsci, between the two World Wars, when he said that even in Italy there wasn't a civil society strong enough to support orderly parliamentary government. There is, of course, a philosophical problem here; the extent to which parliamentary democratic politics can keep away from demagogic practices. How are they to be regulated? In Turkey politics turned on the immediate satisfaction of the material and, to a lesser extent, cultural or spiritual desires of an electorate which seemed fairly homogeneous at first. But it was gradually seen to be more diverse. Parliamentary politics itself gradually split up into competing groups, with politicians moving further and further along the road of demagogy. One can write into constitutions, in various forms of words, a rule that politicians are not to be demagogic. Will it work? Only if there is a degree of realism on the part of an electorate.

Now if we turn to the electorate in Turkey (just as if we turn to the people of the Middle East as a whole) I don't think we'll find that their desires are all that different from the desires of people everywhere—and particularly people in the West whom we know. The main desires I have encountered on the part of Turks of all classes are, to put it crudely, for a house with a garden, if possible, for a flat if not; for a radio (satisfied by now); for a television set (if possible, colour TV); for a motorcar; for consumer goods (as advertised); and (as urbanisation proceeds and people really do need a bit of fresh air and some contact with nature) for holidays. These—rather than a desire for a Theocratic State on the one hand, for Collectives on the other, or for national aggrandisement—these are the desires which are the motive force of politics in Turkey, and I think elsewhere in the Middle East, as they are in other regions of the world.

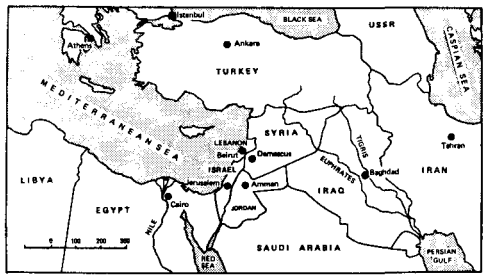
KEDOURIE: *These desires would appear to be the most natural in the world. There is nothing wrong with them. The question, therefore, is whether there is a "dialectic" which leads from these very natural desires to an explosive and a destructive situation. And there is.*

I think one can put it in two ways. In the first place the resources of the society and its economy are not geared to satisfaction of these desires. The desires have been aroused: by knowledge of what Western societies are like, by the promises of politicians. But these desires cannot possibly be satisfied by the system. Their satisfaction requires an efficient economy, requires a kind of rational social organisation which is not to be found in the Middle East. And, therefore, what you have is an increasing distance between what people want and what the system (the economy or the politicians) can provide. This leads to a very explosive state of affairs.

MANGO: Yes, it is a matter not only of resources but of social organisation, a matter of individual but also of social skills. After all, there has been an injection, in the case of Turkey, of outside Western financial and technical resources. An injection of Western aid produces some results in simple matters (such as the building of roads), even some infrastructure. But it also produces a state of ill-adaptation in its wake. Demagogy rushes in—to mask the inability of the society to function by itself. But "Western aid" is a small interference with organic processes as compared with the vast injection of money, the immense transfer of resources produced by the increase in oil prices, by the formation of the OPEC Cartel

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israel & Palestine: "Some Plain Truths"



New York City

MANY COMMENTATORS are pointing out that while Israel's invasion of Lebanon may have temporarily destroyed the Palestine Liberation Organization, it has brought no closer a solution of the fundamental problem: the plight of the two million or so Palestinian refugees. Moreover, it is asserted, or simply taken for granted, that any such solution is to be found in the West Bank and therefore hinges on the question of autonomy (leading to eventual statehood) for that territory.

This confusion of three issues—the P.L.O., the refugees and the West Bank—is a striking example of the muddled thinking about the Middle East that seems to infect even the most thoughtful observers. So let us consider some plain truths about these issues—plain truths that mysteriously have dropped from sight.

1. The Palestinian refugees are not refugees from the West Bank. Few ever lived there. It is in no sense their "homeland." That homeland was in the part of Palestine that is now called Israel and that history has delivered to another people as their homeland.

2. The West Bank is a poor, infertile strip of land already overpopulated by 700,000 Arabs, one-third of whom make a living by working in Israel.

3. It is thus understandable that the refugees have not the faintest interest in emigrating to the West Bank and living there. This explains why they did not go there before 1967, when Jordan governed the area, and why there is no illegal immigration (not too difficult an enterprise) there today.

4. The P.L.O. is, from its viewpoint, absolutely correct in refusing to recognize the territorial integrity of Israel in exchange for the promise of an autonomous or independent Palestinian nation in the West Bank. For the P.L.O. and for most refugees, a Palestinian state there makes sense only if it is a prelude to the reconquest of its remembered homeland, Israel. In and of itself, the West Bank has no interest for them.

5. Because a P.L.O. state on the West Bank would be irredentist or nothing, neither Jordan nor Israel can tolerate the existence of such a state, which could only result in another Arab-Israeli war, with incalculable consequences.

6. Jordan, it is true, is committed on paper—in the name of Arab solidarity—to the emergence of exactly such a state. But the fact that, under two decades of Jordanian occupation, no such state was established in the West Bank speaks louder than any paper proclamations. It is also worth noting that during those decades Arab spokesmen did not even request establishment of a Palestinian state there.

7. Israel, for obvious reasons, will never agree to creation of a P.L.O. state on the West Bank. Whatever the differences within Israel on specific policies toward this territory, there are no differences on this fundamental premise.

8. It is sometimes argued that what the Palestinian refugees want is not so much an actual homeland—a goal now perceived to be unreachable—as a symbolic homeland, a national entity that would issue to them passports and with which they could emotionally identify. There is some force to this argument. Statelessness is a terrible condition for people to be in, especially in today's world. But why must the West Bank play this role? Why cannot Jordan, the majority of whose citizens are already of Palestinian origin, issue those passports and be that symbolic homeland? Jordan, after all, is no more "foreign" a country to the refugees than is the West Bank. Moreover, it has the immense advantage of already existing as a nation-state.

9. If Jordan is reluctant to play this role, it is because that would in effect ratify the legitimacy of Israel and signify the surrender of the Arab dream of reconquest. So far, only Egypt has done this, at Camp David. The other Arab states, for cultural, political and religious reasons, still find the prospect unacceptable.

10. It is for this same reason that the Arab countries (except Jordan) have stubbornly refused to grant citizenship to the refugees they shelter even though by now the overwhelming majority of these refugees were born and reared in the same countries. Such a grant of citizenship would "solve" the refugee problem overnight—but it would also mean a confessed end to Arab ambitions to eliminate Israel.

IF ONE PUTS all these elements together, three conclusions seem inescapable. First, the future of the West Bank will be settled between the two interested parties, Israel and Jordan—if it is ever to be settled at all. Second, the refugees and the West Bank constitute two different problems, and telescoping them leads only to intellectual muddle. Third, the basic obstacle to any resolution of the refugee problem remains today what it was yesterday: the refusal of the Arab states to accept Israel as a permanent, legitimate political entity in their midst.

Irving Kristol
in the NEW YORK TIMES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(again, a result of a power vacuum on a world scale). The oil-producing states are now able to exact the maximum price they can for a product which happens to be located on their territory, which was discovered by Westerners, developed by Western technology, but the proceeds of which have now got to be shared with the possessors of the oil wells (with a very generous share going to the countries where the wells are located). That is the second important factor in the Middle East. External influence has been removed, but there is also a major quantitative change introduced by an access of undreamt wealth, indeed (as the phrase goes) wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

KEDOURIE: WHETHER IT IS *the glittering riches of OPEC or the rather disastrous way in which the Turks (in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s) managed their economy, in both cases the results increased social tensions tremendously. We have seen this very clearly in Turkey. The inflation has been the consequence of all the promises made by the various politicians, and has meant a very disturbed and disorderly political life. Again, in Iran in the last years of the Shah the inflation (which he engineered as a result of his grandiose plans, economic and military) also increased social tensions to an unbearable extent. It produced the basic factor in his downfall: that is very clear.*

The economic management of these countries is just not very good. Inflation hasn't yet, so far, appeared in Saudi Arabia or in the Gulf Emirates. It might yet; no reason why it shouldn't. The same factors apply there as apply elsewhere.

But this is not the only factor. One can say that the immense disaster in the Lebanon—and I don't mean just the recent Israeli occupation but the Civil War which has been going on since 1975—has really nothing to do in any real sense with economic issues. It is, rather, that communities which managed somehow or other at the same time to maintain their separate identity and yet to coexist within the same state, suddenly found themselves mistrustful of one another, mistrustful to the extent that they were willing to bear arms against one another and to plunge their country into violence.

I think it is the consequence of a loss of control, a loss of control which arises not out of economic mismanagement and over-ambitious plans but from the fact that the political arrangements of these states are not such as to enable them to enjoy what might be called peaceable constitutional parliamentary rule, or what the Germans call a "Rechtstaat"; a rule of law. That doesn't seem to be possible. And that is even more serious than the economic aspects.

MANGO: Those communities, like material solids, don't float in mid-air. If you go back to the history of the Lebanon you'll find that you always had tension among communities and between any two communities under the influence of a suzerain power. The Maronites and Druzes were at each other's throats in the 19th century, causing the intervention of the West. The Ottoman constitutional arrangements which followed this intervention allowed them to live peacefully together. And after the break-up of the Ottoman Empire it was France which guaranteed the coexistence of communities in the Lebanon.

For a while, of course, the inertia of French arrangements continued. I don't believe one can devise any constitutional arrangements anywhere which—without outside control—will keep the conflicting forces of society from each other's throats unless there is a will to coexist.

I have already referred to the absence of a civil society on a national scale in all Middle Eastern lands. I suppose that if there were no outside influence, or great power, one would simply assume that the strongest group would eventually gain control over the whole country, eliminate its opponents, and mould the nation to its own wishes. In the Lebanon, one had an arrangement guaranteed by the French, then gradually breaking down. And the pretext—I won't say the cause—of its break-up was the arrival of Palestinian refugees. It changed the demographic balance and the balance of power in the country.

You said that this had nothing to do with "economic factors." But the great access of wealth brought about by the rise of Beirut as a great commercial centre, and then the arrival of new political money which was channelled though Beirut, must, I think, have fed local jealousies. In time you get the Israeli reprisals, the radicalisation of the Palestinians, the radicalisation of the local communities, the first civil war, a period of peace, then a second civil war. To expect communities which have been fighting each other since 1958 to settle down peaceably, miraculously, seems to me a beautiful but, I would say, a rather unrealistic proposition.

KEDOURIE: *If there is anything in what we've been saying, then it seems to me that one particular nostrum which is proposed by various public persons in Britain, in the United States, in the Western world generally, is really useless and infirm. I mean the notion that, somehow or another, if you "settle the Arab-Israeli conflict", then you have settled the most important and the most serious quarrel in the area, and therefore you can really sit back and do what is necessary on various other problems. This seems to me a great illusion. Somehow or other, one way or another, the Israeli-Arab conflict will be settled, in a manner of speaking, by one party emerging as the victor. Or it might be settled through the mere passage of time, with people getting tired of it, somehow the altercation becoming gradually, with the passage of the years, irrelevant. Assuming that there was some kind of a settlement (or non-settlement) with which people are happy to live, what could one expect in the Middle East? One must reckon, even when that is "settled" (or left aside), with the most explosive and most dangerous of situations. Because there isn't anything like what might be called a stable political settlement within the various countries or among the countries themselves. That is to say, the various régimes*

PRODUCED,2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suffer in one way or another from a lack of legitimacy. They are in a sense irrelevant. They sit there on top of their society but they really have very little to do with what goes on down below. They impose themselves to some extent; but this imposition is accepted because it is force majeure, *and once the* force majeure *for one reason or another disappears then the whole thing falls to pieces. And that is really a very hazardous prospect.*

As regards international relations in the Middle East, there is no settled view among these various states as to what it is that they want, what they can aspire to, what they can accept. There is the notion that all the Arab states have got to "unite" in one sense or another, the idea of Pan-Arabism. But Pan-Arabism means that whatever exists in the way of frontiers is considered to be "illegitimate." And that means, therefore, that the international sub-system in the Middle East is radically infected with disorder.

Moreover, there are all kinds of situations within countries which have destabilising international implications. I have here in mind, for instance, the question of the Kurds and of the Shiites. These are now groups which are, for one reason or another, aware of themselves as groups wanting to assert themselves within their own countries. But this very attempt will have wide consequences.

MANGO: I'm not so sure that I would give the Shiites as an example. Their self-assertion is unlikely to have international consequences. I would prefer the Turkish Kurds as an example, where the wider consequences are obvious. But why do you say that the régimes are irrelevant? I would distinguish. They are, after all, born of conditions in each country; they represent the strongest effective force which could be mustered in the land. If they are basically military régimes, it depends obviously on the composition of the officer corps, which may be recruited from among the Sunnis in Iraq, or the Shiah, Nusayri, or Alawis in Syria, lower-middle-class local Egyptians in Egypt, lower-middle-class Turks in Turkey. There is some link between the régimes and societies of the countries, they are not totally irrelevant, even if they are usually not representative.

When you said that with the solution (if it ever comes) or with the passage of time which will gradually, in its own way, "solve" the Arab/Israeli problem, other problems will remain—the one that comes to my mind, before all else, is the problem caused by the immense growth of population. In Turkey we have seen the population increase from about 12 million to over 46 million. In Egypt from the turn of the century the population has risen from 10 million to 43 million. And the population of major cities has, of course, increased proportionately much more.

Istanbul (where I was born) had a population of about three-quarters of a million when I was a boy between the two wars (the population had decreased from over 1 million before the First World War). Now it is variously computed at 4 to 6 million (depending on where one draws the line dividing Istanbul from the surrounding countryside). And as a result you have a number of related problems: the demands of a large population to satisfy, demands which have grown as a result of the knowledge of the living standards achieved in the outside world, mainly in the West, through the advances of mass communications; and the need to administer and control these very large groups of people. Local statecraft even where there are developed traditions, as in the case of Ottoman statecraft, never had to deal with problems of that scale. After all, the population of the entire Ottoman Empire at the time of the Russian-Turkish war of 1878 was estimated at 25 million people. And the Empire included a large part of the Balkans, what is now Turkey and the Arab Levant in the Middle East. Now you have the problems of providing services, of organising the huge concentrations of people in cities. There may be a tradition of "neighbourhoods", in some cases of "guilds of mutual help", of self-help; but certainly no tradition of running public utilities on the scale required, of providing services, of policing people, of exercising social control over great numbers. This constitutes one of the most explosive factors in at least some countries of the Middle East.

I mentioned Turkey and Egypt. One must add Iran. In the case of the other countries, the populations of Iraq, Syria or Saudi Arabia may be considered reasonable when compared with the total area; but we still have the problem of very large cities like Baghdad and Damascus, and soon Aleppo. In the case of the Arabian Peninsula, of course, the problems of providing services are masked by the existence of wealth: by both money and the Western economic and technical expertise which that money can buy. You can have foreign specialists or foreign managers running utilities, designing, building roads or whatever. As long as the money flows the increase in population in the so-called oil-rich countries may not become a grave problem. But in the three lands I mentioned—Iran, Turkey, and Egypt—it is possibly the greatest threat to stability, the most immediate

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS
Leading academics

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS
Experienced honours graduates

TRANSLATORS
Qualified, most European languages

ARCHIVISTS
Editing and indexing by word processor

Research Assistance Routledge Associates
25 Woodhayes Road, London SW19
Phone 01-947 5614

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem facing the rulers. There was one Turkish politician who said, "Three-quarters of the problems of Turkey are the problems of Istanbul. . . ."

KEDOURIE: ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, *considering the politics and the economics, we can say fairly that this is an area which is in crisis. The native political abilities available are just not adequate to the crisis. That is bad enough for the Middle Eastern peoples immediately concerned; but there is another aspect to this: namely that the Middle East does not exist "on its own." It is, for the West, a very important strategic area in its relations with the Soviet Union. It is also a reservoir of oil which for the time being (and for a very long time to come) is essential, if not for the United States, certainly for Western Europe and for Japan. So that what goes on there is of profound interest to the outside world, to the West as a whole.*

Now, the grotesque fact is that vital and important as it is, there is very little in the way of information from this area which is available to Western peoples at large. This reminds me of that almost proverbial statement by Neville Chamberlain when he had to deal with the Sudeten crisis, that Czechoslovakia was "a faraway country of which we know nothing." Of course, he was trying to defend his own policy and its merits are not here in question. But whether his policy was good or bad, the fact is that he was telling the truth and a large number of people would have acquiesced in what he was saying. Czechoslovakia was indeed a faraway country of which they knew nothing. Has the situation changed in any significant way now?

The Middle East is far away; people really know very little, have no reason to involve themselves in the details of Middle Eastern politics or economics. And yet people would not quite be willing now to accept the full Chamberlain disclaimer in relation to the Middle East (or indeed in relation to any other foreign country) because now they have the illusion that they **do** *know.*

Where does this illusion come from? It comes from the electronic media which have a very powerful impact. To see a picture on television is to have the illusion—it is no more than an illusion really—that you apprehend and comprehend what is going on. A skyscraper is demolished by a high explosive—well, there it **is**, *and what could be more vivid than such a picture in living colour, what could be, in a sense, more self-explanatory than such a scene on our screen. What an illusion! To see pictures of destruction in Beirut or in Khorramshahr, or anywhere else,* **explains** *nothing. It only induces the illusion that you understand; and, much more, it induces in democratic countries all kinds of very partisan feelings and passions which have their effect on the conduct of public men. A case in point is the way in which American television had this decisive effect on US policy in Viet Nam. All this adds to the difficulty and the dangers.*

MANGO: Yes, I agree; a little knowledge is always a dangerous thing. To be sure, much more knowledge is also being transmitted now through the means of mass communications. There is a large number of journalists, specialists, statisticians, consultants involved, producing and transmitting a vast amount of information. It is not, of course, all available to the general public, certainly not to the ordinary television viewer. After all, the media have got a basic job to do which is to establish and communicate important basic facts. It is a difficult job; it is never easy to establish "fact." It is difficult also because of the old cynical view of news values: the dictum that a dog dead on your doorstep is worth as much space as a man who is killed two streets away, as ten men killed in another town, a hundred in another country, or a thousand in China. There is always a distortion introduced by the presumed interests of the audience, of "the public", into any story.

Having said all this, I think that the main danger of the media is not the communication of more facts; they have got to be communicated. It is the further illusion which journalists share with members of the public: that scandals, replete with outrageous facts and tragic details, have easy solutions. You referred to pictures of destruction. I thought of documentaries I've seen about the horrors of life in the slums of Cairo: moving, beautifully photographed. And one's first reaction is: "Can't something be done about it?" Why is it that people have got to live in dirt and poverty with diseased children, flies crawling over sores, and all that? Isn't it simple reaction to the communication of accurate facts which presents a danger rather than the communication of the facts themselves?

I cannot see, myself, how one can parry that danger—apart from gradually educating media men in the complexities of life. A friend of mine who teaches political science at an English provincial university says that the main purpose of his courses is to teach his students that "things aren't as simple as all that", that there are "no simple solutions." I think that this is particularly true of the Middle East, because so much of the Middle East in its external aspects—the developed parts, whether they be the modern apartment blocks of Beirut, or bits of Kuwait, or bits of Istanbul and Ankara—is *so much* like the West, like a Western city. The external appearance misleads us into thinking that what applies in our own countries should also apply there. Obviously one has somehow to warn people against falling prey to that terrible illusion.

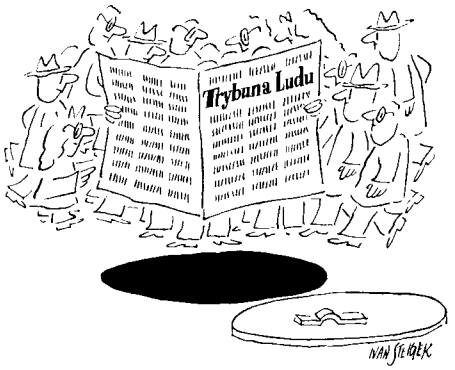
KEDOURIE: *But there is also this other aspect: namely that journalists, certain kinds of the species (and this is not said necessarily to their discredit at all), think that they can take the place of policy-makers and of historians. They consider that their business is not simply to report what is happening under their eyes, but also to provide some kind of commentary: to give advice, to exhort, or to explain that this-is-good and that-is-bad. There is a great temptation to commitment in this kind of journalism; and commitment, I feel, is at the very opposite pole from good journalism.*

MANGO: Yes, shouldn't the only commitment required of a good journalist be a commitment to the facts?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holding a Bear by the Tail

The Polish Crisis—By CASIMIR GARNYSZ



THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY of the *Solidarity* Union provides us with hardly any cause for celebration, nor does the approaching first anniversary of martial law. But they are eminently fitting occasions for examining the Polish crisis.

In arguing for or against a more decisive Western involvement, Western analysts as a rule refer either to the moral obligation of the free world ("guilty of Yalta", i.e. of letting the East European nations fall under unwelcome Soviet domination), or to the principle of *Realpolitik* whereby those same agreements by the superpowers in Yalta are still considered binding and consequently, for the sake of peaceful global relations, Poland should be left alone. In these debates one extremely important consideration is usually left out. Structural changes have been occurring in East European societies since World War II, and the situation of East Central Europe, as we have known it since 1945, is already in the process of disintegration. Poland is the demonstration of that.

There has been no shortage of commentaries on the Polish situation in the Western media. But regardless of their assessment of events, most Western analysts perceive only four factors on the Polish scene: the Army, the Communist Party, the *Solidarity* movement, and the Church—and they see each of them as monolithic. True, in the days when *Solidarity* existed in the open and particularly in the last months before the imposition of martial law, the Western media repeatedly referred to the "radical" and "moderate" wings within the *Solidarity* movement; more recently there has been talk about internal struggle between the "moderate" and the "hard-line" factions within the leadership of the Polish Communist Party. However, there has been little substantive public discussion of the all-important constellation of forces within each of the major groups. Let me therefore scrutinise the main groups observable in the Polish crisis with special attention to their various components.

CASIMIR GARNYSZ *is a young Polish social scientist who, for the usual depressing reasons, prefers to write under a pseudonym.*

1. The General Commands

THE FIRST PLAYER in the Polish game is General Jaruzelski, who controls the Army and has as close allies a group in the leadership of the Communist Party—the so-called "moderates." This group consists of people who have a vested interest in gaining or retaining positions which guarantee material security, power, and public visibility. These "enlightened mandarins" seek to take advantage of the system and, being pragmatic and educated, see the impracticability of a return to hardline orthodoxy. The members of this group include *inter alia* Mieczyslaw Rakowski (Editor of the weekly *Polityka*, member of the Politburo and Vice-Prime Minister): Jerzy Urban (journalist, and government press spokesman); some heads of the regional party committees; the editorial staff of *Trybuna Ludu* (the leading Party paper) and the staff of provincial Party publications; the intellectuals supporting the Communist establishment, for example Hieronim Kubiak, a sociologist who is also a member of the Politburo; Jerzy Wiatr, a sociologist who has served one ruling group after another (advisor to the Central Committee, Director of the Party Institute of Marxism-Leninism).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

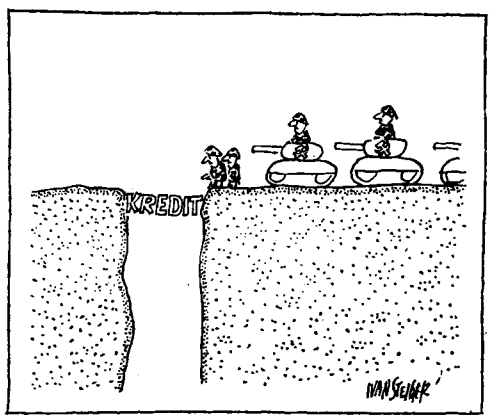
Jaruzelski's intellectual supporters—comrades like Kubiak or Wiatr—are referred to in the Western media as "liberals." But this holds only when one opposes them to the orthodox right-wing hard-liners within the Party; it in no sense reflects their actual stand as advocates of limited, Party-controlled concessions. The *liberal* wing of the party (e.g., Bratkowski, Fiszbach, Malanowski, Szumowski—men of different shades of political views) has supported *Solidarity* in its demands for basic, deep-cutting, structural reforms. Its representatives have been systematically harassed and purged since the July 1981 Party Congress, and even more so under the "state of war."

Jaruzelski has the support of the Soviet Union, and is hoping for cooperation from Western governments and European banks. In his speech to Parliament (25 January 1982) he pleaded with the West for support:

> "The militarisation of certain areas, the presence of military commissars at factories, turns out to be useful in introducing into practice the requirements for a normal functioning of industry, commerce and transport. It is enough to compare the figures for absenteeism for November last year and January this year to convince oneself of this. We will willingly make available this information to our foreign creditors. . . ."

More recently, he stated that without another four billion dollars of Western credits, Poland would not be able to pull out of the economic crisis, and he implied that in case of Western refusal there would occur in Poland "an evolution toward much closer dependence on Moscow which would be irreversible."

Jaruzelski has attempted to represent himself as an impartial arbiter among contending groups in society and the Party, as the spokesman for *raison d'état* and the Polish national interest. In fact, the state of war in Poland is yet another instance of an historically familiar situation. The military take over the political scene by playing the role of an allegedly impartial arbiter; their actual aims are seizure of power and the simultaneous preservation of the *ancien régime* from which they wring some (minimal) concessions for the benefit of the plebs.



IN EXCHANGE for support, granted him by the Soviet Union and desired from the West, Jaruzelski has to deliver political order and economic production. In his first public speech after the imposition of martial law, he sounded almost apologetic: he called it a short-term, lesser evil soon to be removed. Jaruzelski and his companions expected that the imposition of a state of war and of strict labour discipline would reverse the economy's decline, and that the population, absorbed in work and the pursuit of consumer goods, would turn away from what the régime perceived as rampant anarchy. The intended goal of Jaruzelski's *coup* was a return to "normalcy" (normalcy being, of course, control by the Communist Party of all overt political, economic, and intellectual activities). But it soon became apparent that both the General and his party "moderates" had misjudged the situation. Widespread passive resistance—an organised underground with its own press and radio transmitters, a widespread boycott of the official media, recurring work stoppages in major factories and shipyards, street demonstrations, and steeply declining production figures—all proved that the goals sought by the régime had not been and could not be achieved. On the contrary, it became evident that crushing *Solidarity* has cost Jaruzelski and the "moderates" very dear. The killing of the striking miners, the trials of strikers and other opponents, nocturnal arrests, beatings, internments, curfews, travel restrictions, and communications blackouts have further alienated the people, rendering them even more hostile and distrustful than they were before the coup.[1]

The Polish economy continues to decline, and there is no sign that Jaruzelski and the "moderates" are capable of reversing this trend. Thus far, Jaruzelski's policy has been based on the familiar pattern that characterises almost all Soviet-style political and economic management: he is attempting to alter the economy by *fiat*. Although this is not surprising, considering his military background (but how un-Marxist!), this device—as old as Diocletian—simply does not work. Consider the General's speech to Parliament on 25 January this year, in which he ordered

[1] Most Poles believe now that Jaruzelski and the "moderates" never had any intention of abiding by the agreements they had solemnly signed in Gdansk and elsewhere, and that they had been negotiating in bad faith all along while preparing secretly for a state of war.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the economy back to work:

> "The economy, where there are no supply shortages, is gradually achieving a regular rhythm. The functioning of administration is improving. . . . Even snow-clearing operations in many towns were successfully carried out for the first time in many years only because appropriate instructions were issued."

Even Jaruzelski's own "moderate" advisers complain that he "keeps pointing to the Bills coming up before Parliament as if they were solid achievements." The same attempt to create reality by *fiat* is visible in the everyday pronouncements of the Polish media. Thus *Trybuna Ludu*, reporting on "the decisions of the CP *Politburo* concerning the development of agriculture", lists specific points which are supposed to heal this desperately neglected segment of the economy. Not exactly implemented, this reform is promptly declared "an innovative endeavour on an unprecedented scale." Actually, this programme and others designed to improve the economy have been fragmentary and half-hearted. Economic reform, inaugurated with loud fanfares (on 1 January 1982), has thus far boiled down to drastic price increases and is quickly turning into yet another bureaucratic reorganisation. The postulated economic and market instruments are being converted into administrative *diktats*, characteristic of the old normative-distributive system.

TO PROVIDE the population with incentives to work and to dispel growing discontent, the régime has been promising a continuation of the social, political, and economic reforms started between August 1980 and December 1981. No actions have followed these promises. As before, the key issue remains the restoration of a more open and just society based on free and independent labour unions. But while remaining indecisive and vacillating, the Jaruzelski régime has made it clear that the unions must forswear any activities which the régime defines as "political", and must abandon their regional organisational form in favour of the old occupational trade-union format. As anybody familiar with the actual functioning of labour unions in the Soviet bloc knows, they are Party "transmission belts" to the labour force and have no meaning whatsoever for the members whom they supposedly represent and serve. To those who have witnessed the determination with which the Polish working class has fought for the independence of its labour unions and for participation in the management of industry, these paltry concessions by the rulers reflect ignorance, cynicism, and wishful thinking.

There are no significant groups in Poland which Jaruzelski and the "moderates" can satisfy with

Negotiating development:
Labour relations in southern Asia
by Johannes Schregle
In this book, the author who has been following the evolution of labour relations in southern Asia for the past 20 years or more, highlights the differences between Western and Asian thought, analyses the particular difficulties of the countries of the region, and puts forward some tenative suggestions for promoting development.
ISBN 92-2-103026-1 (hard cover) **£11.40**
ISBN 92-2-103027-X (limp cover) **£8.55**

Employment opportunities and equity in a changing economy: Egypt in the 1980s.
A labour market approach
Egypt is a country in rapid transition, where a chronic labour surplus appears to have given way to acute labour shortages in a relatively short time, and where the future is uncertain. This is the report of an ILO comprehensive employment strategy mission to Egypt which studied the employment problem in its various aspects, and proposed measures for its alleviation. It focuses on the effects of recent developments on employment and equity, and attempts to provide some alternative policy options for future development.
ISBN 92-2-102995-6 (hard cover) **£12.85**
ISBN 92-2-102996-4 (limp cover) **£10.00**

Higher education and manpower planning:
A comparative study of planned and market economies
by O. Fulton, A. Gordon and G. Williams
This study compares in a common framework the experience of 7 European countries (3 market and 4 centrally planned economies) in the application of various manpower planning approaches and techniques to educational planning, especially its higher level component. It highlights links between higher education, labour market and employment policy, and specifically, the issues involved in planning education so as to satisfy both manpower requirements and the increasing demand for places in higher education.
ISBN 92-2-102973-5 **£5.70**

The impact of microelectronics:
A tentative appraisal of information technology
by Juan Rada
After describing various aspects of this technology and referring to the probable emergence of a large variety of new products and to changes designed to save capital, labour, materials and energy, the author considers the implications for employment and for the international division of labour. He examines possible consequences for developing countries, which may lose their existing comparative advantages in international trade.
ISBN 92-2-102383-4 (hard cover) **£7.85**
ISBN 92-2-102378-8 (limp cover) **£5.00**

New technologies:
Their impact on employment and the working environment
Containing selected articles from the ILO's *Social and Labour Bulletin*, this new book focuses on the repercussions of micro-processors on employment, potential benefits and the safety and health problems that may result. It also discusses industrial relations, collective bargaining and government policies.
ISBN 92-2-102975-1 **£5.70**

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE
London Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
LONDON SW1P 4LY
Tel: 01-828 6401

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their programme of limited concessions to the population. Party hardliners and the security organs reject this programme because they do not believe that it can achieve the desired effect of returning the country to "normalcy." The population rejects it because the harshness of life under this economically, ethically, and intellectually bankrupt régime is more than it can bear. To be sure, by launching a *blitzkrieg* against their fellow-citizens, Jaruzelski and the "moderates" managed initially to cow them, to suppress their strikes and silence their protests. But not for long. The actions of the underground movement (widespread passive resistance, work stoppages, street

Interview with an "Internee"—Adam Michnik

HOW *are you getting along?*

MICHNIK: **Splendidly. One of my few talents seems to be to get along in prison. Of course the preparation and training I had before August 1980 helps me very much. According to the experts here the first 15 years are the hardest.**

—How do you pass the time here in Bialoleka?

MICHNIK: **Mostly reading the classics, like Plato, Mickiewicz, Rilke, all of them easily more interesting than the prose of Jaruzelski. No doubt about it, prison is an ideal place for further education.**

—How are you being treated?

MICHNIK: **In our strange prison, which for some curious reason is called an internment centre, we have an atmosphere right out of Kafka. Every one is waiting for his trial, without ever getting to know what crimes he will be charged with, on the basis of evidence which remains unknown, at the instigation of authorities who are nameless and give no sign of what is likely to happen and when. . . .**

Within these walls everything has to be done with cunning, with tricks, even to be able to exchange a few words with a friend down the prison corridor. A sinister game is always being played. You find a little radio planted in your shoe or an electric coil, and quickly you try to get rid of them with the garbage, or in the cartons which we regularly get from the St Martin's Church.

What it comes down to in the end is a kind of infantilisation. Somebody is very kind and you find yourself not eating worse than a Politburo member. Cigarettes are sent to you, and the security guards and officers stare enviously at your supply. Stealing is rare—after all, one is really the "liberal visiting card" of General Kiszczak [the Minister of Interior]. Visitors come and go, the Red Cross, Cardinal Glemp, also some stony-faced fellows who call themselves Members of Parliament (our *Sejm*) who turn away when you offer them a taste of the regular prison goulash.

Of restrictions there are no end, but what they all have in common is stupidity. What they're really for is to make your life miserable through little meannesses, so that you would at long last be prepared to sign one of their Loyalty Declarations—or to decide to emigrate. But where in all the world can one have it so good as here? Where else can you have conversations with a red-haired Captain whom nature has endowed with the intelligence of Einstein, the kindness of St Francis, and the beauty of Rudolph Valentino?

—What happened to your writings on Dostoevsky?

MICHNIK: **All my notes were seized, and since I was supposed to have asked too insistently to have them back, they are going to give me a week in solitary. I'll probably use the time to meditate on the technological problems of martial law.**

—How do you see the future?

MICHNIK: **The eagle will not be beaten by the crow.* And that is why our jail sentences here have a meaning and purpose—to show our opposition to the state of martial law. Whatever they do with us, things will go wrong for them. Unless, of course, they let us all go free. But their mental horizon doesn't stretch that far.**

—Are you, then, an optimist?

MICHNIK: **Yes, I still have hope that they will give me back my notes on Dostoevsky.**

ADAM MICHNIK *is one of the leading dissidents in Poland. A teacher and historian, he was one of the most prominent members of KOR before it dissolved itself into Lech Walesa's "Solidarity" movement. In August 1981 he was, along with Walesa and the whole resistance leadership, arrested on orders of General Jaruzelski. Since December he has been confined, or "interned", in the Bialoleka near Warsaw. This interview was published in the illegal newspaper of the prisoners, "Bialoleka Courier."*

* The Eagle is the Polish national emblem: the acronym of General Jaruzelski's Military Council for National Salvation means "crow" in Polish—ED. NOTE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demonstrations and disturbances) have indicated that imposing a state of war on Poland is like grabbing a bear by the tail.

BUT JARUZELSKI AND the "moderates" are not entirely without popular support. They have the backing—even if it is silent—of some segments within the intelligentsia (or, more broadly, the well-off professionals in technical fields and the humanities)—those for whom "law and order" at any price are better than the continuous turmoil of social and economic change which threatens their peace of mind, their conventional lives and comfortable dachas. Those in management and supervisory positions in factories and public service who had ruled autocratically very strongly resented *Solidarity* "meddling" in their executive functions, finding it most distasteful to be submitted to workers' control. The military rule of General Jaruzelski, with its appeal to "law and order", may also have gained the silent acquiescence of certain workers, particularly in weaker provincial enterprises. For the time being they are not threatened by lay-offs and production stoppages due to lack of supplies, their factories have not been militarised and are not subject to close and humiliating control. Finally, the régime has the cautious and half-hearted backing of the Communist Party's opportunistic rank-and-file. They remain fearful of over-committing themselves to support of the military régime, since *Solidarity* might re-emerge, and at the same time are afraid that they may lose their jobs (or face other unpleasant consequences) if they turn in their Party membership cards. The most open supporters of the régime are of course the ZOMOS (the riot police), and at least a part of the Army, who are pampered, fed, given special bonuses, and kept sufficiently isolated from the rest of the society not to become "contaminated" by public unrest. All this support is enough to keep Jaruzelski and the "moderates" in power, but not sufficient to solve Poland's acute political and economic problems.

For the rest—the "masses" of Polish society—there truly appears to be no way in which Jaruzelski could effectively win them over for an extended period of time. With the economy bankrupt, he has precious little to pay with. The average age of the Polish population is 28. Two-thirds of the society is young. Their expectations, ambitions, and demands are naturally much greater than those of their parents, the first generation of workers who in the 1950s came to the cities from the poor and overpopulated countryside. For decades Communist propaganda promised the workers improvements in living and material conditions—and indeed even achieved some under Gierek's régime (with the help of billions of dollars borrowed from the West). Now this group faces a very severe reduction (25%) in their living standards, and the collapse of their future aspirations. Not only will they have to wait another decade or two for an apartment (by that time they will have raised their children in rented rooms or crowded in-laws' quarters), but after the recent price increases in consumer goods will be forced to live at subsistence level for many years to come. A family of four (with one parent working and with a monthly income of 13,000–14,000 zlotys) will have to cut its expenditure on food in order to survive. In the same family of four with both parents working, after they spend what is necessary for food, housing and utilities, there will be little left for clothing, and nothing for recreation, home appliances, and holidays.

THE FRUSTRATIONS are by no means exclusively economic. Even before the advent of *Solidarity*, Polish sociologists reported that the (mostly young) workers in large industrial centres were increasingly unresponsive to the purely financial incentives offered by the Gierek régime, which was anxious to appease the restive labour force that had revolted in 1970 and 1976. Apart from the issue of higher wages, the workers increasingly voiced their demands for authentic political participation at local government level and for economic self-management.[2] Started in August 1980 as a mass protest against the low standard of living, the *Solidarity* movement subsequently intensified and focused the demands for workers' participation in decision-making, adopting a sweeping programme for a "Life Free From Poverty, Exploitation, Fear and Lies" (First Congress of *Solidarity*, Gdansk, September 1981).

Intellectuals who had often before voiced their dissatisfaction with the lack of civil and political freedoms joined the workers' movement *en masse*. They are now being imprisoned, expelled from their jobs, or—at best—intimidated. Again, it has been impossible for them to perform their real role (i.e. providing society with open discussion and a critique of the political, social and economic problems facing the country). Mostly young like the rest of the population, the intellectuals face harsh economic frustrations similar to those of the workers. Possibly even harsher, since their earnings are smaller. For instance, a young assistant professor with a Ph.D. earns around the national average of 7,369 zlotys a month; those with M.A.s (a large group among Polish university teachers) receive even less.

The military and the "moderates" are saddled with Poland's bankrupt economy and with a frustrated and angry society. The "state of war" has

[2] J. Malanowski, Uniwersytet Warszawski (1978); *I Raport Doswiadczenie i Przyszlosc* (1979).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exacerbated rather than reduced the discords that have ridden the country for the past two-and-a-half years. A report issued seven months after the imposition of martial law by a respected unofficial discussion club—*Experience and the Future*, organised in 1978 and frequented by open-minded journalists, scholars, writers and economists, many of them liberal and reform-minded members of the Party—shows Communist rule to be further away from a "social accord" than before December 1981; "identification of the population with the State and its institutions" is at its very lowest.

Financial resources large enough to help restart the driving wheels of the Polish economy can come only from the West; the Soviets can hardly spare what they themselves need so desperately. Therefore, to win Western support and at the same time further intimidate Polish society, the ruling group lets it be known that the Party hardliners are trying to take over the government. Thus, the group which negotiated in bad faith with *Solidarity*, which sabotaged reforms and then subdued the nation under martial law, is turning for support to the West, and to the Polish people—allegedly to protect them, in Leszek Kolakowski's phrase, from a "more cruel hangman."

There were indications that the régime—while gradually relaxing martial law by carefully administered measures—might use the second anniversary of *Solidarity*, the celebrations in honour of Our Lady of Czestochowa, or the postponed Papal visit to Poland to launch a so-called programme of "national reconciliation" for the purpose of gaining support at home and abroad. Other factors prevailed.

Poland, Singing

March, march, Walesa!
O Blessed Mother of God,
Coming is the victory for Polish solidarity . . . .

THESE WERE *the lines sung by thousands assembled in the "Victory Square" of Warsaw this summer to the melody of the National Anthem.*

The original text of the Polish Anthem is: "March, march, Dabrovsky. . . . " Dabrovsky was the commander of the Polish legion in Napoleon's Italian forces. Under his leadership the Polish legion marched together with Napoleon's army into the streets of Warsaw; whereupon Napoleon founded the Grand Duchy of Poland.

The changes rung on the Polish anthem in these days are twofold: the topical one of the insertion of "solidarity" into the text, but also the theological one of mentioning the "Mother of God" which represents, after all, a radical new note in the context of an old sentiment formulated in the spirit of the secular French Revolution.

DIE WELT *(Bonn)*

2. The Hardliners

THE SECOND PLAYER on the Polish scene is the faction of hardliners in the Party leadership (S. Olszowski is most often mentioned as the leader of this group). They have the support of an apparently not insignificant segment of the Communist Party apparatus (both in Warsaw and in the provinces) and of the security organs.

The party hardliners and the security apparatus are up against the same political and economic problems as the military and the Party "moderates." They too still imagine that they can command and coerce social and economic forces to perform according to their wishes. It is this group that has been trying to stir up anti-Semitism in order to divide Polish society, to provide it with a scapegoat, and turn anger away from the régime. The alliance of the security apparatus with Party hardliners can win support among those in the administration who are afraid of losing their positions if Jaruzelski continues to purge the Party of the most flagrant profiteers. It could gain support from those who have already lost their power and influence as the result of *Solidarity's* pressure during the 16 months of its existence, and from those who are afraid they may lose them if Jaruzelski introduces partial reforms. Finally, that alliance can win support among those sections of the intelligentsia and the working class that identify with the reactionary-nationalistic slogans advanced by sympathisers of the periodical *Rzeczywistosc*, a journal with anti-Semitic and fascist overtones, first published in 1980 with the covert support of Party hardliners and the secret police. All in all, the potential supporters of this group may be relatively numerous, though still a very small minority in the land.

The programme of the Party and police hardliners would favour more political and social coercion, more victims, more persecutions—a return to the neo-Stalinist policy of repression. "Closer alliance with the USSR" would mean a more orthodox, centralised economic policy. On repeated occasions since December 1981 this group has made itself both seen and heard on the Polish political scene, and is deliberately publicised by the "moderates" in their attempt to win support in the West and in Poland. For the time being the Soviets support Jaruzelski and the "moderates", but they may transfer their support to the hardliners if (*a*) Jaruzelski fails to deliver an adequately high level of production and social peace in Poland and/or (*b*) if the Kremlin security organs gain control of the levers of power in the Soviet Union. At present this group does not pose a serious threat to General Jaruzelski and the "moderates", who still enjoy the backing of the Brezhnev group in the Moscow *Politburo*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. Solidarity in Exile

SOLIDARITY is the third player. Since its inception, the *Solidarity* movement has consisted of at least four major segments (there were many more, each overlapping the other):

(*a*) The *Solidarity* élite *cum* KOR (Committee for the Defence of the Workers), or the "pragmatic" wing;
(*b*) The *Solidarity* élite *cum* KPN (Confederation for Independent Poland), or the "romantic" wing;
(*c*) The mass of *Solidarity*, or "the Golem";
(*d*) *Rural Solidarity*.

The first is a group of some tens of thousands of workers, mostly from the largest modern industrial centres, who may be called the "proletarian élite." This is the most "mature" group, consisting of workers from the Gdansk and Szczecin shipyards; from the iron and steel mills in Warsaw, Katowice and Krakow; from the machinery-manufacturing centres in Wroclaw, Lublin and Poznan; and miners from Silesia. In a way, this group has been "created" by and through Communism. It became what it is today through the process of intensified industrialisation during the "economic plans" after World War II. Communist propaganda for years preached "the leading role of the proletariat"—and eventually some proletarians took the Communists at their word, demanding that they finally deliver on this slogan. This workers' élite sees the need for structural reforms in Poland, i.e., reforms that go beyond wage increases and extend far into the economic and political realm.

During the period August 1980—December 1981, three groups were competing for support from this élite: the Communist Party; KOR and its followers (intellectuals, broadly speaking, of liberal-democratic and socialist persuasion); and KPN and its sympathisers (intellectuals whose orientation ties them most closely to the traditions of the pre-War National-Democratic Party, avowedly right-wing, Catholic, and nationalistic). A fourth force, the Church, has also competed for the allegiance of (and influence on) the workers. Its position, equating the national identity of the Poles with their religious identity, overlaps to a degree with that of KPN—though in other important aspects, particularly in political strategy, the interests and orientation of the Church have of course been different.

The first competitor for the allegiance of the working class, the Communist Party, has lost out—it is discredited and mistrusted and cannot win popular support. The influence of the orienta-

How does Moscow evaluate the shifting balance of power in the world? How does it view America's strengths and weaknesses? What do these perceptions reveal about Soviet leadership?

Soviet Perceptions of U.S. Foreign Policy

John Lenczowski, an authority on Soviet affairs, addresses these questions in this important new book, and reaches some surprising conclusions.

£18·75

Postwar Soviet Politics

THE FALL OF ZHDANOV AND THE DEFEAT OF MODERATION, 1946-53

Werner G Hahn explores the politics behind the USSR's rejection of moderation and seeming willingness to collaborate with the West, in favour of cold war militancy abroad and inflexible dogmatism at home.

£17·00

Cornell University Press,
Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W1X 4HQ

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions represented by KOR and KPN has been more or less equal.

Solidarity-élite *cum* KOR is supported by small groups of lay Catholics from the clubs of the Catholic intelligentsia with branches around the country, and to these groups one should add representatives of the liberal faction of the Communist Party, people who were expelled from the Party both before and after the imposition of martial law, and sympathisers from among professionals, students, and white-collar workers. They could be labelled "free thinkers", with KOR (organised in 1976 to defend the rights of the workers persecuted for participation in strikes, and formally dissolved after the creation of *Solidarity*) playing the role of adviser and articulator of the social movement.

This wing of *Solidarity* has been labelled "pragmatic." Given the present circumstances in Poland, one might justifiably wonder what kind of "pragmatism" led its proponents to a lost battle. They might have stood a chance if the Communist Party had chosen to cooperate with *Solidarity* rather than systematically negotiate in bad faith, blocking and sabotaging authentic reforms. During 1980–81, the "pragmatists'" position within *Solidarity* has been spelled out on several occasions by Jacek Kuron during public debates on the goals and strategy of the movement:

> "The domination of the centralised power of the Party-State over society has to be repudiated. It destroys all spheres of social life and creates chronic disturbances. . . . The authority of the Party is totally discredited. This is why society organises itself against the Party [domination]. . . . [But] the internal order in Poland is protected by the military might of the Soviet Union. Therefore we [have to] accept as reality the fact that the Soviets require some guarantees of their domination over Poland. We accept this fact; we take it into account in our actions."
>
> (*At a meeting with the Warsaw University students, December 1980*)

> "The most important issue is whether or not we should limit ourselves. Should this revolution limit itself? My general position is that if we do anything that the leaders of the USSR read as a direct threat, they will invade. I have no doubts about this. Therefore, I believe that this revolution should consciously limit itself so as to avoid this danger."
>
> (*National Coordinating Committee debate, July 1981*)

Briefly summarised, the pragmatists' *desiderata* during 1980–81 were as follows:

–that Poland remain a member of the Warsaw Pact, keeping its strategic alliances;

–that Poland accept a "Soviet protectorate", but looser and more remote than the present one;

–that genuine institutional reform be implemented, aiming at a moderate political pluralism. Examples of such reform would include a new division of power achieved by an innovative adaptation of "checks and balances" into the system, such as the division of Parliament into two chambers. In the higher one, the Communist Party would maintain its "leading role", providing general guidance in matters concerning Poland's international alliances, military and foreign policy and the long-term direction of economic development. In the lower chamber, the members—chosen by popular vote in free elections—would be concerned with current matters of social, economic, and cultural policies;

–that socialised ownership of the means of production be maintained, with the economic process decentralised and based on market mechanisms;

–that regional economic administration and individual enterprises be ruled by the workers' self-management movement;

–that freedom of speech and publication be restored in full and legally guaranteed (with specified restrictions in matters concerning Poland's military alliances and state-security secrets).

At present, with *Solidarity* forced underground, the "pragmatic" option manifests itself in the programme of *Solidarity* leaders such as Zbigniew Bujak v B. Frasyniuk or J. Kulerski, who urge organised passive resistance and the setting-up of "parallel structures"—a network of activities and institutions which stand alongside the official ones. This "Programme for Alternative Poland" is a long-range effort intended to circumscribe the amount of damage to the national economy and public morale wrought by the Communist régime. It is the erstwhile "radical" Bujak who is now an underground "moderate", while the erstwhile "moderate" Jacek Kuron advocates (in his internment) a more radical course.

The "pragmatic" wing of *Solidarity* includes in its ranks Lech Walesa, the outstanding leader of the movement. His charismatic powers, associated as they have been with prudence, moderation, and realism, have given him such influence and following that the military régime has repeatedly sought to exhibit him on the media denouncing the *Solidarity* "extremists" and endorsing General Jaruzelski and the ruling party "moderates." Thus far, this attempt to manipulate Walesa has been unsuccessful; he is still kept in custody and practically in isolation. Nearly all segments of Polish

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society claim him as their own. If and when he is released, Walesa should be able to gain the support of the population, at least initially, for whatever orientation and programme he endorses.

SOLIDARITY-ELITE *cum* KPN (together with a part of the intelligentsia, students, young Catholics, and the lower levels of the Church hierarchy) is a wing of the movement which may be called "romantic." Its political programme is infused with highly emotional symbols—references to Poland's patriotic traditions and national myths take precedence over pragmatic analysis. This group contends that no other problem can be solved before settling the basic condition, the *sine qua non*: Poland's full sovereignty and national independence. The position of the "romantics" was probably best expressed by J. Rulewski in the *Solidarity* debate on the workers' councils (July 1981):

> "I do not believe that we should form the workers' councils today, because we have not yet destroyed the government structures that ultimately determine and subordinate self-management. . . ."

Translated into terms of the actual political situation, yet expressed metaphorically, the motto of this segment of *Solidarity* could be rendered in the words of a song known in Poland since the days of the Polish-Soviet War of 1920: "*Szabla w dlon, bolszewika gon gon gon* (Take a sword in your hand, Chase the Bolsheviks out of the land)." Interestingly, like Jaruzelski in the opposite camp, this group appears resolutely utopian in its attempts to command and change at a stroke stern economic and political realities.

Since the imposition of the state of war, "romantic" influences of sorts seem to have been dominant in the so-called "action groups"—the segment of the underground which has been the *spiritus movens* of street demonstrations, strikes, and other forms of active protest against martial law and the military régime. "Action Groups" are composed of predominantly young people of diverse backgrounds—the idealistic desperadoes who feel they have "nothing to lose but their chains", since they are either unemployed or will soon be laid off, have no prospects of obtaining an apartment until the age of 40 or so, and consequently cannot found families and establish themselves. Although people of different persuasions are joining the "Action Groups", the influence of the KPN programme seems to be dominant.

THE MASS of *Solidarity* or "the *Golem*." As in all movements and revolutions, the mass drifts and then, when mobilised, pushes forward with all its might. To this group—the largest of all—belong the remaining sectors of the working class, including workers in smaller shops and factories, white-collar workers, part of the intelligentsia, the mass of students, and a number of lower-level Communist Party members who joined *Solidarity* in 1980–81. It is this *Solidarity* grouping that exhibits the least solidarity. Amorphous and heterogeneous, it shares common frustrations and anger, but acts in unison only when provided with leadership. Today it listens to the clandestine *Solidarity* radio programmes when notified about them, blinks the lights on and off in their windows when asked to do so, reads the underground press, and takes part in street demonstrations when informed of time and place, or—more likely—watches them pass from the sidewalk, cautiously flashing a *V*-sign. . . .

Strongly attached to religious and patriotic symbols, the *Golem* group, whose nationalistic resentments run very deep and which is much less given to cool analysis, appears more inclined toward "romanticism." This inclination, however, erupts only in times of mass-mobilisation and is simultaneously checked by down-to-earth practicality. Occasionally frightened by their own potential might, this group wants peace and security at the same time as it wants to struggle for change, a struggle which is risky and threatening to day-to-day existence, however pitiful that might be. The massive show of force by General Jaruzelski and the "moderates" has checked the *Golem* group—but cannot control it for long. The common people who go sulkily every day to their militarised workplaces, and who keep off the streets after curfew, try to get around the restrictions. Through centuries the Poles have proved to be masters at dodging rules and regulations; at the first opportunity they will close factories and offices and rejoin the active struggle. The Generals and the Party "moderates" know this, just as they probably know how little they have to offer a resentful people whose initiative and hopes they are attempting to crush.

SOLIDARITY-PEASANTS. Out of a total 4.5 million private farmers in Poland one-fourth joined *Rural Solidarity*. After the imposition of martial law this organised movement seems to have disintegrated. In any case, it did not reconstitute itself underground like "urban" *Solidarity*. Both before "the war" (which is how Poles refer to military rule) and now, the peasants' desires have been for the greatest part *practical*: they want to produce and to consume. For many years this has been increasingly difficult. They are now as frustrated as the city-dwellers, and are even more alienated from the whole system by the state's persistently

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

antagonistic agricultural policy. They defend themselves by withdrawing from the market. The régime responds with appeals to "civic and national responsibility" and with threats of re-imposing mandatory deliveries to the state. With the economy bankrupt and no capital available for investment, without fertilisers and agricultural machinery (and lacking even such basic tools as hoes, spades, buckets), the loud proclamations of the régime "ordering" the restabilisation of Polish agriculture by a series of *Politburo* decisions are bound to cause further aggravation.

4. The Church as Arbiter

THE CHURCH, that is the Episcopate, is the next player. This grouping includes the Primate's Social Council (the lay institution created shortly before the imposition of martial law) and an informal satellite circle of established intellectuals, including those from the *Experience and the Future* club. Some of the underground *Solidarity* leaders of the "pragmatic" wing also lean towards this group and its socio-political programme.

The Church sees itself as the arbiter between the régime and the people. It is essentially "pragmatic", in that it considers Poland's alliance with the Soviet Union unavoidable, if obviously unwelcome. By virtue of historical tradition the Church is close to the ideology and goals of *Solidarity*'s "romantics", but in terms of tactics it does not substantially differ from the position of *Solidarity*'s "pragmatists." Through historical coincidence, the Church and the *Solidarity* "pragmatists" are

Jacek Kuron: Resistance

A WELL-ORGANISED *mass resistance movement is, for Poles, the only chance. Only such a movement can comprise one side of the compromise. Only such a movement can stem the tide of terrorism.*

The strength of the occupying forces lies in the disorganisation of society and the ability to transfer rapidly from one place to another a small number of pacification teams. For this reason, we must at present organise ourselves differently from what we did before August 1980—around a main centre and display absolute discipline. We must organise an efficient system of information. We must however, take into account the possibility that at the decisive moment the effort will be blocked. Hence, the concrete goals of the movement and its methods of functioning must be widely known.

THE ACTIVITIES of the resistance movement, with the exception of publications, are currently confined to demonstrations. These can take various forms, from leaflets and graffiti to longer or shorter strikes, and various kinds of collective demonstrations. All these forms are extremely significant for sustaining the spirit of the nation. They are also a means of applying pressure on those in the government camp who might favour a compromise.

The ultimate means of exerting such pressure, and currently the last chance for a compromise, would be a general strike. If we confine ourselves to these activities, and if there proves to be no one in the government camp willing to initiate a compromise, we cannot avoid catastrophe. . . .

SOONER OR LATER, *independent local incidents will be transformed into national ones, and will spread throughout the country. The occupying forces will probably be overthrown, but at the greatest possible cost to society and with the greatest risk of armed intervention.*

Thus, the leadership of the resistance movement must at the same time prepare Polish society for even the farthest-reaching concessions in a compromise with the authorities, thereby destroying the occupation in a collective, organised fashion. I think that such an action can take the form of a simultaneous offensive against all the centres of power and information throughout the country. People in the government must know that the time left for them to initiate a compromise is strictly limited.

In expecting the worst, we must now do everything in our power to make the authorities of the USSR realise that—with a small amount of good will on their part—a Polish national agreement would not harm its military interests, and would be extremely favourable to its economic ones. Armed intervention, on the other hand, would only be the very last resort of the USSR.

I AM NOT CLAIMING that an organised demonstration, combined with a declaration of good will toward the USSR, will guarantee our safety from that power. I maintain only that, if the occupation continues, such an action will carry with it the fewest risks.

Throughout the many years of my opposition activity I propagated the principle of avoiding all forms of violence. I therefore feel obliged to speak out, to say that, at present, preparing ourselves for overthrowing the occupation in a collective action seems to me to be the least of all evils.

Jacek Kuron
BIALOLEKA PRISON
(February 1982)

JACEK KURON, *a leading member and adviser to "Solidarity", wrote these remarks in the Bialoleka prison before he was transferred to a Warsaw penitentiary.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellow-travellers on the same train; but the stations at which they intend to get off are different. The ultimate goal of the Church is transcendent and spiritual, and for many centuries through Poland's insurrections, partitions, and uprisings this goal was served by the preservation of the national substance and manifested in religious-national symbols and practices. These century-old goals have not altered under Communism. The Church's long-term purposes remain unchanged and transcend current political events. As Pope John Paul II put it, last winter, "martial law was imposed only two months ago—but Our Lady of Czestochowa [the Patroness of Poland] has existed for 600 years. . . ."

The present tactics of the Church were aptly summarised by Stanislaw Stomma, (Chairman of the Primate's Social Council): "Moderates of all convictions unite!" The Church considers that the basis for an accord between the régime and the people should be (*a*) a genuine dialogue between the Government and *Solidarity* on all important social and economic issues, and (*b*) acceptance by Polish society of the Communist system required by Poland's geo political position. It demands a prompt lifting of martial law, release of those arrested and detained, and restoration of independent trade unions—and that those unions should not resume political activity.

Since the Church defines its role as that of arbiter between the State and the People, and seeks to prevent the transformation of Poland into a battlefield between the two, it is forced to perform extremely intricate manoeuvres which will allow it to retain the trust of the people without entering into open conflict with the Communist rulers. This accommodating and moderate attitude is perceived in some circles of Polish society as overly cautious, thus inviting yet another cycle of fraudulent manipulation by the régime. On the other hand, the "parochial social councils" (local counterparts of the Primate's Social Council in Warsaw, which have mushroomed across the country since late spring) attract a significant number of lay Catholics—*Solidarity* members who see them as one type of the "parallel structures" proposed in the "pragmatic" programme of the underground *Solidarity* leadership.

Given its fundamental orientation, it is probable that if the Church obtains any real concessions (lifting of martial law, release of detainees, and a guarantee of freedom for religious activities), it will again focus on its transcendent function rather than supporting and participating in political and economic activism. However, there have been signs that many of the Church rank-and-file, strongly identifying with the *Solidarity* movement, are choosing a more militant and politicised posture.

5. *The Role of the USSR*

THE FIFTH PLAYER is the Soviet Union. By not invading Poland, it surprised both the Poles who were prepared to fight the invader, and the Western experts who had predicted invasion. Troubled by their own staggering problems and unwilling to risk an ugly confrontation, with all its international consequences, the Soviets found it convenient to let the Polish armed forces perform the task of crushing *Solidarity*. Unlike the Hungarian Communist Party in 1956 and the Czechoslovak Party in 1968, the Polish CP has remained subservient to the Kremlin. The proclamation of martial law proved that the Soviet Union is opposed both to the truly liberal faction in the Polish Communist Party and to all forms of the *Solidarity* movement, pragmatic, romantic, or whatever. It was wishful thinking for anybody to harbour expectations—common in some Polish intellectual circles—that the Kremlin gerontocrats, confronted with a tidal wave of popular revolution, would choose to negotiate with the "real representatives of the Polish nation" over the heads of the discredited Communist Party, which was clearly unable to offer any combination of effective political and economic control over Poland. By insisting from the very inception of *Solidarity* that the Polish régime suppress the movement of the Polish working class, the Kremlin has shown once more that it prefers to control Poland through its local agents rather than through an understanding with those groups and personalities who have a genuine mandate.

For the time being, the Soviets support General Jaruzelski and the party "moderates", and are willing to extend a line of credit to them. In exchange, they have to deliver both social peace and rising production. If they do not, the Kremlin may switch its support (by backstage pressure as well as by withholding exports) to the Party's hard-liners, allied with the apparatchiks of the State and the security organs, who will govern by naked terror. There is certainly still a possibility of a Soviet invasion if the developments in Poland get out of hand from the Kremlin's point of view. One should also keep in mind the impending succession problem in the USSR. After Brezhnev, will there be a swing towards the modernisation of a system which is increasingly and spectacularly anachronistic?

Whatever the predisposition of the Russians, whatever their internal situation and their attitude to Poland, developments in Poland depend on those in the Soviet Union. These developments, in turn, depend on the position taken by the Western world. The latter has, as should be well known, immense problems of its own: unemployment, inflation, recurrent recessions, the question of unity within the Western alliance, the increase in arms

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spending, the nuclear threat, and a growing public anxiety. But these are problems of which the Poles are not sufficiently aware and in whose existence they often refuse to believe, taking them to be inventions of Communist propaganda.

6. The West & the Two Europes

THE CRISIS in the West, coinciding with the crisis in Poland and in the whole Soviet bloc (the two crises are of a different nature), obviously limits the general manoeuvrability of the Western countries. But they still have some leverage for influencing the Polish situation.

Walesa's Words

Washington

PRESIDENT REAGAN *voiced warm praise for the leaders of the Solidarity movement in Poland and lauded "the ideals, the faith and the heroism of the Polish people."*

In a speech in Hartford, Conn., that appeared to be one of the most sharply anti-Communist addresses he has made, the president said with irony that as a former actor he was "somewhat sensitive" about the bad press notices he had gotten from the Soviet Union after his comments last month during "Captive Nations Week."

Quoting the Communist Party newspaper Pravda *as having termed his remarks "hysterical" and a Polish newspaper as having called them a "cesspool of invective," Mr. Reagan told a Catholic fraternal organization that what had upset the Communist press most was a quotation he used from Lech Walesa in which the Solidarity leader spoke disparagingly of the Polish authorities in a published interview given before his confinement under martial law:*

"Our souls contain exactly the contrary of what they wanted. They wanted us not to believe in God, and our churches are full. They wanted us to be materialistic and incapable of sacrifices; we are anti-materialistic, capable of sacrifice. They wanted us to be afraid of the tanks, of the guns, and instead we don't fear them at all."

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE *(Paris)*

The Western player in the game is—so to speak—composed of a number of disjointed elements, each occupying a somewhat different position *vis-à-vis* Poland. Thus, there are the *desiderata* of (*a*) banks holding the Polish debt; (*b*) European governments; (*c*) the US government and its advisers; (*d*) Western public opinion.

The Western banks would like very much to get their money back and are hardly interested in such issues as civil liberties or workers' self-management under Communism. The struggle about such issues in Poland has dangerously shaken the foundations of the *status quo*, thus threatening the banks' vested interests. So the bankers wishfully perceive General Jaruzelski as a bringer of order. The least they hope for is that Jaruzelski and the "moderates" will succeed in stabilising society so that, however slowly, Poland's economy will start to improve, and interest and repayments will again flow into the banks' coffers. As one West German financier put it shortly after the imposition of martial law: "I do not mean to sound brutal—but now I see a chance for Poland to return to a more normal working schedule, and this could be a good thing for the banks. . . ." And a US banker whose bank has financed loans to Poland: "Most bankers think authoritarian governments are good because they impose discipline." So the capitalist banks—like the Kremlin—are willing (for the time being at least) to support the Jaruzelski régime. If the situation continues to deteriorate, if further attempts to impose "discipline" do not bring the expected results, and if Poland eventually defaults, the Western banks may either stop all trade with Poland (not very likely) or sustain their losses and try to do business again (a little more prudently this time). Breaking off relations between the East and the West can cause tremendous damage to the Western financial system. By reinstituting business, the banks could at least count on some form of repayment in the future.

When lumping European governments together, gross simplifications are unavoidable. The position of West Germany, if only because of its neuralgic location, differs from that of Mitterrand's France, of Tory Britain, of Italy with its large and now vocally anti-Soviet Communist Party, or of traditionally neutral Sweden. All Western European governments, however, have to cope with similar serious economic problems. The combined unemployment rate for member countries of the Common Market has recently reached 10%—the highest level since World War II. What makes the situation worse is that they do not see on the horizon any real prospects for improvement. The European countries, almost without exception, trade extensively with the Soviet bloc. Two-way trade between Western and Warsaw Pact countries reached $90 billion in 1980

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(a nine-times increase over the last decade). Of that, 85% is between Western Europe and the Soviet Union. Like the bankers, the European governments would on the whole prefer that *l'ordre règne à Varsovie*. This attitude has its historical tradition, first expressed in France in 1831 after the Russians had crushed a Polish uprising. It has since been repeatedly voiced by West Europeans, annoyed by Poland's recurrent restlessness and by "untimely" popular demands which threaten to rupture East-West agreements. The re-establishment of "order" in Poland (even if that order is only superficial, i.e. the lifting of martial law and the release of detainees into a tightly watched existence), would most likely satisfy the European governments, even if Poland remained under the repressive control of Party "moderates." This would facilitate the continuation of "business as usual."

The Western governments, however, do have some means to exert pressure on the Eastern bloc countries in general and on Poland in particular. Poland, already in technical default on its loans and with economic production dropping, needs hard currency to keep its economy going. No less than 40% of its current production is based on spare parts imported with hard currency. That is why Jaruzelski is trying so desperately to win support from the West; the Western governments which want to see "order" in Warsaw might, by extending credit to him, end up in general support of his position. The option of using financial leverage to press the Polish régime for authentic reforms, similar to those proposed by the "pragmatic" wing of *Solidarity*, does of course remain open to the Western Europeans and may well be in their long-term interests. Yet the tendency to seek easy solutions to difficult problems will probably result in the West not exercising any serious pressure at all on the Eastern bloc on behalf of *Solidarity*.

FOR THE AMERICANS, Poland—and, for that matter, the rest of East Central Europe—has always been of peripheral interest, significant only in connection with Soviet power. Polish struggles for freedom are welcome to the United States inasmuch as they weaken the Kremlin. During the 16 months of *Solidarity*'s open existence, the United States therefore acted the part of *amicus curiae*. But apart from some economic assistance to Poland and an occasional tongue-lashing to dissuade the Soviets from invading, the Reagan Administration has not developed any consistent policy towards *Solidarity* and the Polish crisis, either before or after Jaruzelski's *coup*. In addition, neither the visible reluctance of the West European allies to exert more pressure on the Jaruzelski régime and the Soviet Union, nor the

New Paperbacks

Working with Structuralism

Essays and Reviews on Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Literature

DAVID LODGE

'This is a sane, highly intelligent, lucidly-written book, and one which everyone concerned with literature must read at least once.'—Christopher Stace, *Daily Telegraph* *9330 6 £3.95*

Law, Legislation and Liberty

A New Statement of the Liberal Principles of Justice and Political Economy

F. A. HAYEK

This new paperback edition combines all three volumes of Hayek's comprehensive study of the basic principles of the political order of a free society: *Rules and Order, The Mirage of Social Justice,* and *The Political Order of a Free Society.* *9211 3, 640 pages £5.95*

The Cheese and the Worms

The Cosmos of a Sixteenth-Century Miller

CARLO GINZBURG

Translated by John and Anne Tedeschi

Professor Ginzburg's marvellous study is now in paperback. 'Intoxicated with words and intellectual freedom, he yearned to astonish Popes and Kings. He reached only the Inquisitors . . . engrossing and meticulously documented.' – Peter Vansittart, *Guardian* *0960 7 £3.95*

Women's Pictures

Feminism and the Cinema

ANNETTE KUHN

The thesis is an exciting one: that feminism and cinema taken together could provide the basis for new forms of expression, providing the opportunity for a truly feminist alternative cinema in terms of film language, of reading that language and of representing the world.

9044 7 £4.95

ISBN Prefix: 0 7100

Full list of Paperbacks from

Routledge & Kegan Paul

39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reagan Administration's understandable concern about maintaining unity with its allies helps to foster a consistent official position.

At least two attitudes can be detected within the US Administration. One (represented by the Secretary of Defense, Caspar Weinberger) favours increased sanctions against both Poland and the Soviet Union, and greater restrictions on Western trade with Warsaw Pact countries. The other found expression in a joint performance by the President and his then Secretary of State, the former engaging in high-flown rhetoric concerning his country's commitment to democracy, freedom, and human rights, while the latter insisted that the policy of the United States toward Poland and the Soviet Union must take into account Western European political and economic sensitivities.

Another set of proposals, advanced by such well-known analysts as George F. Kennan and Richard Steel, holds that the division of Europe into two spheres of influence, a product of World War II, lies at the very heart of post-War international relations and—since it has resulted in 35 years of continuous European peace—should be handled judiciously and circumspectly.

Yet this much must be recognised. In spite of being absorbed by their own internal problems, and reluctant to encourage resistance to military rule which could lead to violence and unforeseen consequences, the people in Western countries have been generally friendly toward the *Solidarity* movement. Colossal shipments of food and medical supplies made this attitude evident. But the shipments were temporary emotional reactions, not a thought-out, long-term political commitment.

7. *Into the Future*

WESTERN OBSERVERS AGREE that the situation in Poland is the most dangerous for both East and West since World War II, or at least since the Berlin Blockade of 1948–49. With the Soviet political system increasingly obsolescent and the Soviet economy deteriorating, the Polish crisis may still affect the evolution of the Soviet empire. The *Solidarity* movement has posed a great challenge to the Soviet system; by so doing, it has also challenged the Yalta agreements and consequently the whole post-War European arrangement based on two spheres of influence. The Polish crisis, manifested in ways which reflect Poland's specific national traditions, is an outcome of the obsolescence of the Soviet system and of the maturing of the Polish working class. The process is historical and in the long run irreversible. Sooner or later, the Communist Parties in other Soviet satellites will face similar challenges. The serious economic crisis in Eastern Europe, coupled with a scarcity of Western loans and the world-wide economic recession, will only accelerate the process.

Two tendencies are usually discernible in diplomacy: one is "short-sighted", the other "far-sighted." The first aims at solving problems here and now; the other at creating and carrying out long-range strategies, even at the price of aggravating some immediate difficulties. The pursuit of immediate advantages is expedient but not necessarily politic. In this context, Western acceptance of Jaruzelski's régime, of his efforts to reinstate "order" in Poland and return to the *status quo ante*, before the emergence of the *Solidarity* movement, is both unwise and short-sighted. And not just on the grounds of the ethical argument that the West should assist a nation struggling against the detested rule of a régime imposed on it by a superpower. It is short-sighted because of the deep underlying economic and social causes which generated *Solidarity*, and with it a most serious challenge to the whole Soviet system and to post-War Europe. These causes are as irremovable as the causes of bourgeois revolutions in Europe a few centuries earlier. By actively pressing the Warsaw government for necessary reforms, the Western Alliance can avert the more violent and convulsive reverberations which are certain to come in the event that the present régime in Poland is met only with expedient support or silent acceptance.

The putrefaction in the centre of Europe is obvious; and it is equally obvious that pressures will keep building. The outcome of this crisis? Let us recall the outcome of some previous European turning points. World War I brought about the end of two European empires and the advent of Communism in Russia, the Great Depression led to the spread of Hitlerism, fascism, and militarism which brought about World War II, World War II led to the collapse of both fascism and colonialism, the spread of Communism, and the division of Europe (and much of the rest of the world) into American and Soviet spheres of influence. This has now led to a crisis in Poland and in the satellites, a dangerous new relationship between the West and the Third World. A series of interlocking crises, all of major dimensions, is maturing under our eyes.

And if it is not defused? the fall of the Western bloc? a dismembering of the Soviet empire? a new war? All of them, in a general "decline and fall"? The crystal ball is clouding up.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Journalists' War against Israel

Techniques of Distortion, Disorientation & Disinformation

By Edward Alexander

THE SCANDALOUS DISREGARD FOR TRUTH—and the deplorable lack of self-critical professionalism, once the hallmark of good foreign correspondents—that has characterised much of the reporting of the War in Lebanon, especially when the reporting emanates from Beirut, calls to mind the allegations made in February of this year by Zeev Chafetz, director of Israel's Government Press Office. Chafetz charged that substantial segments of the Western news media—among them *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, the BBC, and ABC-TV—follow a double standard in reporting and commentary on the Arab-Israel conflict because they fear or respect Arab terror, but take for granted and abuse the freedom allowed them in Israel's open society. He explicitly charged that terror prevented critical reporting on the PLO and Syria, and that ABC's wide-ranging attack (in the programme "20/20") on Israel had a causal, not accidental, connection with the murder in Beirut in July 1981 of an ABC reporter. Chafetz also claimed that five US journalists had been held last year for nearly 24 hours by Palestinian Arab terrorists without the incident being reported in their newspapers for over nine months.

Replies to these charges have been predictably feeble. *The New York Times*, in a rare display of modesty, indicated that what happened to its own reporters was not necessarily newsworthy (though it requires little effort to imagine the fury of indignation that would burst forth from Anthony Lewis and James Reston if any *Times* reporters suffered similar abuse in Israel). *The Washington Post*, after two weeks of pondering Mr Chafetz's charges, admitted that its Beirut correspondent, Jonathan Randal, had indeed been arrested, but that so seasoned a veteran of wars and revolutions could hardly be expected to take account of so minor an affliction as captivity by the PLO.

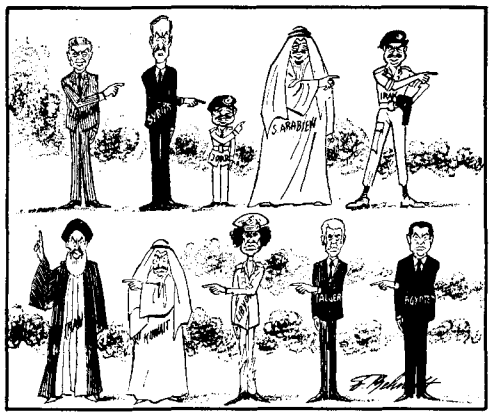
Neither ABC-TV nor Jonathan Randal (as I shall make clear later) is a newcomer to PLO apologetics. But they are only parts of a larger tendency, one not readily explainable by the coercion of PLO terrorism, to flout normal standards of truthfulness in reporting and rationality in editorialising on Israel. What coercion was at work on the TV networks when they glibly suggested, after Sadat's assassination last year, that he had been killed because of Israel's famous intransigence on the "Palestinian" question? *Time* Magazine, not among the offenders mentioned by Chafetz, has carried on a virtual war against Israel for years, a war whose strategy has been well analysed by Rael Jean Isaac in *The New Republic* (18 October 1980). *Time* has consistently pursued the line,

EDWARD ALEXANDER *is Professor of English at the University of Washington in Seattle. His books include "Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin, and the Modern Temper" (Ohio State University Press, 1973), "The Resonance of Dust: Essays on Holocaust Literature and Jewish Fate", and "Isaac Bashevis Singer" (G. K. Hall, 1980). He recently spent some time in Jerusalem, London and New York, doing research for this article.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

straight out of *1984*, that "Sadat started his peace campaign by going to war" (27 March 1978). After Begin's election in May 1977, *Time* invited its readers to ponder the significance of the fact that "Begin (rhymes with Fagin)", and, in the days prior to Begin's 1981 visit to Washington, called on the United States to "interfere in Israeli internal politics", presumably to install a régime satisfactory to the board of Time-Life, Inc. At the same moment, *Newsweek*, *Time's* competitor in Newspeak and other marketable commodities, featured on its cover a Star of David made of rifles.

CERTAIN NEWSPAPERS, like the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Washington Post*, or programmes like *Sixty Minutes*, believe they are performing a journalistic duty by depicting Israel as the devil's experiment station, with its capital neither in Jerusalem nor in Tel Aviv, but in Sodom and Gomorrah. They unceasingly report so much nastiness, brutality, "inflexibility", and fanaticism in Israel that many of their impressionable readers must marvel at the prodigious energy which enables so tiny a people to commit so many Brobdingnagian misdeeds. Israel has become the moral playground for the journalists of the world, a gymnasium in which they do ethical calisthenics designed to revitalise muscles that have grown flabby from disuse during their assignments in other countries. No terrorist (or what *Time* calls "political prisoner") can be imprisoned and interrogated, no Bedouin can be asked to pen his goats, no *chassid* can cast a stone at a Sabbath violator, without large headlines reporting the incident. Chaim Herzog once noted that the London *Times* (on 27 October 1980) could find no space on its front page for the Iraq-Iran conflict, or the Afghanistan crisis, or the murder of 450 people in the Jamaican elections, but for only one foreign "affair": the stone-throwing incident between religious and secular Israelis on the road to Ramot. The Ayatollah Khomeini, returning from Paris to head a massive revolution in Teheran, found himself relegated to page three of *The New York Times* on a day when the establishment of a new West Bank settlement at Shiloh in Samaria received a four-column front-page headline. I can well believe the claim of an Israeli representative of the Cable News Network who recently boasted to me that Israel was the second major "producer" of news in the world.



"Finding a Home for our Palestine Brothers. . . ."

IN THE EVENT that nothing of note is happening in Israel, journalists may resort to the invention of "news." In late 1975 staff members of National Public Radio accompanied Daniel Berrigan and other anti-Israel publicists on a kind of propaganda raid on the Israeli Embassy in Washington, where they assailed the official at the door with the standard harangues, delivered with that special zest that arises only from the proximity of microphones.

A more spectacular example of the self-invented "scoop" was conceived by Barbara Walters (22 September 1977). Harry Reasoner began that evening's ABC News Report by announcing that Arafat, in an interview with Ms Walters, had proclaimed his readiness to recognise Israel. Viewers who waited through the programme for the great scoop discovered that Arafat had said nothing of the kind, had not indeed even mentioned Israel, much less her right to exist. Ms Walters grandly announced that Arafat had accepted Resolution 242. What Arafat himself said in the interview was that he would like a "new resolution", i.e., that he does *not* accept 242. Also, of course, he expressed his willingness to establish another "independent Palestinian state." As to whether Arafat recognised Israel's right to exist as a sovereign, independent state, Barbara Walters never got around to asking.

IRONICALLY, ONE OF THE most prized formulas of Israel's journalistic enemies is precisely the allegation that no negative criticism of Israel ever appears in the American press because of "the Jewish Lobby", i.e. the press is directly controlled or indirectly coerced by Jews fanatically devoted to their brethren in the ancestral Biblical homeland. When the former chairman of the Joint Chiefs-of-Staff, General George Brown, charged in 1974 that Jews control the whole country through banks and newspapers, Eric Sevareid did more than offer qualified endorsement of the accusation. He also presented himself as a brave knight hurling himself into the path of the Jewish juggernaut because—so he alleged—one could not say that Brown was even half right "in this

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country without the roof falling in on the sayer. . . ." If the roof fell in on Sevareid, it must have done so very gently, for three years later (6 October 1977) millions heard him express outrage that Israel, because of her Jewish supporters in the US, should control US foreign policy. He seemed equally uncrushed and vigorous on 6 January 1979, when millions saw him on prime-time television bemoaning Israel's commitment to aggression, aggrandisement, and the consumption of American tax dollars.

One of the most persistent purveyors of the anti-Semitic fiction that "Jews control the press" is Nick Thimmesch of the *Los Angeles Times* syndicate. In October 1977 he used his column to charge that the American Jewish lobby had "shut off free speech" and frightened anti-Israel journalists into silence. When Thimmesch was publicly challenged (see *Seattle Times*, 14 October 1977) to square his allegation with the fact that not only he but Georgie Anne Geyer, Evans and Novak, Nicholas von Hoffman, Anthony Lewis, Flora Lewis, Howard K. Smith, and a small army of others had managed to flout the Jewish terror, and he was invited to name one or two television commentators who spoke *for* Israel in the way that these spoke *against* her, he declined to reply publicly. But in February 1979 he returned to the attack. Arabs, he complained, were being "stereotyped" on television as "oil-rich sheikhs" and "terrorists", and the likely reason for this woeful distortion of the truth was that many of the offending programmes "are written by Jews." Verifiable factual assertions are not Thimmesch's strong card, but he has offered one identifiable example of a journalist who, because he has dared to criticise Israel, "finds it difficult to speak his mind in the United States." And who is this courageous voice, all but "snuffed out" by the Jewish lords of the press? None other than I. F. Stone, who for two decades has proclaimed from a nationally distributed column, from the pages of the *New York Review of Books* (whose Middle East "expert" he has been), from between the covers of many books, and from lecture platforms in every state of the union, that "the Jews" have suppressed his pro-Arab views, and that "it is only rarely that we dissidents . . . can enjoy a fleeting voice in the American press."

THE CANARD THAT "Jews control the press" is so entirely at variance with all empirical evidence that it serves as a useful symbol of the derangement of the anti-Semitic mind. Christopher Sykes, a historian of Mandatory Palestine who was hostile to Zionism and extremely critical of "Zionist propaganda", once observed that supporters of the Arab cause in the 1930s and '40s invariably bewailed the control of the British press by Jews despite the fact that "the Arabs enjoyed the unstinted support of Lord Northcliffe, the first Lord Rothermere, and later of Lord Beaverbrook", the "Press Barons" who owned virtually the whole British press. The Arabs therefore had "an overwhelming propaganda advantage, such as was never enjoyed by the Jews, during the whole Mandate period" (Sykes, *Crossroads to Israel*, 1965). Whoever may own the American press (Jews are believed to own about 3% of it, and supporters of Israel would be happy if they owned less), there can be little doubt as to who owns its sympathies.[1]

Closely related to the ritualised accusation that Jews "snuff out" voices critical of Israel is what amounts to the journalistic version of the pre-emptive strike against Israel and American Jewry. Among its skilled practitioners are Thimmesch, Sevareid, Stone, Mike Royko of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and James Reston. Perhaps its classic instance came in the spring of 1978 when the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* expressed indignation at the "frenzy" (*Post*) and "scurrilousness" (*Times*) of American Jews who were (allegedly) defaming Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Carter's National Security advisor, as anti-Semitic. Neither newspaper could be bothered to name the frenzied and scurrilous Jews who had made the accusation. But when William Safire traced the story to its source he found it to be Brzezinski himself who had told journalists that "some people" were calling him an anti-Semite. Typically, the masters of the pre-emptive strike will refer vaguely (and always without a single verifiable instance) to a vast Jewish "organised campaign" (Royko) to label as anti-Semitic anyone who criticises any Israeli policy. Having warned in advance that the "friends of Israel" (Reston's sly periphrasis for Jews) will subject them to "a torrent of abuse" and call them anti-Semitic, they feel free to launch not so much into a criticism of some particular Israeli policy as into the charge that Jews control the press, the publishing houses, and even the lecture circuit. And why should anybody be called anti-Semitic merely for saying that?

Jews & Israelis against Israel

THE CENTRALITY of I. F. Stone in formulation of the accusation that Jews control the press and enjoy "unchallenged hold on our government" (Thimmesch) is a reminder that a crucial role in the news media attack on Israel is played by Jews

[1] In the Left's hall of distorting mirrors, everything is topsy-turvy. As Alexander Cockburn wrote in the *New Statesman* (27 August), "the cowardice of almost all American reporting on Israel has long been a source of wonderment. . . . It was plain that the US Press was—by and large—obediently catering to Zionist fantasies. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Israelis themselves. Indeed, the one issue in this controversy on which both the friends *and* enemies of Israel are likely to agree is that there are "too many Jews" in the news media. Jewish journalists like I. F. Stone, Norman Cousins, and Anthony Lewis have made it their special duty to uphold the pristine purity of the original Zionist ideal, now so "badly blurred", "tarnished", and "smeared" by the actions of the real, live Zionists. Indeed, these journalists offer themselves as defenders of the glory that was Judaism against the depredations visited upon it by modern Israel, a country full of people who have forsaken their noble heritage for that of Esau by stooping to weapons of violence. Norman Cousins (in April 1978) charged that the Israeli bombing of PLO bases in Lebanon "disfigures the Jewish character" and does harm to "the position of the Jewish people in history." Air raids on terrorist bases are, of course, a dirty business because the PLO has always tried to locate these bases amidst schools, apartments, and hospitals.[2] At the height of the War in Lebanon, the columnist George Will invited "persons making fine moral calibrations about Israel's conduct and fretting that Israel is 'losing its soul'" to recognise that "the PLO is hiding behind the babies that Arafat is kissing for US television cameras. . . " (*Newsweek*, August 2).

If these defenders of "prophetic" Judaism deplore the fact that live Zionists are less truly Jewish (and Zionist) than their dead ancestors who never stooped to the gun, still other Jewish critics of Israel (including some who occasionally support her) deplore the primitive fanaticism of Israel's religious minority. Stephen Rosenfeld, in a typical diatribe of January 1979, refers to Jews who settle in Judea as wild "fanatics" who prevent "Palestinian" nationhood and thereby render peace impossible. Bob Simon, covering the 1981 election campaign in Israel, was visibly pained by the fact that "traditional" European-Jewish ideas—socialism, for example—were losing their hold over Israelis and being replaced by "Sephardic" (i.e., Oriental) populism and, incongruous as this might seem for Jews, religious intensity. A non-Jewish (and more grotesque) version of this line may be found in the columns of Georgie Anne Geyer. In one column (17 June 1981) she deplored the brutal, amoral, and warmongering character of Israel's "Sephardic" population and fretted greatly over the danger that Jews might lose their historical reputation for being "liberal-minded", and . . . "dovish."

WHAT Franz Kafka called "display Jews" are snatched up with alacrity by the news media as guest columnists, not so much for what they have to say as for their ability to validate the claim that "not all Jews support Israel's position on the PLO." The division of opinion on this matter of anti-terrorism among American Jews may be something like 99 to 1, but the news media are not in the business of proportional representation. When Milton Viorst arranged an evening in *shul* with PLO spokesmen visiting Washington, D.C., and some Jews in the audience failed to treat them with the deference they receive from journalists, the *Los Angeles Times* was quick to seek out and disseminate Viorst's high-minded reflections on the imperfect devotion of American Jews to free speech. When Arthur Hertzberg let it be known that his version of the Zionist idea conflicted with present Jerusalem policy, *The New York Review of Books*, a steadfast enemy of the Jewish state for fifteen years, invited him to attack Israel's government in its pages.

More extreme figures, especially Israelis of the Far Left, play a major role as witnesses for the prosecution in the case against Israel. They appear frequently in the columns of Thimmesch and Geyer and in the *All Things Considered* programme of National Public Radio. Usually they will receive only scant identification. Uri Avnery, editor of the semi-pornographic weekly *Ha'olam Hazeh*, appears with sufficient frequency on the major television networks for many Americans to think of him as a prominent representative of a major party in the Knesset (which he is not). His much reprinted interview with "friendly and soft-spoken" Yasser Arafat during the war in Lebanon—an interview (published in July in both the New York and the London *Times*) so lacking in critical acumen, so permeated by oily sycophancy, so empty of all substance that the ordinary teenage school newspaper would have been embarrassed to print it—made Avnery an international celebrity in the Western news media. *All Things Considered*—whose biased coverage of Middle East affairs caused sufficient consternation in the Jewish community to prompt Frank Mankiewicz (head of National Public Radio) to order (in 1978)

[2] That this was a hard fact was almost never referred to for years on end—until it became obvious during the Israeli invasion, and even then only mentioned as a "fact" when the PLO conceded it. Thus, as Robert Fisk, so clearly disappointed, wrote from Beirut in the London *Times* (24 July):

> "The Palestinians—as they now admit—had used schools and hospitals and civilian houses as cover for their anti-aircraft guns. . . . The State of Lebanon turned out to be worth less to the Palestinians than the unborn state of Palestine. . . .
>
> A few nights ago, a young armed Palestinian walked up to me in the street, an intelligent, brave man whom I have known for some years. He was troubled by the reports of negotiations for a PLO withdrawal. 'We will never withdraw', he said firmly, 'and if the Israelis come into west Beirut, we shall destroy it all with them. If necessary, we shall destroy all Lebanon.'"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a detailed internal investigation[3]—would typically introduce people like Felicia Langer (a well-known Communist and the favoured lawyer of terrorists caught in Israel) as "an Israeli lawyer" who just happened to have strong opinions about the wickedness of her government and country. Israel Shahak, viewed by most Israelis as a harmless eccentric working with the Maoist Matzpen party, is constantly cited by anti-Israel journalists as "an Israeli professor" who has been torn from his test-tubes by the moral compulsion to reveal his country's abominations to the world. Editors always describe this matinee idol of the pro-PLO lecture-circuit as a man whose "Israeli patriotism is unquestioned." It hardly needs to be added that the very same writers who love to use Jewish witnesses *against* Israel will disqualify those who *support* Israel on any particular issue just *because* they are Jewish. Ms Geyer, who probably spent more space than any other American journalist in retailing the allegations of Israeli torture in the Sami Esmail case, rejected out of hand (in her column of 15 June 1978) the detailed refutation of the Esmail propaganda campaign that had appeared in the *New York Times* . . . because it had been written by two Jews.

Arabs as Jews, Israelis as Nazis

ONE REASON why Shahak, Langer, Lea Tsemel and others have struck such a responsive chord in anti-Israel journalists is that they persistently reiterate the Moscow-inspired formula that Israelis are Nazis who oppress the real "Jews", otherwise known as Arabs. (In fairness to Shahak, it should be noted that he has not reserved this line for Jews. In October 1979 he wrote a lengthy defence of Stalin, and concluded by calling Soviet dissidents like Vladimir Bukovsky "Nazis.")

The transformation of Arabs into Jews and of Israelis into Nazis, originally a Soviet invention and later elaborated by Arab speakers in the United Nations, is now freely used by anti-Israel militants of every political persuasion. Its pattern is so fixed that it seems to come out of a style-book for adepts in yellow journalism. Thimmesch calls Begin's statements about the right of Jews to live in Judea "the language of Hitler." Ned Temko of the *Christian Science Monitor* begins a four-part series (June 1979) on "The Struggle for Palestine" by referring to the Palestinian Arabs as "the Jews of the Arab world", who are living in "Diaspora" and longing to be restored to Jerusalem. Doug Marlette, syndicated by the Knight News Service, reports (October 1979) how the eyes of Palestinian Arab refugees always looked out at him from under the photos in Yad Vashem of Jewish children being marched into gas chambers. Jonathan Randal discloses to readers of the *Washington Post* (5 March 1980) that Palestinian Arabs are living "in diaspora" or in Lebanese camps that are replicas of Dachau and Auschwitz. The novelist John Updike not only endorses the view that "the Palestinians are Jews" but urges readers of *The New Yorker* (10 March 1980) to join him in bemoaning the "fact" that this is "a perspective seldom found in American newspapers"—presumably because they are so tightly controlled by Zionists.

WHATEVER misgivings John Updike may have had about the ability of Western journalists to make Jews into metaphors should have been laid to rest by their treatment of the War in Lebanon.

The propaganda battle against Israel began with the invention of the figure of "600,000 homeless civilians" supposedly issued by the International Committee of the Red Cross, working with the Palestinian Red Crescent Society (which happens to be headed by Yasser Arafat's brother). The figure, a patent absurdity on the face of it for an area whose entire population is under 500,000, was irresistibly attractive to anti-Israeli journalists for the same reason that it was invented in the first place: it began with a six and facilitated the licentious equation of 600,000 Palestinian Arabs with the six million Jews. That is why it continued to be used (for example by Robert Fisk in *The Times*) long after it had become

> "clear to anyone who has travelled in southern Lebanon . . . that the original figures . . . were extreme exaggerations."
>
> David Shipler, *New York Times*, 15 July

The British Communist paper *Morning Star* published an editorial headed "STOP THE GENOCIDE" (11 June); large headlines and generous and sympathetic coverage were accorded to every outburst by Olof Palme, Andreas Papandreou, and Bruno Kreisky alleging that Israelis were doing to Palestinians what Nazis had done to Jews.

The formula became so fixed and easy to learn that it could be exported to places that had never seen Jews or Nazis, like Kuala Lumpur, where the *New Straits Times* (29 June) prognosticated that

> "just as Adolf Hitler's diabolical plan for a 'final solution to the Jewish problem' failed to drive the Jews out of Europe, so will fail Israel's savage efforts to uproot the Palestinians."

[3] It was carried out by Steven Emerson and submitted to NPR on 9 March, 1978. Although poorly written and excessively eager to exonerate the organisation that commissioned it, the Report does "strongly recommend" that in future interviews concerning the Middle East "*each personality be properly identified so that the listener knows what he is getting.*" It also remarks on the "*politically tainted rhetoric*" of NPR's reporter from southern Lebanon, Tim Llewellyn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicholas von Hoffman, writing from the USA for the London *Spectator*, likened Israelis in Lebanon to Nazis in Lidice, and expressed the hopeful belief that as a result of his efforts and those of like-minded journalists, "Americans are coming to see the Israeli Government as pounding the Star of David into a swastika." For the main body of Western correspondents, the PLO practice of "stealing the Holocaust" from the Jews and riding the coat-tails of the Jewish experience of discrimination, exile, oppression, and murder has almost acquired the stature of moral philosophy. Observers less eager to see Israelis as Nazis and Arabs as Jews might wonder whether a "national movement" that can conceive of itself only as a mirror image of its Jewish enemy is in truth a "nation" or, rather, an anti-nation whose whole meaning and existence derive from its desire to destroy a living nation.[4]

Israel, "Major Cause" of Global Conflict

THIS OBSESSION with the problem of Palestinian Arab refugees, the clients of UNRWA, among Western journalists—few of whom take any notice of the ten million refugees displaced by the Russians after World War II, and have shed few tears for the Vietnamese and Cambodian refugees, people truly without home, without hope, without help—reflects the obsession with Israel as the major source of global conflict.

The old religious idea that Jerusalem is the navel of the Universe survives in a perverted form in the modern journalistic commonplace that nearly every conflict in the world (and not merely in the Middle East) stems from Israel's "failure" to solve the "Palestinian problem." The most prominent exponent of this view is the former Undersecretary of State George Ball, a frequent guest columnist in *The New York Times* (and many other papers), a man distinctly available to every radio and television programme desirous of an "expert" on the Middle East. Israel was blamed not just for every dispute with its neighbours but for every dispute in the Middle East and Asia (the Russians in Afghanistan, Iraq in Iran, Iranians in the US Embassy, Pakistanis burning their American Embassy, and so on).

Abba Eban once noticed that "George Ball recently appeared on a television programme in New York for six minutes without blaming Israel for whatever he was talking about. . . ." But Eban spoke prematurely. American newspapers across the country subsequently carried a column by Ball which asserted that "our shattered embassies" in Iran and Pakistan as well as the Russian invasion of Afghanistan were in fact the result of Israel's stony intransigence. He also laid America's defence and energy problems at the door of Israel. He expressed confidence that the United States could get strategic air bases in Saudi Arabia (and other Arab sheikhdoms) if it pressured Israel into conceding whatever the Arabs want. He implied too that if Prince Fahd did not have to spend his days and nights fretting over Jewish control of Jerusalem, and if Arafat could realise his ideals in a little state of his own, cheap and abundant oil would flow to Americans in a torrential stream. The War in Lebanon was for Ball proof that (as he told the readers of *The New York Times* on 28 July 1982) the US had "entrusted the shaping of . . . foreign policy to Israel." How else to explain American leaders' failure to understand that "No one should expect the Palestine Liberation Organization to give up its commitment to Israel's destruction . . ."?

When the war between Iran and Iraq began, it was not merely each of the combatants that blamed "Jews and Zionists" for directing the hand of the other: *Time* Magazine was quick to discover a "reliable source" (unnamed) in the State Department to say that the Iran-Iraq war had begun—and presumably continues month after month—because of Israel's failure to solve the inevitable "Palestinian problem."

Terrorism: the Fault of the Victims

THE INCREASE in anti-Semitic violence around the world in recent years cannot be separated from the vast network of apologetics for it that now exists in the news media. The PLO, like other anti-Semitic organisations (including a few notorious governments) before it, holds that every Jew is guilty of the crime of having been born and is therefore a legitimate target for poison, bullets, and bombs. Every Jew is an enemy, whether he is an infant asleep in Nahariya, a child attending an Aguda camp in Brussels, a worshipper at a synagogue in Paris or Vienna, or any man, woman, or child who happens to be in any Israeli bus or street or market where a PLO bomb explodes. The distinction between this kind of killing and an army's attack on military targets which, deplorably, results in innocent casualties is simple and available to everybody; yet it is consistently blurred by the media in dealing with Israel.

But this persistent astigmatism is the least of the offences committed by journalistic warriors. Arab terrorists have capitalised mightily on the modern belief that the more a group that claims to be

[4] Ironically, none of these journalistic warriors against the "new Nazism" thought it worthwhile to comment on the prominence of the old Nazi flags and mementoes in captured PLO headquarters in Lebanon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oppressed employs violence to "express" its grievances, the more credible are its claims. Far from damaging the PLO cause, the long series of murders—the massacre of the Olympic athletes; the shooting of thirteen mothers and babies at Kiryat Shemona; the slaughter of twenty schoolchildren at Maalot; the butchery of the women of Kibbutz Shamir; the bloodbath at Lod Airport, and hundreds of other barbarities—has established its legitimacy in the eyes of the news media (to say nothing of governments, more of which recognise the PLO than recognise Israel). One *Christian Science Monitor* editorial cited one violent incident of terrorism as compelling evidence of the urgent need to solve "the Palestinian problem"; one Barbara Walters sermon (in March 1978) to Ezer Weizmann exhorted Israel to "turn the other cheek." There has been a torrential outpouring of journalistic explanations of the "understandable" psychological pressures which force Palestinian Arabs to commit terrorist acts.[5]

One spectacular example of the standard pattern will have to suffice. In February 1978 an ABC-TV programme called *Hostage* examined the terrorist use of hostages to achieve political ends. The stars of the show were, of course, Palestinian Arabs and their supporters, although much attention was given to the Moluccan terrorists in Holland. Throughout the programme the narrator took it for granted, no questions asked, that in any terrorist outrage it is not *the victim*—the mutilated child or the murdered mother—but the terrorist himself who is the injured party, and whose grievances require immediate healing. In November of the same year ABC-TV's Frank Reynolds justified what struck many viewers as an hour-long commercial for violence, entitled *Terror in the Promised Land*, with the astonishing remark that "the Palestinians" had been forced to kill people because no one would "listen" to them, and "to refuse to listen is to strengthen their argument that violence is their only recourse." Needless to say, those viewers whose memories had not atrophied in the preceding eight months understood just the opposite to be the case: the more they are "listened" to, the more clearly do terrorists recognise the profitability of murder.[6] For in between their two prime-time shows on ABC the Arab terrorists found time to commit some of their most spectacular outrages, including the murder in March of 35 men, women, and children, and the wounding of 70 others, on the coastal road near Haifa. There appears to be no felt need to listen to *their* grievances.

---

[5] In Britain this generous habit of "understanding" stops, understandably, short of its own frontiers. No such apologies for IRA violence as an "expression" of "frustrated idealism" is accepted. But the linkage is, of course, made by the terrorists themselves. As *The Times* recently reported (9 August) of a Sinn Fein rally in Belfast:

> "Chants of 'PLO-IRA' greeted a victory sign given by Annie Marwan from the *Palestine Solidarity Campaign* in London, who said that history had proved that the identity of a people working for a just cause could not be wiped out.
>
> She ended her speech; 'Long live the Irish resistance, long live the Palestinians. . . .' "

Terrorists of the world, unite!—you have nothing to lose, certainly not your understanding journalist apologists. . . .

The "linkage" was sought by some English journalists everywhere but in the obvious, if embarrassing, PLO connection. Thus, in the *Daily Express* (20 August), Max Hastings suggested a far-fetched IRA/US Jewry parallel by noting "the fervour in Jewish America that prevents the enfeebled President Reagan from pulling the plug on Mr Begin, just as their Irish-American counterparts keep the IRA in business without risking as much as missing a TV dinner."

Will hard facts prevail? The next day (*Times*, 21 August) the Israelis released a 26-page dossier of captured Palestinian documents which was "further proof of the close links existing between the PLO and a number of international terrorists and extreme left-wing groups, including the Provisional IRA. . . ."

[6] Writing about the horrendous Hyde Park bombing, Conor Cruise O'Brien put the point incisively: ". . . Nothing short of absolute suppression of the facts, by rigid censorship, could have deprived the recent London bombings of very high news value. And the knowledge of their high news value was among the main reasons for the perpetration of those acts."

The argument in *The Observer* (8 August) was between Richard Francis, a BBC director, and O'Brien (who as an Irish cabinet minister had often attacked the BBC's "evenhandedness" toward terrorists). Francis had written:

> ". . . what the broadcaster has to understand is that people who have been frustrated in achieving those legitimate aims within the democratic framework, have to some extent been forced outside it."

O'Brien replied trenchantly:

> "All that seems to me very doubtful. There is no doubt that both the PLO and the IRA turned to violence because they could not get what they wanted by other means. But Press and broadcasting attention, without violence, could not possibly get the PLO or the IRA what they want, because what the PLO want, and what the IRA want, are passionately opposed by other people who are prepared to fight rather than give in to the PLO, or the IRA.
>
> "What the PLO wants—as the Palestinian National Covenant shows—is to destroy the State of Israel. What the IRA wants is to break the connection with England: that is, to force the departure of Northern Ireland, against the will of a majority of its inhabitants, out of the United Kingdom.
>
> "Probably, neither of these aims is attainable at all. Quite certainly, neither is attainable without prolonged and intense violence.
>
> "In these conditions, what could have been the effect of greater and more sympathetic media attention to the PLO and the IRA?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Probably no opinion comes so close to being universal in the news media as the view that terrorist violence always proves the righteousness of a cause, and that everybody is guilty of a terrorist crime except the person who happens to commit it. When, in September 1981, Bruno Kreisky blamed the PLO murder of Jews at Vienna's main synagogue on "the state of Israel", he could be confident that he spoke in the language of moral paralysis habitually used by his journalistic interlocutors. The Israeli poet Abba Kovner once wrote that when the guilt of the persecutors and murderers of Jews is at issue

> *"There is always someone more guilty*
> *—the victim, the victim. . . ."*

American columnist Georgie Anne Geyer had implicitly endorsed the May 1980 murder of five Jewish Bible students and the wounding of 17 others by Arab terrorists in Hebron—she considered that the terrorists were the injured party because offence had been given to the deep-seated prejudice that Hebron Arabs are known to have against Jews living in their midst (a prejudice of exactly the kind that moves the Ku Klux Klan to violence against blacks who "invade" white neighbourhoods). Readers unfamiliar with Ms Geyer's decade-long war against Israel should know that she has consistently taken it for granted[7] that all Moslem religious sensitivities are sacrosanct, that all Islamic assertions of "historic right" are unquestionable, and that Saudi monarchs cannot rest content in their beds at night so long as a single Jewish dwelling stains the soil of Judea. But let a Jew refer to the Bible in the presence of this journalist and shock waves of secularist indignation burst forth!

The Terminology of Bias

MORE PERVASIVE and certainly more effective in its influence upon public opinion than outright attacks on Israel is the biased and highly charged language used in news reports of the Middle East conflict, whether originating with the Associated Press or other news services. Traditionally Americans expect that their newspapers (unlike the British and West European press) will clearly distinguish news reporting from editorial opinion; and so they tend to assume that whatever is in print on the news pages is disinterested observation and reporting. Yet in nearly every instance in which the two parties to the Arab-Israeli conflict use different terms to label a place or group or event the press adheres to the Arab usage. A few examples will serve to suggest the pattern:

ARAB USAGE
Occupied territories
PLO guerrillas/fighters
West Bank
Syrian peacekeeping forces
Palestinians
Refugee camps[8]

ISRAELI USAGE
Administered or disputed territories
PLO terrorists
Judea and Samaria
Syrian occupying army
Palestinian Arabs
PLO military bases

NEWS MEDIA USAGE
"Occupied territories"
"PLO guerrillas/fighters"
"West Bank"
"Syrian peacekeeping forces"
"Palestinians"
"Refugee camps"

In a related category are certain fixed epithets, applied with a mechanical illogic and unsuitableness. Thus the epithet "moderate" has been affixed to Saudi Arabia so consistently that many Americans and Europeans might well come to think it a geographical term. This is the same Saudi Arabia that consistently advocates "*jihad*" (holy war) against Israel; that (even more than Libya or Nigeria) holds the oil cartel together;[9]

---

[7] See, e.g., her columns (among others) of 5 August 1977; 29 April 1981; 17 June 1981 (Universal Press Syndicate).

[8] "Camp" is, to be sure, a misleading and much abused word. In the context of the phrase "refugee camp" it evokes the image of post-War DP camps and the miserable hovels (tents, mud-huts, etc.) in which the first wave of "displaced persons" the world over take refuge. Very few of the PLO camps these days fitted into that description. Journalists often wrote of the "PLO camps" when they should have written "armed bases." As is well known, these bases were "protected" by maintaining the close presence of Palestinian civilians and their families. Often they were also special "military training camps", as in the *Times* report of 21 August:

> ". . . members of the Italian Red Brigades and the West German Baader-Meinhof gang were trained at the so-called 'European base' at the Shatila refugee camp in Beirut. The camp is one of those subjected to recent heavy Israeli bombardment."

It must have come as a surprise for TV viewers to note that in the films of Beirut the "refugee camps" were in reality whole urban neighbourhoods, with high-rise apartment buildings, and not a tent or mud-hut in sight. It was almost as if General Custer's Indian-fighting camp, or the Wild West's Fort Bravo, were always referred to as mere "trading posts."

[9] For a shrewd analysis of how Saudi Arabia manipulates both the oil market *and* the news media, see J. B. Kelly, "Yamani's Book of Revelations", *National Review*, 10 July 1980.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and that is the most depressingly racist state in the Arab world, (though *Time* has called it "a desert democracy". Then there is "moderate" Jordan, whose sweet reasonableness consists of its willingness to accept American aid while flirting with the Russians, refusing all discussion with Israel, boycotting the Camp David accords, and flouting every effort to achieve a negotiated settlement. References to the "moderate" wings of the PLO and to the "moderate" Arafat, increasingly common in anti-Israel editorialising in *Time* (starting January 1975), the *Washington Post*, the London *Times* and elsewhere, have begun to find their way into news reports as well. Whereas reporters and editorialists classify Arab nations according to their greater or less moderation (Iraq and Syria are often "less moderate"), Israelis are classified ornithologically, as "hawks" or (less frequently) "doves."

IN THE BRITISH PRESS the epithet "terrorist" is generally reserved for Irishmen and Jews; and it is a point of honour in the "quality" news media always to refer to Yasser Arafat and his followers as "moderate." The BBC's Philip Short solemnly warned (November 1981) that if the Saudi "peace" plan were rejected, "Yasser Arafat may conclude that moderation does not pay." During the war in Lebanon, Robert Fisk of *The Times*, in addition to making the ritualised gestures of respect towards "Mr Arafat and the more moderate PLO leaders", expressed his intense regret that Mahmoud Labadi (the PLO's "eloquent" spokesman in Beirut) had been coerced by a bigoted public opinion into "wearing a small pistol at his waist as a symbol of his presumed militancy" (17 July 1982). So resistant is Fisk to applying the label "terrorist" to the world's leading terrorist organisation that he adds *sic* after the word when quoting it from Israeli sources (*Times*, 13 July), a standard device of sophomoric journalists less secure in their Latin than in their juvenile partisan fervour. The US magazine *Newsweek* was distressed because Israel's war against the PLO, instead of destroying the movement, had "sorely

The PLO State-within-a-State

DAVID SHIPLER'S *report deserves to be read in full; here are only a few quotes* (International Herald Tribune, *27-28 July*):

SIDON, **Lebanon.** *For about six years, until Israel invaded southern Lebanon on 6 June, the Palestinians had something closely approaching an independent state. . . . Those who lived within its rough boundaries said they were too terrified then to describe it to outsiders. Now, for the first time they are telling what it was like. . . .*

The rank-and-file of the guerrillas seemed to come from the lowest strata and often, therefore, the PLO's armed muscle blended with a bitter material greed. The Lebanese found themselves helpless. . . . The head of the public works department in Southern Lebanon said the guerrillas had made his life miserable by stealing his equipment and limiting his authority over the workers. "We couldn't do anything", he said. "If I tried to make them work, I was afraid. You would go to the south and they would shoot you and nobody would never know."

". . . We were never free to say what we thought [said a governor of a Lebanese province] . . . A Palestine officer comes here to my office, I salute him. It is a necessity . . ." The PLO fashioned a crude security and judicial system of its own . . . a network of local 'people's committees' to arbitrate disputes and hand out punishment. . . . The PLO, hardpressed to fill military quotas, brought mercenaries in from Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Pakistan and various North African countries. By all accounts the outsiders were mostly crude, undisciplined thugs, and the tension between them and the population was exacerbated by their inability to speak Arabic. . . .

TOWNS AND CAMPS were turned into vast arsenals. Crates of ammunition were stacked in underground shelters, and anti-aircraft guns were parked in schoolyards, among apartment houses and next to churches and hospitals. . . .

Youssef Sayed, a 25-year-old Palestinian from the Ein Khilwe camp near Sidon, said that when a student was called up for military service with the PLO, "he is obliged to go. Otherwise he won't be accepted next year in the UNRWA school." When asked how this could be, he explained, "The UNRWA personnel are in the PLO." Several other men, including an employee of the agency, nodded in agreement. . . .

Amid the ruins of the Rashidye camp, an old man, Ahmed Mahmood, began shouting angrily to a reporter that his 18-year-old son had been "forced to become a fighter" and that as a result he was now in the Israeli prison camp. "People living here from 1948 were living all right", he said, referring to the original refugees as distinct from the PLO leaders, who arrived later. "But some people came from other places. They put people under pressure. They made some difficulties. We lived here as if it were our country. We worked, our children were studying, we were happy in Lebanon." . . .

Dolly Raad [a Lebanese woman, east of Sidon]: "Before the PLO we used to be pro-Palestinian. . . . They were poor, we should help them. . . . In '76 they stopped a bus and said that those who were Christian, come down. My cousin stepped down and was killed. When we saw the Palestinians were killing us and threatening us and having barricades and shooting innocent people, then came the hatred! . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weakened its more moderate elements." *Newsweek* feared that if the extremely moderate Arafat lost charge, the PLO "seems likely to turn . . . toward terrorism" (19 July).

Six days later David Shipler published in the *New York Times* (25 July) a detailed account—one which helped to explain why the Israeli invasion was openly welcomed by all factions in Lebanon except the PLO and the extreme Left—of the terror of six years of living under the PLO" (*see p. 95*). If these gruesome accounts of the six-year reign of terror in Lebanon by the PLO (and its hired mercenaries from a half-dozen other countries) have unsettled the faith of *Newsweek* in Arafat's moderation, the magazine has yet to reveal that fact to its readers. Nor did any of the great journals of the West, otherwise so relentlessly investigative, ever try to find out in the various Arab capitals precisely why all the Middle Eastern countries baulked so long at accepting the followers of such moderate leaders. The Syrians wanted them to fight on, and Gaddafi recommended that they commit heroic suicide; the others simply refused, and no curious reporter ventured out to interview a Minister or an Ambassador to establish the motives, attitudes, and rationalisations for their reluctance to have this moderate bunch, this band of brothers, around.

Reporting and commentary on contemporary events in the Middle East are permeated by the double standard to such an extent that Moshe Decter can take account only of the most egregious examples in his attentive "Media Monitor" in the *Near East Report*. Rare was the Western journalist who thought it necessary to report (much less deplore) the fact that Jamil Baroody, the representative of moderate Saudi Arabia in the UN, had (in March 1976) read into its protocols the neo-Nazi allegation that the Holocaust never happened. In December 1980, when Hazem Nuseibeh, moderate Jordan's UN delegate, made an openly anti-Semitic speech in which Jews were said to "control and manipulate and exploit the rest of humanity by controlling the money and wealth of the world", the *New York Times* primly reported that "a notable feature" of his ravings was "several hostile references to Jews." Although he could muster none of that moral severity which is abundantly available to *Times* reporters chronicling Israeli behaviour, Bernard Nossiter did helpfully annotate Nuseibeh's speech by saying that a certain Rothschild was a London bullion dealer and a certain Oppenheimer a South African mogul. Whether the *New York Times*' treatment of this hateful display by moderate Jordan and also by Senegal (identified by Nossiter as "a political moderate"[10]) was better or worse than that of the *Washington Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, ABC, CBS, and NBC, all of which chose not to mention it at all, we leave it to the moral philosophers of the future to decide.

TO THEM WE ALSO LEAVE two crucial questions about the journalists' war against Israel which have been deliberately evaded in this survey. What is the underlying cause of it, and how much harm does it actually do?

These are questions that lie beyond the scope of both my articles and my abilities. To those who wish to pursue the first I would only suggest certain propositions of what Coleridge called "aids to reflection." The thirst for oil is usually greater than the thirst for righteousness. The ideology of anti-Semitism, embarrassed into hiding for some 22 years after the Second World War, has since June 1967 regained its old vigour and openness as well as a new acceptance by a half-educated intelligentsia. The Arabs always base their argument on "rights" and never (like Israel, even under Begin) on "security." Israel, unlike any Arab country, is an open, democratic society with a free press. Jews, in their folly, have persuaded others that they ought to be judged by stricter moral standards than are applied to other peoples.

The answer to the second question is still more elusive; the results of the onslaught are harder to define than its causes. The *New Republic* pointedly noted in late 1980 that public opinion polls showed the American public paid scant attention to the constant media barrage against Israel, which it continued to support in overwhelming numbers.

Even during the Lebanese war, when the elocutionists who broadcast television news consistently remarked about pictures of devastation in Lebanon that they lead to public revulsion against Israel, the situation appeared to be unchanged. On 14 July, five weeks into the war, the *International*

---

[10] The extent of journalistic irresponsibility over the usage of this word may be gauged by Nossiter's *New York Times* article (20 September, 1981) entitled "U.N. Carries Moderation to Extremes."

Much, if not everything, depends on whether "quotation marks" are used.

After the PLO defeat and on the day of its expulsion from Beirut, John Bulloch (*Daily Telegraph*, 20 August)—convinced that having fought alone and "upheld with their Kalashnikovs what little Arab dignity remained, . . . the [guerrilla] organisation has emerged stronger than ever before"—notes that now "Arafat will have nothing to lose by establishing a government of moderates like himself."

That same day in the *Washington Post* Edward Walsh wrote of the renewed Israeli efforts "to encourage the emergence of 'moderate' West Bank Palestinian leaders" (*I.H.T.*, 20 August).

Thus, when a Palestinian terrorist is less extreme he is a moderate; when a West Bank Arab farmer tries to break away from ruinous militant PLO politics he is only a mere "moderate."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Herald Tribune reported that US public opinion polls showed that support for Israel was as high as it had been after the Yom Kippur War, and that US support for Prime Minister Begin had "soared from 43% favourable impressions in January to 60% in July." This could change, but the *Washington Post* reported (24 August) that its polls showed "The American public support of Israel remains virtually as strong now as in the months before Israel's invasion."

We should also remember that the people most likely to believe all they read in *Time*, the *Washington Post*, *Le Monde* and *The Times*, or hear on the BBC, or see on ABC-TV, tend to be "top people", the most influential élite groups in society, including the intellectuals who run our institutions and instruct our youth. Perhaps it remains true that, as Orwell said, there are some opinions so stupid that only intellectuals could hold them. But even for Orwell this conviction was no guarantee of the future. The Oceania he depicts in *1984* rests on the assumption that, given modern technology and a contempt for moral tradition, anything is possible; anything can be done with the human mind, with history, above all with language.

Orwell understood that a free press is indeed a guarantor of democratic freedoms. But a press that takes such liberties with language and logic, playing so fast and loose with facts, fairness, and traditional standards of objectivity, attempting to destroy social memory—a press which uses words and names to vent spite and incite hatred, which sacrifices professional norms of impartiality to sectarian passion—is contributing to a deadly disorientation of public opinion.

AUTHORS

Salman Rushdie won the 1981 Booker Prize with his novel *Midnight's Children* (Jonathan Cape). "Yorick" will appear in an anthology, *Shakespeare Stories*, published this autumn by Hamish Hamilton.

Colin Wilson first became known as author of *The Outsider* (1956); his numerous later publications include studies of sexuality, murder, mysticism, philosophy, psychology, literary criticism, and extra-sensory perception. His most recent books include *Bernard Shaw* (Macmillan Press), *Poltergeist* (New English Library), *Frankenstein's Castle* (Ashgrove Press) and *Quest for Wilhelm Reich* (Granada).

Doan Van Toai's *The Vietnamese Gulag* was published in France (1979) by Robert Laffont, and in Germany by Kiepenheuer & Witsch (1980); Henry Regnery will bring out a US edition later this year.

Raymond Aron, Professor of Political Philosophy at the Collège de France, contributes a regular column to *L'Express*. His most recent publications are *War and Industrial Society* (Greenwood Press, 1980) and a volume of autobiography, *Le Spectateur engagé* (Julliard, 1981).

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on *The Daily Telegraph* in London.

Jan Morris's most recent book is *Wales: The First Place* (Aurum Press). *A Venetian Bestiary* (Thames and Hudson) and *The Spectacle of Empire* (Faber) will be published this autumn.

John Bossy, Professor of History at the University of York, is the author of *The English Catholic Community 1570–1850* (Darton, Longman & Todd, 1976; Oxford University Press, N.Y.)

Maurice Ashley, an historian of the Civil War period, was editor of *The Listener* from 1958–67. His many books include *The House of Stuart* (Dent, 1980), *General Monck* (Cape, 1977), *The English Civil War* (n.e. Thames & Hudson 1980) and *The People of England*, which Weidenfeld publish this autumn.

Barry Cunliffe is Professor of European Archaeology, Oxford University. His books include *Excavations at Fishbourne* (Society of Antiquaries, 1971), *Iron Age Communities in Britain* (Routledge, 1978), *The Celtic World* (Bodley Head, 1979), and, as editor, *Coinage and Society in Britain and Gaul* (Council for British Archaeology, 1981). He has this summer been carrying out a fourth season of excavation into Iron Age settlement at Hengistbury Head in Hampshire.

Don Rimmington is Senior Lecturer in Chinese Studies at the University of Leeds. His main research interests are in modern Chinese literary and intellectual history.

ZIP

WE are advised by our New York mailing agents that, in future, to ensure delivery of your postal subscription, the Zip Code must be quoted on all US correspondence. Please ensure that we are given this information if it does not appear on your current American address label.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wodehouse's War

The Two Texts of the Berlin Broadcasts—By IAIN SPROAT

I OWE to ENCOUNTER an important debt. On 15 October 1981—the centenary of the birth of P. G. Wodehouse—I published a book, which demolished for ever, I hope, the accusations that Wodehouse had been a traitor during the Second World War. The conviction that Wodehouse was innocent, and the determination to prove it, had been planted within me following the publication in ENCOUNTER, in 1954, of what was claimed to be the text of the broadcasts Wodehouse had made for Berlin in 1941. I could not believe that these broadcasts were the work of a traitor: proving it, however, was to be another matter. The details of how that proof was eventually assembled are set out in *Wodehouse at War*. One continuing tragedy is that Wodehouse, a truly good man as well as a writer of genius, died in 1975 with a cloud of dishonour, in the minds of many, still hanging over him. More happily, his wife Ethel, aged 97, is still alive, and rejoiced in the final proof of her husband's innocence.

Before turning to the curious question of the differences between what ENCOUNTER published in 1954 and what Wodehouse actually broadcast in 1941, it may be helpful if I set out clearly the charges against Wodehouse following the broadcasts. They were as follows: that, living in France in 1940, he made no attempt to escape from the advancing German Army; that he and his wife willingly entertained Germans in their house at Le Touquet, and, later in the War, in various hotels and private houses in France and Germany; that he was a Nazi sympathiser; that during his internment by the Germans he was granted special privileges for collaborating; that he was specially released by the Germans in 1941 on condition that he would broadcast pro-Nazi propaganda; that, like William Joyce, alias "Lord Haw-Haw", he did in fact broadcast such propaganda from Berlin; and that for the rest of the War he lived a life of contemptible ease, paid for by the Nazis as a reward for his help in their War efforts.

Such were the charges against Wodehouse. Each one was totally false.

Even as I write these words, my anger rises again at the thought of the long injustice which Wodehouse suffered, and at the inexcusable conduct of the Home Office, Ministers and officials, in keeping secret for some 34 years the evidence which would have helped to restore his honour. The facts, the rumours, the allegations, the misstatements, the misunderstandings, the emotions and the prejudices are all set out in what Wodehouse would no doubt have described as pitiless detail in my book. I give in full the genuine text of the Wodehouse broadcasts, all the relevant evidence including Wodehouse's own (collected by MI5 in 1944 and 1945, hitherto unpublished under the Official Secrets Act), all the letters to *The Times* and to the *Daily Telegraph* at the time, demonstrating contemporary attitudes, and fresh evidence collected from individuals, both British and German, who knew Wodehouse during the War. Readers may judge for themselves what the truth is.

IAIN SPROAT, *Conservative MP for Aberdeen South since 1970, is Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Department of Trade. His book "Wodehouse at War" was published last year by Milner & Company, and our columnist "M" commented on it in the issue of June-July 1982. The* ENCOUNTER *texts of the Wodehouse broadcasts, published in 1954, in the October and November numbers, were transmitted to us by Malcolm Muggeridge, then editor of "Punch." Muggeridge, as a British Intelligence officer, had obtained Wodehouse's official release when he and his wife were arrested in 1944 after the liberation of Paris, and (as Frances Donaldson describes in her official biography of Wodehouse, published by Weidenfeld) had called on him in New York ten years later when he was given the texts.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NONE THE LESS, some small, peripheral mysteries remain. One such mystery concerns the texts that appeared in ENCOUNTER in 1954, prefaced by the following words from Wodehouse: "The idea of finally seeing my five Berlin broadcasts in print appeals to me . . .", and ". . . it might be as well to print the broadcasts just for the record." But the texts given to ENCOUNTER were not those originally broadcast by Wodehouse. I discovered this only when I read the original transcripts of the talks, delved out for me by the West German Foreign Office—transcripts which had miraculously survived the bombing of Berlin.

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN what Wodehouse actually said in his Berlin broadcasts and the text that he sent to ENCOUNTER are significant. In the majority of cases, the differences between the two versions are ones of style. The second, or ENCOUNTER, version is, for the most part, crisper and funnier. Thus, the opening paragraph of the first talk in the Berlin version runs:

> "It is just possible that my listeners may seem to detect in this little talk of mine a slight goofiness, a certain disposition to ramble in my remarks. If so, the matter, as Bertie Wooster would say, is susceptible of a ready explanation. I have just emerged into the outer world after forty-nine weeks of Civil Internment and the effects have not entirely worn off. I have not yet quite recovered that perfect mental balance for which in the past I was so admired by one and all."

The ENCOUNTER version of the same opening paragraph, however, is cut from 89 words to 61, and runs:

> "If anyone listening to me seems to detect in my remarks a slight goofiness, the matter, as Bertie Wooster would say, is susceptible of a ready explanation. I have just emerged from forty-nine weeks' sojourn in a German prison camp for civil internees, what is technically known as an Ilag, and the old bean is not the bean it was."

The second paragraph in the Berlin version—rather a funny one—is omitted completely in Wodehouse's ENCOUNTER version, as is some of the third paragraph, and all of the fourth and fifth—all of them containing good jokes. It is impossible to be sure why Wodehouse felt it necessary to cut out this lengthy passage: it is certainly funny enough, although not of his best. Strict critics could say that there is a slight straining for effects, a slight wordiness, a lack of the usual absolute precision in achieving what he wants. Perhaps, too, Wodehouse felt that the humorously exaggerated description of himself—"just at the moment I feel slightly screwy and inclined to pause at intervals to stick straws in my hair—or such of my hair as I still have"—might be taken as a factual statement about his medical condition, and used in evidence in considering why he acted as he did in Berlin in 1941. Absurd as this may seem in 1982, Wodehouse had bitter cause to know that the merest persiflage of his could be twisted, by those so minded, into incriminating evidence of cowardice, treachery, or moral turpitude.

It is clear that the reasons for the omission of the fifth paragraph no longer concern mere style or comic inadequacy. When Wodehouse was preparing the Berlin broadcasts in 1941, it never crossed his mind that his words might be taken, not as the mild piece of self-deprecating facetiousness that he intended, but as a more serious comment on life in a Nazi internment camp. To me, reading the text in 1982, such a fear seems absurd. But to certain people hearing it on the radio from Berlin in the middle of the War—and even more to those who did not hear it for themselves but learnt of it garbled, and at second hand—it seemed as though Wodehouse was making pro-Nazi comments; that he was trivialising suffering, and mocking the heroism of others. Wodehouse, wiser or more cautious in 1954 than he had been in 1941, cut out the whole paragraph:

> "It [internment] has been in many ways quite an agreeable experience. There is a good deal to be said for internment. It keeps you out of saloons and gives you time to catch up with your reading. You also get a lot of sleep. The chief drawback is that it means your being away from home a good deal. It is not pleasant to think that by the time I see my Pekinese again, she will have completely forgotten me and will bite me to the bone—her invariable practice with strangers. And I feel that when I rejoin my wife, I had better take along a letter of introduction, just to be on the safe side."

IT IS AT FIRST hard to see why Wodehouse altered certain passages, which are actually crisper and funnier in the original. For example, how could this be done better?

> "Young men, starting out in life, have often asked me 'How can I become an Internee?' Well, there are several methods. My own was to buy a villa in Le Touquet on the coast of France and stay there till the Germans came along. This is probably the best and simplest system. You buy the villa and the Germans do the rest."

In his ENCOUNTER version, this passage is longer, more fully factual, and thus not so humorously effective. Why the change? I believe the answer lies

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the words ". . . stay there till the Germans came along. . . ." This was interpreted by certain contemporaries as meaning that Wodehouse had stayed on at Le Touquet willingly, and that he had welcomed the Germans; or, at best, had not felt strongly enough about the War issues to try to escape.

There were widespread stories at the time of Plum and Ethel Wodehouse actually throwing parties for German officers. In fact, the truth was totally opposite. Wodehouse had, at first, stayed in his villa because he had been patriotically confident that the British and Allied troops would contain Hitler's advance through Belgium and northern France; and when eventually it became apparent that they would not, Wodehouse and his wife had made two attempts to escape. However, the hostile interpretation which some contemporaries had placed on a form of words that owed their structure to a striving for neat comic effect rather than to the full historical truth, persuaded Wodehouse, in his ENCOUNTER version, to change ". . . stay there till the Germans came along . . ." into ". . . like me, you can settle down in a villa at Le Touquet and get stuck there till the place is occupied. . . ."

Another beautifully deft passage, describing how the Germans overran Le Touquet, is wholly omitted in the ENCOUNTER version because it was, incredible as it may seem 40 years on, taken as praise by Wodehouse of the German Army. The original passage ran as follows:

> ". . . I was strolling on the lawn with my wife one morning, when she lowered her voice and said 'Don't look now, but there comes the German Army'. And there they were, a fine body of men, rather prettily dressed in green, carrying machine-guns."

The words "a fine body of men . . ." were often to be quoted against him as proof that he was a Nazi sympathiser.

Again, Wodehouse omitted altogether in his ENCOUNTER version the heartfelt reference in the Berlin broadcast to the lack of cleanliness displayed by Belgian criminals and private soldiers. What Wodehouse originally said was:

> "It was my stay at Liege [prison] and subsequently at the Citadel of Huy [Belgian army barracks] that gave me that wholesome loathing for Belgians which is the hallmark of the discriminating man. If I never see anything Belgian again in this world, it will be all right with me."

ALAS, THERE IS insufficient space to provide an exegesis on every change Wodehouse made either for general crispness, or for funnier effects, or for reasons of post-War political sensitivities. The reader can provide his own by comparing the original Berlin texts with the ENCOUNTER version.

GIVEN THESE SIGNIFICANT if limited differences between what Wodehouse actually said in Berlin and what was published by Wodehouse in ENCOUNTER, and later in the collection of his letters, *Performing Flea*, as being what he said, an interesting question arises. Why did Wodehouse not make clear in his preface in ENCOUNTER in 1954 that he had changed the texts?

Before answering that question, another small mystery must briefly be explained. *Performing Flea* was first published in 1953. The ENCOUNTER articles appeared in successive months, in October and November 1954. How, then, can it be said that the text of the Berlin broadcasts first appeared in ENCOUNTER? The answer is that Wodehouse originally intended that the broadcasts should appear in *Performing Flea*, but they were deleted because the publisher insisted "on printing the broadcasts word for word, leaving out the funny bits I shoved in later. . . ." In later ver-

ELEVENTH EDITION

The Annual of Power and Conflict 1981–82

A Survey of Political Violence and Instability

The eleventh edition of the Institute for the Study of Conflict's ANNUAL OF POWER AND CONFLICT examines the main problems of political instability and of terrorist and subversive activities in their many manifestations worldwide.

The ANNUAL is designed as a convenient work of reference. Regional Introductions provide a broad political and strategic framework for the 129 Country Surveys, each accompanied by a detailed Chronology of Events involving violence.

Each country's status, population, armed forces, and, where relevant, terrorist and subversive groups, are listed. International agreements are recorded if they throw light on economic or political alignments. The reader interested in any one of twelve major regions or 129 individual countries can thus assess internal threats and their international repercussions.

Professor The Lord Beloff's introductory essay examines destabilising factors in the international situation while detailed appendices reveal the threats posed by embassy occupations and hijackings in 1981.

£30.00 or equivalent. Available from the publishers:

The Institute for the Study of Conflict, 12/12a Golden Square, London W1R 3AF, England. Telephone: 01-439 7381.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sions of *Performing Flea*, the amended broadcasts did appear as an appendix, in the ENCOUNTER version, the disagreement with the publisher having been settled.

This disagreement between Wodehouse and his publisher over publishing the broadcasts—leaving aside for the moment the question of any changes in the texts—is indicative of the wider disagreement Wodehouse had with US and UK publishers, friends, and advisers over the whole question of whether he should publish a proper account in book form of his War-time experiences. He completed this account, which was entitled *The Camp Book*, or *Wodehouse in Wonderland*, and was based on the diary he had kept while in captivity. But in spite of his strong desire to have this published his publishers thought a serious book on the subject might merely serve to raise the whole half-forgotten matter again in the public's eye, and damage sales of his novels. Friends advised him just to let matters lie. Eventually, wrongly, and very sadly, Wodehouse accepted their advice. The manuscript of *The Camp Book* has now been lost, or possibly destroyed, but may one day be found. After Wodehouse's death, an essay entitled "Now That I've Turned Both Cheeks", a much fuller description of what happened to him during the War, was discovered, and I very much hope that it may soon be published.

However, let me return to the question of why Wodehouse did not make it clear that there were considerable differences between what he had said in Berlin and what was published in ENCOUNTER.

I am convinced that there was nothing sinister in this. There was no question whatsoever of Wodehouse trying to conceal treachery: there was no treachery, no cowardice, no Nazi sentiments to conceal. Anyone can now study the full text of the original broadcasts, and see that there is no word that is anti-British, no word that is pro-German. None the less, Wodehouse in the Berlin broadcasts was dealing, whether he liked it or not, not with just another literary work but with historical controversy. He should have inserted some brief, light, deft sentence in his preface to the ENCOUNTER version to state specifically that he had changed or omitted passages, and to explain why he had done so. That he did not do so was the result of a combination of several factors.

FIRST, WODEHOUSE latterly could hardly bear to discuss, let alone go into complex explanations of the attacks that were made on him during the War; so wounded was he by these attacks that for the last 30 years of his life he could not bring himself to return to Britain, the country of his birth.

Second, Wodehouse knew he was innocent of the Wartime charges and felt he had no need to defend himself again. Indeed, it is important to emphasise that he was more than innocent: he had positively behaved well during internment. He had been steady, brave, and patriotic, and had believed—a vital point to understand—that by making humorous broadcasts about the fate of himself and his fellow internees, and by making light of his own problems and deprivations, he had been demonstrating all the traditional British virtues of maintaining a stiff upper-lip in adversity; that British internees could take all the Nazis could chuck at them, and still come up smiling.

Third, over 70 years of authorship, Wodehouse very often edited and reworked old material into new forms without necessarily drawing the attention of the public to what he had done. For example—one of many that I could provide—a couple of stories which appeared in *My Man Jeeves* (published in 1919), where the lead character is called Reggie Pepper, reappeared only slightly altered as Bertie Wooster stories in *Carry On, Jeeves* (1925) and in *A Few Quick Ones* (1959). Frequently a play becomes the basis for a novel, and a novel for a play; situations, ideas, phrases reappear many times—Wodehouse never liked to waste good material. Reworking the Berlin broadcasts to make them crisper and funnier was no new departure in his literary procedure.

Fourth—and most important—Wodehouse knew that although the changes he made in the two texts were indeed significant in certain ways, those changes did not alter, by so much as the slightest nuance, the true nature or the virtuous intentions of his broadcasts.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE MARGIN

Embattled Positions

By Melvin J. Lasky

"The Times" Goes to War

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY'S definition of *HYPOCRISY* is, alas, all too pertinent: "The assuming of a false appearance of virtue or goodness, with dissimulation of real character or inclinations. . . ."

The Times of London's account of how, during the Falklands War, the Spanish press "failed the test of truth" set out eloquently the vices of unprofessionalism (and worse) in the reporting of military hostilities to a democratic public which had "a right to know." Readers were fed "biased" accounts. They should have been able to "learn more objectively about what was going on in the world around them." Official one-sided versions of what was happening were "handled uncritically." There was a lamentable lack of "respect for the facts." Editors and correspondents were "erratic in their judgments." Newspapers "over-identified" with one cause in the conflict.

Then one war followed another in the awful news of the day: tension over the Falklands in the spring, and alarm over Lebanon in the summer. Here, too, in the train of the Israeli invasion of 6 June, there was a right to know: to receive unbiased news stories; to learn objectively what was happening in the Middle East explosion; to obtain from intelligent experienced foreign correspondents each day critically evaluated accounts of official communiqués; to offer, where appropriate, some shrewdly informed judgments on fast-breaking events; and, above all, to prevent partisan, emotional over-identification with one side or the other which would blur, distort, and even poison the atmosphere of public opinion.

In this perspective one can only report, with distress and some sense of betrayal, the failure of its own "test of truth" on the part of *The Times* and indeed of a substantial part of the British press (not to mention the Americans whose grievous shortcomings are detailed by Professor Edward Alexander in his current ENCOUNTER article[1]). It was an abysmal performance. Each day a concerned reader in London had to struggle his way through loaded dispatches, misleading headlines, deceptive photographs, supererogatory asides, irrelevant patches of purple prose, as well as whole blank areas of non-information unprovided by reporters who were too incompetent or too prejudiced to get around to them, or undemanded by editors who had no sense of the "big picture" or of the vital details that go to make it up.

The technical deficiencies were the least of it. On 9 August *The Times* reported the softening of the Begin cabinet on whether all the PLO should leave at once or in stages. Although the story told of the "compromise on offer" (namely, a requirement that only a "majority of the PLO" had first to leave) the headline insisted on reporting that it was a "HARD LINE." When the first guerrillas were about to embark from Beirut harbour, the *Times* headline (21 August) read: WHAT NOW FOR THE PLO IN EXILE AND BITTERNESS?—as if the Lebanon had in ten years become their homeland and not also a bitter place of "exile" (from, last time around, King Hussein's Jordan). One doubts that the trade-unions would allow it, but *The Times* might well make a new start by firing all of its headline writers. Not even the Editor seems to be

---

[1] See also the article "Lebanese Eye-Witness" in the liberal-left Washington weekly, *The New Republic* (2 August) by its Editor-in-Chief, Martin Peretz—"Much of what you have read in the [US] newspapers and news magazines about the war in Lebanon and even more of what you have seen and heard on [American] television—is simply not true. At best the routine reportorial fare, to say nothing of editorial or columnists' commentary, has been wrenched out of context, detached from history, exaggerated, distorted. Then there are the deliberate and systematic falsifications. . . ."

On his return from Beirut and Jerusalem, Peretz was especially struck by the "obscenity" of warped language about "Nazi Jews" and "genocidal" Israel's "final solution of the Palestinian problem."

> "It is possible that some use these words sloppily, the way people once talked about American genocide in Vietnam—or Harlem. Others use them knowingly, which is to say, knowing well how inappropriate they are. . . ."

He also noted:

> ". . . So try and figure out why you've heard so much about the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and so little about the Palestinian (and Syrian) occupations of southern Lebanon. . . . Not eyeless in Gaza, but eyeless in Lebanon."

The New Republic critique, be it noted, is even sharper than Professor Alexander's. Peretz's indicts his country's media, and indeed his own colleagues, in the bitterest terms:

> ". . . correspondents armed with a peculiarly American mixture of ignorance, cynicism, and brashness, who jet from crisis to crisis—looking for Vietnam, for Watergate, too . . . a cohort of journalists specializing in the Middle East—the *Washington Post* leads the pack—with a record to defend. The events in Lebanon proved them wrong, some of them deceitfully so, and they shape the facts—as they want to shape the future—to disguise the disservice they've done their readers, which is to say the disservice they've done the truth and, therefore, the foreign policy of our country as well."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able to control their idiosyncrasies. On 13 August he wrote a not unreasonable leading article on why some of Israel's policies "make it difficult just now to be her friend." However, the catchpenny caption read:

THE PATHOLOGY OF PERSECUTION MANIA

In the text there was no indication of what pathology, what persecution mania. But then *The Times* is still relatively new to the modern practice of having the headline match the story. Understatement used to be its strength, misstatement is now its weakness.

On the pictorial side it is in a relatively unassailable position since it publishes so few photographs. Had it published the picture of Yasser Arafat grinning (why so happy when conceding such a grievous point?) as Congressman McCloskey dramatically announced the PLO's recognition of Israel, the readers might have been able to take a properly sceptical attitude to the canard. But it didn't; so its correspondent in a front page story headlined "ARAFAT SIGNS PLEDGE TO RECOGNIZE ISRAEL" could, in his studied naivety, report nothing less than "an historic breakthrough." The facsimile of the signed document in question, reproduced one day later (27 July), revealed clearly that Arafat had mentioned no specific resolutions, no diplomatic details, indeed had only made a very "general" gesture—facts which led most serious European newspapers and their correspondents to take the whole devious affair as a questionable show of public relations. Small wonder that the Editor of *The Times*, evidently reading only his own paper, could come to the extraordinary conclusion (27 July) that, in the ultimate peace,

> "the PLO's participation offers by far the best chance that an eventual settlement would win the consent of the mass of the Palestinian people. . . ."

As if the Palestinian electorate would ever be asked to say yes, or no, or maybe, to anything proposed by this sterling band of plebiscitarian democrats!

No, we were all grateful for the lack of pictures in *The Times*. They did not publish photographs of Yasser Arafat kissing babies, or embracing Lebanese widows to console them (see *The Observer*, 15 August, p.8)—arranged and calculated publicity shots that any self-respecting newspaper editor, otherwise so alert to "news-management", would toss into the waste-paper basket.[2]

WHAT ALSO ALSO SHOULD have gone into the trash of the day were the attempts of the young, dashing correspondents of *The Times*, short on space and long on literary ambition, to make a name for themselves as fine writers under fire. Especially grotesque—and even painful on the eyes, so early in the morning—were the juvenile efforts of Messrs Robert Fisk and Christopher Walker, representing *The Times* in Beirut and Jerusalem,

[2] An evaluation of the pictures shown on television would take us too far afield, and too deep into the morass of deception. In the *Standard* (London, 18 August) I note one revealing example: the TV pictures shown on ITN of Belsen-like children in a mental hospital in Beirut. A check was made with a leading nutritionist in West Beirut. He indicated that although the pictures were new, the cases were old. "The Lebanon was well known for its endemic illnesses; and what was shown were not the symptoms of nine weeks of war. . . ."

The case of "Reagan's Little Girl" was even more grievous since (as Hugh Davies reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, 24 Aug.)

> "President Reagan keeps a photograph of a 'maimed' child victim of the war in Lebanon on his desk at the Oval Office. The photograph was used by the President to berate Mr Shamir (Israeli) Foreign Minister, during a chilly 20-minute interview in Washington.
>
> "The news agency photograph, distributed worldwide earlier this month, showed a nurse feeding a 7-month-old baby who was said to have lost both arms after being burned in a bombing."

The caption in the *Washington Post* (and, presumably, throughout the world press) reported that the child had been wounded when an Israeli jet hit an East Beirut suburb during a raid on Palestinian positions.

An Israeli investigation launched by the Chief of Staff, General Eitan, concluded that their Air Force was not in fact involved:

> "The tragic incident was proved to be the direct result of indiscriminate shelling by the PLO."

The Israeli Health Minister, Eliezer Shostock, dispatched a special team to find the baby. The picture had been taken in a Beirut hospital where the child was treated with his mother. The mother and baby boy (not girl, as the newspapers reported) had been released from hospital, and they were traced to a Lebanese village. Professor Baruch Modan (the Health Ministry's director-general) visited the baby and his mother. He was found to be far from seriously injured and "in good health." He had suffered some burns, but neither arm had been amputated, although one was still strapped to his side because of a fracture. According to the *Daily Mail* which reproduced the picture on 25 Aug.

> "The original picture does appear to show a nurse placing her hand around the stump of an arm."

But it was evidently clear from the original that the apparent "stump" was in fact the top of the milk bottle with which the nurse had been feeding the child.

I take these details from the two dispatches in the *Mail* and the *Telegraph*, neither of which take the trouble to mention the name of the world-wide news-agency involved or indicate any follow-up curiosity as to how this kind of discreditable photo service was possible. (The excellent West German *FAZ* reporter recorded on 26 Aug. that it was the United Press International that distributed the picture and its false details. A week later the UPI confirmed the error, without apologies.) The *Telegraph* headline ran: BEGIN DISCREDITS PHOTO. . . . The *Mail* kept a strange distance from its own story by running the headline: 'TRUTH' ABOUT WAR BABY PICTURE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respectively. Walker was no talker, and Fisk would take every risk—but, ah, what a way they had with words! In the beginning, when the Israelis captured Beaufort Castle in the Lebanon, *The Times'* man heard the echoes of the clanking armour of the Crusades. (Oxford evidently still teaches its undergraduates medieval history.) By 6 August Robert Fisk was reporting on "Dante's Inferno." On the same day he was inspired enough to move a few centuries forward in the potted cultural history which he brought along with him in his baton's bag. Now he was deep into the age of Leonardo and Michelangelo, and covering his beat he discovered:

> "Salma is a beautiful woman with dark eyes and the sort of smile that Renaissance artists used to give to Madonnas. . . ."

Later on he reported that

> ". . . I saw a guerrilla a few yards away kissing a small baby, its mother with her head in her hands, an older woman raising her arms towards the man's face, an El Greco of beseeching eyes and hands." (*Times*, 23 August)

And soon he is well into the 19th century as the Beirut battle resumes:

> ". . . a rain of golden flares dropped down from the night sky between the clouds like the closing moments of some Wagnerian epic, all movement and garish colour."

But he hastened to assure us it was not yet "the twilight of the gods."

Nor do the flights of literary pseudery get any better even if we are spared the putative source (say, Jules Verne):

> "The explosions were muffled, like doors slamming somewhere deep beneath the earth."
> (*Times*, 7 August)

All was grist to his mill, geology, literature, music, the arts. But in the midst of it all he couldn't leave off letting you know he was also something of a cinema buff:

> "It was meant to be something of an epic departure. . . . On Saturday, driving down to the port amid the lorry-loads of guerrillas, the whole affair had more in common with Fellini, a passage through a place of ruins, of gunfire so loud it made your head sing. . . ." (*Times*, 23 August)

How is it that there was room for these kinds of schoolboy exercises in purple prose and not for a whole host of prosaic military and political details, without which no reader could form an opinion for himself? It remains a mystery of an afflicted Fleet Street journalism ("singing heads" indeed!). Why did we have to know on 28 July, wasting four valuable lines of expensive cold type, that Robert Fisk that day had seen among the detritus of a bomb attack "a complete set of Collins' blue-covered Illustrated Encyclopaedia, riven into shreds beside the ruined houses. . ."? What journalistic urgency required us to know that it all somehow reminded him of "a lunatic cameo of old photographs of the London blitz"? Why had he time to put to paper all this fancy stuff for his file-of-clippings book—and no time to tell us whether he had been able to put a challenging question to Arafat at the Congressman McCloskey conference. Why had he no space to interview a single Arab Ambassador as to why they were making such difficulties about taking the Palestinian guerrillas into their own countries, or a moment's quiet to report what possible impact the revelations of murder and terror which had obtained in the PLO state-within-a-state in Lebanon might have on the reigning European political notion that Arafat's "moderates" were a force to be welcomed in the West Bank and Gaza? More than that, why wasn't there time to report on why the PLO had consented so quickly to "abandon ship"—especially when no *Times* report ever indicated that the PLO guerrillas (only "civilians") had even been hit, or one of their headquarters (only "refugee camps") bombed.

Thus, we had our fill of Dante, and Leonardo, and Wagner, of El Greco and Fellini—but precious little Clausewitz. The impressionistic mannerism left us, alas, with an impression not of war and its consequences but only of a penchant for gaudy phrases. Robert Fisk had time and space for everything but the telling of some all-important military detail. As Hemingway once told Dos Passos in Spain, beware of sentimentalists on the front line! The *Herald Tribune*, true to its Paris traditions, reported soberly on "heavy fighting" and "intense opposition." With Messrs Walker and Fisk, everything was always "savage" and "horrifying". At one point, feeling so badly about it all (war being hell, as is well known), Fisk breaks down and tells us (7 August) that in the Beirut devastation:

> ". . . we turned our backs in something akin to shame and fled."

His flight took him back, presumably, to the Hotel Commodore (which had just been bombed).

At some point the plight of Fisk of *The Times* began to break our hearts. He had to witness the humiliating "exodus" of the brave and valiant fighters he had been reporting so vividly for years, nobler chaps than he had ever known, sacrificing all in a finer cause than he had ever covered.

"When I found Mustafa yesterday morning,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leading his two small sons to the lorries that would take them to the Beirut port, he smiled in an embarrassed way. He was sad, he said. He did not know what would happen in the future. Of course the PLO would survive. But when we shook hands, he was glad to be asked no more questions."

Rigorously loyal to his duty as a professional journalist (which, some would have thought, was always to go on asking questions), he begins to ponder—Wordsworth, one suspects, sneaking in here—thoughts too deep for tears.[3]

". . . And when I turned back I found my friend weeping uncontrollably. He was not lamenting an individual's fate. There was something far deeper than that at stake yesterday morning. . . ."

We held our breath while he plumbed the depths of the problem; it was all so "sad and monstrous." But in the end we were left only with this wondrous thought:

". . . and amid this madness one wondered how many would have stayed to die, how many understood what was happening, how many had done terrible things in the Lebanon these past seven years since the civil war gave the Palestinians power." (*Times*, 23 August)

BUT, BACK AT the bombed Hotel Commodore, had the bombing been intentional? To be sure the Israelis had admitted how much they hated the kind of reporting that the Western correspondents had been dispatching from West Beirut (thus getting around the efforts of the Jerusalem censors to do their version of a "Falkland blackout" of all horrific military operations). But, then, were the Israelis doing that kind of pinpoint bombing? On 5 August we were told by Robert Fisk in Beirut that:

"To describe the shelling as indiscriminate would be something of an understatement."

Christopher Walker, cabling from Jerusalem, was only slightly more tentative in referring to the "apparent random nature" of the bombing. Between the two of them we came away with the firm notion that the Beirut bombing was "haphazard" and "inaccurate." But suddenly, when it suited these certified ordnance experts assembled, it became "precision bombing." The French Ambassador's residence had been struck, and for a change the infamously random bombsters had "the target in their sight" and had made a "deliberate" hit.[4]

Now, Fleet Street fun-and-games apart, it is of some international public interest to know just what the Israeli bombing strategy was, and whether (whatever it was) it turned out to be wild and inefficient, destroying homes, schools and hospitals in hit-or-miss fashion (and we saw the film in living colour on TV), or perhaps "uncannily precise" (and the SAM-8s were in fact eliminated in the Syrian-held Bekaa Valley). Was General Sharon, in other words, a "Bomber" Harris, willing to raze a civilian city in order to achieve a military advantage (and who was there to photograph the hospitals in Hamburg and Dresden?)—or was the point of it all the brilliant PLO checkmate manoeuvre, against superior Israeli forces, of using the homes, schools and hospitals as a shield against all-out attack?

ONLY when it was all over did the little self-censored truths emerge, like refugees crawling out of the rubble. Now John Bulloch could write (as he probably couldn't in his weekly column in *Al Nahar*, the Arabic Beirut newspaper) of the Palestinian guerrillas: "They set themselves above the law, they terrorised, extorted, and inflicted their own summary punishments. . ." (*Daily Telegraph*, 20 August). At long last the patient newspaper reader—carefully protected for so long from any "unevenhanded" reporting which might make him think too badly of a force which, however extreme and violent, was after all, "fighting for an idea"—was offered a hitherto hidden dimension of reality.

Now it could all be told. Fisk's dispatch on 21 August went so far as to hint darkly at "corruption" in the PLO's leadership, at the dishonour of PLO officers who had gone off (with wives) to

---

[3] What would "move" one London journalist at the quality-paper extreme, would "chill" another at the tough populistic edge of Fleet Street reporting. Here is a snapshot from Shaun Usher's dispatch from Beirut on the expulsion of "the army that had hijacked a country" (*The Mail on Sunday*, 22 August):

"They gathered at sunrise in West Beirut's municipal soccer stadium, a dusty, war-battered arena stinking of rancid garbage and human waste. Though the setting was squalidly inglorious they were high on the Arafat version. . . . Nobody mentioned that helpless civilians had been the new super armour making the 'victory' possible. Some soldiers arrived by Mercedes Benz. Beirut is lousy with Mercs, many stolen in Europe and selling for as little as £500. Deafening martial music blared from loudspeakers while wavering, badly aligned ranks were formed. . . .

A wife in flowing robes captured the loudspeakers and half chanted, half sang a message of pride and grief soaring up into that chilling, ululating Arab cry, a fiendish yodel that was answered by the men's savage approval."

One man hears Wagner, another fiendish yodels; nobody clears their ears and listens.

[4] The editors of the *N.Y. Times* eliminated the word "indiscriminate" from their front-page report by Thomas Friedman in Beirut (5 August). Friedman was outraged at the omission. He wrote, in an internal memo (quoted in the *New Statesman*, 27 Aug.), "I am filled with profound sadness . . . I feel thoroughly humiliated." He explained: "My God, your own reporter's hotel was hit 30 feet from his room and there are no Palaestinian positions in the Commodore. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Damascus "and had not returned to fight." The man's colourful vivacity now gave way to a sour bitterness, as the defeat of the PLO and "their betrayal" drove him to some version of a familiar "stab-in-the-back" theory.

> ". . . the guerrillas of the PLO will be at the mercy of Arab regimes which have no love for revolutionary instability and which were thus content to leave the PLO to its doom. . . ."

The revolution, obviously, was being devoured by reaction.

> "Having received no real military assistance from Jordan, Iraq, Egypt, South Yemen, Algeria or Tunisia, Arafat is now consigning his men to those comatose nations, handing them over, in fact, to the security services of a whole series of largely repressive regimes."

These were new tones, new touches. Was he trying to tell us that, in the end, honour was only due to "the thoughtful" Khalil Wazzir ("Abu Jihad", an Arafat commander throughout the siege) who had been "privately wishing the PLO had adopted a more bellicose spirit in the last days"?

I SUSPECT IT IS a vain hope to expect to have serious questions answered by our most serious daily newspaper. Its correspondents were too preoccupied telling us how they felt and what they thought about the hellishness of war to be able to inform us as to what was actually going on. Its editors—who were once satisfied to cover the Korean war via their correspondent in India—were too gentlemanly to instruct their young men in the field to stop sermonising, to cease and desist from cheap and easy journalistic tricks (the sophisticated *New Yorker* editors used to classify them under the cynical Quotes-Which-We-Doubt-Ever-Got-Said and Department-of-Raised-Eyebrows); and to make some professionally worthy attempt to do justice to the dimensions of the tragedy by going in for hard, crisp, straight reporting.

But perhaps this is, as I say, asking too much in a world of depreciating, if not collapsing, journalistic standards. What can one really expect from editors who, failing "the test of truth" in their aberrant headlines, their wayward reportage and unbalanced editorialising, seek to add to the zero-sum of the paper's insights and illuminations by publishing (6 August) a piece by a playwright sent out to Beirut by the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation for three days? Under a headline which would have disgraced flashy popular papers like the *Sun* or the *Daily Mirror*—TEA AND 7-UP AS THE BOMBS FALL—a playwright called Howard Brenton reported on his instructive visit to PLO headquarters and his nice impressions of taking drinks with the PLO fighters ("the wine bottles and vine leaves printed on the table's oil-cloth are indelibly stamped on my mind"). He concluded in his copyrighted article for *Times Newspapers Limited*.

> "I thought I would meet a bunch of thugs in West Beirut; instead I met the Palestinians, an attractive, witty, endlessly resourceful lot, with a love of story-telling and argument; in short, so like Jewish friends I have in England. . . ."

As for me, don't get me wrong—some of my own best friends are moderate guerrilla fighters in Chairman Arafat's underground headquarters, wherever they may happen to be at the moment.

Anglo-German Attitudes

THE EUROPEAN RESPONSE to the war in the Falklands was, on the governmental level, formal, correct, positive. Britain's NATO allies made the proper supportive noises, and instituted (if with some half-heartedness) measures of sanctions against the Argentine aggressors. But in the press and in "public opinion" there was bewilderment at the outbreak in earnest of military hostilities, shock at the all-out commitment of the Thatcher government, fear of the "global implications" when Moscow thundered warnings, pleasure at the dilemma of the Americans caught between two "loyalties", and underlying it all a certain superciliousness towards an old England, still "living in the past", still dreaming of "colonial glories", still willing to lay down the lives of sturdy young men on the altar of God and Country.

Perhaps the German scene was the most interesting—even more so than the French who still like the idea of taking imperial initiatives; or the Italians, who considered General Galtieri the leader of their very own "Little Italy, Overseas"; or the Spanish who have a special claim of their own to be the mother-country of all the Argentines. At least the Germans produced one memorable polemic which deserves to be recorded.

GIVEN the conspicuously unsympathetic tone in the German press, the London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* launched a formidable attack on his own countrymen's (and indeed his own paper's) misperceptions. More than that: their ignorance, foolishness, spinelessness, mindlessness. In the first of his two pieces (15 May, 27 June), Karl-Heinz Bohrer took on the whole problem at its deepest and most subtle level—why the post-War Germans, defeated, divided, disoriented, were constitutionally incapable of understanding why in England every man and every M.P. (or nearly) chose to do his duty.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He willingly acknowledged (and without the wonted liberal-left resentment) the "instincts of the old world power" as well as devotion to such traditional "parliamentary metaphors" as "principle"; he even detected "a mystical element of honour" (*Ehre*, that most sullied of words in the current German vocabulary). In a word, there was a certain element of "spirituality" in the affair, and none of it came through in the hundreds of stern progressive sermons in the German press. Only Henry Kissinger, in whom certain older European values remained unbroken, told his former countrymen that "In the Falkland crisis Great Britain has been reminding us all that certain basic principles like honour, justice, and patriotism remain legitimate and have to be defended with more than just mere words. . . ."

This touch of "*noblesse*" was felt by the contemporary Germans to be almost obscene. In the new-German mind this was taken to be only something which they call "*Hurrah-Patriotismus*", a relapse into old emotions to which they are now immune. Bohrer, who himself comes from the younger liberal-left post-War generation, delivered a counter-sermon of his own:

> ". . . We West Germans will have to learn again that our historic catastrophe and the disillusionment in total defeat in no way 'relativises' the value of patriotism; or we will be living in another form of political lie. . . ."

The spiritual weakness of a wounded half-nation predisposes it to every kind of compromise and retreat (certainly to prefer to be "red" rather than "dead"). "Who wants to die for the Falklands? But the question seems to suggest that for something higher, or better, the sacrifice might be worth making. This is delusive. In truth we are not ready to die for anything, certainly not for a principle. . . ."

WHAT SUDDENLY CAME with the force of a "shock of recognition" was the petty-mercantile psychology (*Händlergesinnung*) for which the Germans once used to revile the English, repeating Napoleon's insult against a spiritless "nation of shopkeepers." A few generations ago the "German spirit" was reflected in the attitudes of Max Scheler and Thomas Mann and their devotion to a certain "heroic spirit." What a change there has been! In Bohrer's view, not even the Levantines of old can match the contemporary Germans in their new faith that everything can be bought (peace with Russia, to begin with).

> "We are the new Phoenicians. . . . We Germans have no public philosophy, no revered state symbols, nothing but a harmless federalism of prospering provinces waiting for the next Carnival and the new wine. Others will have to do the fighting for us; others will have to defend principles, make sacrifices, mourn heroes. We have become the voyeurs and opportunists of contemporary history. . . ."

NATURALLY NO SERIOUS GERMAN EDITORIAL is without its special dimension of sociology, philosophy, and theory; and Bohrer goes on to enlist Hegel, Carl Schmitt and other worthies in his defence of England and indictment of his native land. The old ideas of "Friends" and "Foes", or of logical alternatives which cannot be evaded, these are gone—everything nowadays can be mediated, blurred, defused. Small wonder that the Germans have been singing a new hit song entitled "Just a little Bit of Peace. . . ." It all amounts to a permanent commitment to powerlessness in a political vacuum. For a people to be without political thought amounts to their acceptance of peace at any price. Bohrer finds the British context rather more congenial even if, in the end, it only comes down to "Stoicism plus a dash of Hobbes." He listened to the songs of bravery, and watched the spectacle of the cheers and the tears. And he was moved enough to write that "It was neither hurrah-patriotism nor anachronistic—it was a piece of European civilisation." And he was ashamed to find his countrymen giggling over it.

THE LIBERAL-LEFT community was unhappy, and among those who were brought in to isolate the defector was Dr Ralf Dahrendorf, Director of the London School of Economics and the sturdy little hyphen in Anglo-German affairs. It was a curious reply that Dr Dahrendorf wrote in *Die Zeit*—the journalist had written like a philosopher, and the academic hit back like a newspaperman. Bohrer had got it all wrong. Read Peter Jenkins in *The Guardian*. See how sharp the enlightened-critical mass newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, was with the chauvinistic *Sun*. There were, in other words, two nations, two Britains: "one calm and intelligent; the other new, aggressive, hard and ruthless. . . ." Dr Dahrendorf, always calm and intelligent, made no secret of where his sympathies lay.

THIS ONLY elicited yet another hard and ruthless polemic from Bohrer in his Frankfurt paper (which, for one reason or another, gives him more space to write from London than all its other foreign correspondents).

No, he had not meant to imply that it was "Oh, what a lovely War!"; and yes he knew there was an "opposition" (mostly, he thought, radical-chic journalists, jet-setters, timid bankers, the sophisti-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cated arts crowd). What he was calling attention to was a deep and surprisingly persistent factor in British life: namely, its "archaic consciousness." This is the substratum of its humane civilisation. A society does not live in the topical present but has roots, ancestral feelings, traditional values, solidarities, senses of identity. This does not mean a relapse into some bloodthirsty atavism; and the German fears on this point betray (he argued) a mind-set that was still "terribly Teutonic." The genuine rituals of an old society strike them as a kind of cheap operetta. They fail to grasp that Britain can prize the military without (as in Wilhelmian Germany) being militaristic. What the journalist Dahrendorf misses is what he might have learned from his own sociology books. A society requires "ligatures" which bind its institutions into its memories. A society like the German one today, cut off from its past, lives only in the present; and from its "topical consciousness" it insensitively finds in the "archaic" British only a strange and incomprehensible mumbo-jumbo.

In the end Bohrer also lands himself with "two nations." One is superficial and hence insecure. The other is confident in ancient forms and hence formidable in its wilful arrogance.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Amos Oz's Dream

MAY I make a few remarks about Amos Oz's article in the April ENCOUNTER? First, I think Oz represents the best of humanistic secular liberal Zionism in Israel today. And his piece is an excellent concise presentation of that view as it is applied to the Arab-Israel conflict. For this reason alone it deserves to be read. But, alas, though in fact I can agree intellectually with some of what he says, I cannot agree with his general portrayal of the situation. This is because my study of Islamic and Arab ideologies and politics and my analysis of them as applied to the problem at hand compel me to conclude that Oz's approach is in reality one of "talking to ourselves", i.e., that there is nobody across the borders (certainly nobody of political consequence) who would accept (or even fully understand) his portrayal of the conflict. Why? Because Israel's neighbours have their own historical tradition and cultural assumptions which they bring to the conflict (indeed, which have had a major influence in making and perpetuating the conflict)—a tradition and assumptions different from and, in some respects, diametrically opposed to the contemporary Western liberal views. Not that Oz does not see some of these differences. But the question is, does he see the differences as the Arabs understand them and are his proposals for bridging the gap readily absorbed in the Arab understanding? I think not.

Thus Oz's call for "mutual sensitivity and creative imagination" I can personally agree with; but, in my estimation, the deeply rooted Arab-Muslim cultural assumptions here would militate against their understanding this, let alone acting on it. The spirit and language of Oz's proposal are contemporary, Western and liberal. The receiving Arab ears represent something quite different. For in Arab/Islamic terms, what Oz calls for smacks of personal ethics and has nothing to do with politics. The question for the Arabs is one of the *right to sovereignty* in the disputed land of Palestine (all of it). And here the Jews have no right, while the Arabs have it all. Neither the right to sovereignty nor sovereignty itself is divisible—as the PLO National Covenant, for example, so clearly demonstrates.

Or, Oz would like everybody to recognise "the moral (and not merely pragmatic) rightness of the idea of partitioning the land between its two nations." He would then "leave the task of fixing the borders of the partitioned land . . . to the politicians." My remarks above would, I think, apply here also. And further, it is exactly the question of the borders (which Oz would leave to the politicians) which for Arab nationalism and Islam is all important. For Oz this would seem to be the practical "dirty work" best left to the "technicians", once we have agreed to the moral principle. But for the Arabs such a view is incomprehensible. Such a distinction between morality and politics—in the political sphere—is unknown. And, in any case, "morality" for the Arabs is not Oz's morality.

Does this mean I think Oz represents a profound but profoundly irrelevant trend in Israel? Not really. For I think that somewhere along the line, in the "peace" with Egypt and in others that might be achieved, Israel will have to challenge the other side to confront Oz's notion of peace (or something like it). For when all is said and done, Oz's peace is really a standard Israeli conception (on the "Left" and the "Right"). So I think it must eventually become a part of Israeli policy as a counterweight to the Egyptian notion of "peace" (which I have outlined in my own article in the June-July ENCOUNTER). Israeli policy must, I think, reveal the true nature of Egypt's notion of "peace" and sharply contrast it with Israel's own Western liberal view. And Israel should then demand of Egypt that it come closer to Israel's outlook. Not that I think this would be achieved. For how can we expect the Arabs to give up their deepest culturally based assumptions? But at the very least I think such an Israeli approach would further Western understanding of this country's predicament.

Thus, as a vision of possible future Arab/Jewish coexistence I think Amos Oz's views an impossible dream. But as a politically directed expression of the Israeli national ethos, I think it could be important and useful.

RONALD NETTLER

Jerusalem

"Waiting for Fortinbras"

DAVID GRESS is dissatisfied with the level of debate in Denmark, but has only made an effort to lower this level ["Scandinavia's 'Middle Way'", ENCOUNTER, February]. Among his examples of the general deterioration of the Danish society Mr Gress points to our book *Revolt from the Centre*. He "is afraid that efforts to point out the logical inconsistencies in the book—have been met with a mixture of offended silence and angry denunciation." Mr Gress should not be afraid. We, who happen to be the authors of the book, have written more than a hundred articles with answers to criticism; this cannot be called silence.

Mr Gress finds that the Nordic Peace Movement is unquestionably the most urgent danger to our external security and internal political peace—even greater than the great Russian threat. This can be questioned. Mr Gress's belief that the Nordic peace movement is economically supported by the Soviet Union could be called angry denunciation.

Revolt from the Centre has been published in English (by Marion Boyars, London), and no British reviewer has understood or misunderstood the book in the same way as Mr Gress. Thus we do not propose to abolish party political democracy; we do not reject traditional law courts; and we do not suspect "all personal and private efforts."

But we do suspect the effort by Mr Gress to denounce efforts to find new ways out of the crisis, which after all is not reserved for the Scandinavian countries. One English reviewer, not as biased and parochial as Mr Gress, found that the book had even more actuality for UK than for Denmark. Most Western industrial countries are plagued with problems of unemployment, deficits in the balance of trade, lack of equity, social unrest, and mistrust of the political system due to shortcomings of traditional representative democracy.

Our *Revolt from the Centre* describes the framework for a future society with no forced unemployment,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equity between groups, real democracy (also in the production sector), protection of the environment, and greater individual freedom. It is conceived as a humane, ecologically sustainable society. It has borrowed features from democratic socialism and democratic liberalism; but it is nowhere to be found in the real world today. It is Utopian in the original meaning of the word. It was the detailed description of this future society that gave rise to the broad and dramatic debate about the book in Denmark. Apparently our proposals were realistic enough to be regarded as very dangerous by some people (like Mr Gress) and as attractive by many others. (The book has been printed in more than 120,000 copies in Denmark.)

The book also contains a chapter with a detailed political programme for getting from *here* to *there*. We believe that the present crisis cannot be solved by traditional piecemeal actions. Radical and integrated political reforms are needed, but they can neither be debated nor implemented as long as a coherent description is lacking. Such reforms require a broad parliamentarian basis; they cannot be carried through by either of the extreme wings in the political spectrum. Therefore the need for a revolt from the centre.

NIELS I. MEYER
K. HELVEG PETERSEN
VILLY SØRENSEN

Copenhagen
Denmark

PROFESSOR MEYER, writing on behalf of the three authors of *Revolt from the Centre*, does not answer any of the points I raised in my criticism.

He says that he and his fellow-authors—who almost always write as a collective, as though they were somehow afraid of individual responsibility for opinions—have written hundreds of articles in response to criticism. Indeed, they have recently published a survey of the debate, seen in their own terms. None of this did I deny. I merely stated that they mostly replied to criticism that was already favourable, or at least accepted some of the basic premises of their book; for instance, that Western society is "plagued by too much inequality"; that decentralisation of economic power and production will lead to a better life for all; that World Peace will be served by the establishment of a neutral zone in Scandinavia (i.e. an *undefended* zone), etc. As the majority of Danish intellectuals subscribe to these beliefs and their corollaries, it has been easy to give the appearance of entering into serious discussion on "basics", when in fact the basics are not being questioned at all.

Nowhere in the authors' survey of the debate is there any indication that they have ever understood the force of criticism based on serious doubts about the value of absolute equality, of economic decentralisation, of the whole idea of "a humane and balanced society" (which by a process which ought to be familiar to historians and philosophers, easily becomes a society of totalitarian stagnation). It may become a society in which the tyrant is not so much an external, dominating power as an internal psychological mechanism that destroys the individual personality and exacts severe mental penalties for any failure to conform to the group. And, as we also know by now, "the group" is not just a friendly gathering, but the object of midnight manipulation by the militant few and the clever ones who conceal their liberal authoritarianism behind a facade of collectivist commitment.

One critic put his finger on the nub of the matter when he said that trying to get a discussion started with the authors of *Revolt* was like trying to get information about a Third World country from its own government, which keeps repeating that things are fine, that everyone is happy and all prospects are wonderful, but somehow never comes up with a single concrete fact in support of these assertions.

Professor Meyer tries to score an easy point by claiming an inconsistency between my fear of possible Soviet intentions and my belief that the Nordic Peace Movement is "the most urgent danger" to Danish democracy. Obviously, without the Soviet threat, there would be no need for NATO self-defence in Northern Europe and hence no "peace movement" trying to undermine that self-defence. If a necessary defence is imperilled by the sort of psychological subversion and propaganda practised by the "peace movement", clearly that movement is an even bigger *momentary* threat than the potential enemy the defence is meant to deter.

As for Soviet financing of "peace movement" activities, it is not an "angry denunciation" of mine, but fact. The extent of such support, which we shall probably never know, is not really that important. What is important is that educated people, like Professor Meyer, support the emotional, one-sided, and inconsistent agitation by the "peace movement" and appear to believe sincerely that such rhetorical (and sometimes violent) agitation strengthens peace. The failure to notice or to care that a good deal of this agitation comes from sources (such as the Communist Party and the pro-Soviet "Peace Council") which are dedicated to the destruction of democracy and human rights is perhaps the most alarming aspect of all.

The last part of Professor Meyer's letter I leave to the judgment of your readers: it merely repeats the assertions of the book, assertions which I believe are wrong. There are serious social and political problems which call for thought and action, but the crises are certainly not remedied by spuriously profound analyses such as *Revolt* which are, at best, naive and ingenuous, and at worst tend to promote the very social hostility and anti-humanism they pretend to be fighting.

DAVID GRESS

Stege
Denmark

Milovan Djilas

TO THE EDITOR:

IN November last year Mr Leonard R. Sussman, executive director of New York's Freedom House, invited Mr Milovan Djilas, now 71, to speak on the fortieth anniversary of the House's foundation. Mr Djilas however does not have a passport. He is denied his right to travel abroad by the Yugoslav authorities, because of his support for human rights and democratic reforms.

Accordingly, on 9 February 1982 we wrote to the Yugoslav Presidency in the following terms:

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE SOCIALIST FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF YUGOSLAVIA

Sir,

I am writing to ask if you would kindly authorise the reissue of Mr Milovan Djilas' passport so that he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can accept the invitation from *Freedom House* to give their important lecture.

As you know, Mr Djilas does not want to leave Yugoslavia permanently. He would however welcome the opportunity to visit friends and relations abroad and to accept invitations to lecture.

Such a gesture on your part would be generally admired as being in the spirit of a true democracy which fosters international understanding and the exchange of ideas.

This letter was also signed by Professor Ernest Gellner, Mr Melvin J. Lasky, Professor Raymond Aron, Sir Ernest Gombrich, Baroness Lee, Mr Bryan Magee, Sir Karl Popper, Mr Herman Wouk. No acknowledgement or reply has been received.

Perhaps European journalists might like to pursue this matter, so that Mr Milovan Djilas can accept his invitation.

JEAN MEDAWAR
P B MEDAWAR

25 Downshire Hill
London NW3

Molotov Rules, "No. K."?

ALLOW ME to contribute to the debate about that fascinating little phrase "OK." My intention, however, is to increase the confusion and not to help dissipate it. Also, I will not follow the established tradition and try to investigate its origins (see ENCOUNTER February, "Life & Letters Today", *Ola Kala*), but bring to your attention a more recent metamorphosis of that word.

In 1945 during his stay in the USA in connection with the signing of the UN Charter, Molotov (who was a rather poor linguist) could not help observing the conspicuous presence of "*ok*'s" in the American English of his hosts. During one of the numerous debates when he disagreed, he decided to express himself in English and achieved a remarkable piece of Soviet word wizardry. To the American question: "Is it *ok*?" he replied angrily: "*No. k*! *No. k*!"

One particular American diplomat became so infuriated with Molotov that he "felt like punching him on the nose." In this historic mixture of Boxing English, American English, and Russian English one might pardonably infer that the American felt that a *KO* would be *ok* for Comrade *No. k*.

This story was told to a friend of mine, a former Yugoslav diplomat, by the American writer of Yugoslav origin Louis Adamic, who was at that time closely associated with the diplomats of the Roosevelt administration.

ALEKSA DJILAS

London

BBC & Authenticity

I READ Count Nikolai Tolstoy's article ["The Diary of Nobody at All: Penguin, the BBC & a Spurious Documentary", ENCOUNTER, May] with great interest. I do not think it would be right, however, for me to comment in any detail on his arguments about "Anne Hughes Boke." What the BBC presented was a dramatisation to which the historical authenticity of the diary was not strictly relevant. I regret that, because the programme was broadcast on Christmas Day 1978, fuller details could not be published in the Christmas edition of *Radio Times*, which is invariably short of space. The producer of the programme Michael Croucher feels—and I entirely agree—that ideally the billing should have said something like: "Adapted from the version published by Jeanne Preston in *Farmer's Weekly* and thought by some to be a forgery. The producer is not convinced and considers it to be based on an original, although corrupt, document." I am sorry that it was not possible to include this but its omission did not arise from any wish to mislead. Indeed the promotional material about the film did refer to doubts about the diary's authenticity.

I should also point out that whilst Michael Croucher did write an introduction to the Penguin edition, he was not paid for so doing. Nor was there any arrangement between the BBC and any publisher before transmission.

I hope your readers find this helpful.

DAVID BARLOW
The Secretary

BBC
Broadcasting House
London

MR BARLOW'S DEFENCE of the filming of the "Anne Hughes" forgery is disappointing. He claims that its authenticity is irrelevant to the BBC presentation, though the BBC screened it as a genuine record of the past on a *schools* programme. He ignores the overwhelming evidence proving it a fake, cites instead the unsubstantiated personal opinion of a TV producer as valid evidence of its authenticity, and employs this as justification for his smokescreen allusion to "doubts about the diary's authenticity." What I find disappointing is not the BBC's human capacity to err, but its total inability to admit that it has done so, even in the matter of so childish a hoax as the one under discussion.

NIKOLAI TOLSTOY

Southmoor
Abingdon
Berkshire

Remembering Wittgenstein

IN HIS introduction and notes to Luise Hausmann's "Wittgenstein in Austria" (ENCOUNTER, April), Eugene C. Hargrove makes several false and misleading statements relating to my own work and to my book *Wittgenstein* (1973). In reply I restrict myself to the following few remarks.

Hargrove claims that Miss Hausmann's essay was "the major source for much of [my] biography and for the numerous papers which [I] wrote on the relation of Wittgenstein to the Austrian School Reform Movement." Miss Hausmann knows, and Hargrove should know, that this is false. My first article on these matters, "Sprach-und Wissenschaftstheorie als Werkzuege einer Schulreform: Wittgenstein und Popper als österreichische Schullehrer", appeared in *Conceptus* in April 1969—four months before I met Miss Hausmann or saw her essay.

Not only was Miss Hausmann's essay not the source of my own work: I regard it as a romantic and very much oversimplified account. It is to be regretted that ENCOUNTER presented it as a "memoir", for Miss Hausmann in fact never knew Wittgenstein.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hargrove brings up the question of Wittgenstein's homosexuality, and informs us that the women of Trattenbach regard bachelors who do not marry reasonably rapidly as misogynists. I pass over such nonsense—as well as the implied confusion between misogyny and homosexuality—to note that the fact of Wittgenstein's own active homosexuality is now confirmed in his own coded notebooks. The reader is referred to my letter in *The Times Literary Supplement* (8 February 1980, p. 145), and to my article "Wittgenstein and Homosexuality", which appeared in *Salmagundi* in July 1982.

W. W. BARTLEY, III
California State University
Hayward, California

W. W. BARTLEY III charges that I falsely claimed that Louise Hausmann's essay "Wittgenstein in Austria" (ENCOUNTER, April) was "the major source of much" of his biography on Wittgenstein and of other related papers on the relation of Wittgenstein to the Austrian School Reform Movement. I am wrong, Bartley writes, because he had already published something on the subject before he met Mrs Hausmann or became aware of her essay. I was in fact aware that there were versions of Bartley's theses which made little or no use of her historical material; however, I am still quite firmly convinced that once Bartley became aware of the essay, he then incorporated material from it into all his subsequent writings. If one follows through from early Bartley to middle Bartley and on to late Bartley on these subjects, the material from Mrs Hausmann's research becomes more apparent and better integrated into his writings. If anyone takes the time to read all of Bartley's writings together with the Hausmann essay, he or she will, I am sure, be inclined to say that the Hausmann essay influenced those writings, and that it was a major source for more than *some*, but less than *all*—in other words, *much*—of what Bartley had to say.

Concerning Bartley's regret that ENCOUNTER misrepresented Mrs Hausmann's essay as a memoir, I can only say that it should be clear to anyone who reads the first two pages with any care that Mrs Hausmann never claims to have known Wittgenstein, and only claims to be recording the memories of others who did. On this point, furthermore, Mrs Hausmann's position is no better or worse than that of Bartley himself, who also did not know Wittgenstein personally.

Bartley also writes that the essay is "a romantic and very much oversimplified account." It is neither. It is a report of often contradictory statements of various people, all objectively reported. When Mrs Hausmann states an opinion of her own, it is clear that it is her own, and it remains distinct and completely separate from the statements of others she is recording.

I will grant that Bartley has some justification for a complaint on the subject of Wittgenstein's alleged misogyny and homosexuality. At the time I wrote the note I did not consider it important to make a complete study of the various claims in the early, middle, and later writings of Bartley on this point, but I see now that the homosexuality claim predates the misogyny claim, the former an early claim, and the latter a middle one. *But*, if the latter claim, which clearly has more to do with a local town joke than with Wittgenstein's attitudes toward women, is not the basis of the former, then I can find no substantiation for the former at all.

I am not concerned about whatever evidence Bartley may or may not have for claiming that Wittgenstein was or was known to be a homosexual at some other time in his life at some other place. I want to know the basis for his claim that the villagers of Trattenbach *knew* he was one, there, at that time. In the book version of the sentence (repeated in some form through all versions), Bartley writes that Wittgenstein "was known by the villagers to be homosexual" and adds in the book only in parentheses: "how, one does not know." Presumably someone told Bartley this. But (1) did the person know Wittgenstein and know this thing about him, but without knowing how he or she knew, or (2) did he or she know other people who knew Wittgenstein and not know how they knew?

If the first, I would say that it is questionable that the informant knew at all. Normally, people who really know something know how they know. If the second, then the informant is providing hearsay, certainly not knowledge. Moreover, in all versions of the claim, it seems to me, Bartley fails to overcome the complete implausibility of the claim, for clearly the villagers of Trattenbach would not have allowed their children to attend Wittgenstein's class if they had suspected, let alone known, anything of the sort. The fact that Wittgenstein was never suspended or dismissed from his teaching job for being a homosexual or forced to defend himself against the charge of moral turpitude seems to be a very strong indication that nothing of the sort was ever known, believed, or even slightly suspected by the people of Trattenbach.

I was in general annoyed by the tone of Bartley's letter which accuses me of making false and misleading statements. If Bartley's book and various papers are considered scholarly research efforts, then they should be open to evaluation and criticism. Unfortunately, however, this legitimate activity is made difficult by the fact that Bartley neglected and still neglects to inform anyone of the sources for many of his key claims. My so-called "false and misleading statements", if indeed they were, result from an honest effort to reconstruct the sources of Bartley's claims, an effort which would not have been necessary had he taken the time to properly document his sources himself. In reconstructing Bartley's sources, it is to be expected that sometimes the reconstructions will not always tally with Bartley's personal memories, since usually he should have a better understanding of what went on in his mind than anyone else. Yet, if the reconstruction has gone astray and he wants to set things right, he should begin by revealing the source of his claims. For example, his claim that the people of Trattenbach knew Wittgenstein was a homosexual should be defended on the basis of the evidence that caused him to make the claim in the first place and not on the basis of some alleged new evidence—a coded notebook—which Bartley claims just now to have discovered and which thus he obviously could not have been aware of when he wrote his book and the various other articles.

EUGENE C. HARGROVE
The University of Georgia
Athens, Georgia

ENCOUNTER acknowledges financial assistance from, among other generous donors, the Arts Council of Great Britain.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

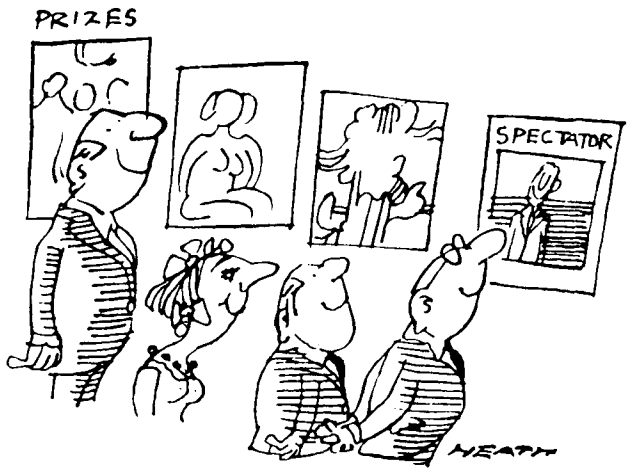
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q?

How can you write twelve words and be rewarded with a picture by Sir John Lavery valued at £3,000, works by William Orpen, Eduardo Paolozzi and many other fine gifts?

A!

Enter the great Spectator Treasure Hunt. Starts October 9th. For full details, as well as Britain's best weekly magazine, buy The Spectator today.



Enjoy in The Spectator the writings of Auberon Waugh, Alexander Chancellor, Sam White, Christopher Hitchens and Richard Ingrams to name but a few. And if that's not enough each week there are at least six pages of book reviews.

The Spectator
65p weekly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIRCEA ELIADE

is truly a man of the world,
having lived in Romania, Italy, India, France, England, and America.
He is, above all, a man of the world of ideas
—scholar, historian, philosopher, author, teacher.

In his new book
ORDEAL BY LABYRINTH
Conversations with Claude-Henri Roquet
he discusses some of his most important theories while reflecting on the many richly varied experiences of his life. "It captures the man beautifully; it brought tears to my eyes to read it. It has the best of him: the personal vision and the strong personality of his ideas...If I had to have one volume to give someone who had never heard of Eliade and wanted to know what he and his work were all about, I would give them this."—Wendy O'Flaherty, The University of Chicago

We are also privileged to publish
A HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS Volume 2
From the Gautama Buddha to the Triumph of Christianity
In this masterwork, Eliade's magisterial progress through the history of religious ideas encompasses the religions of ancient China; Brahmanism and Hinduism; Buddha and his contemporaries; Roman, Celtic, and Germanic religions; Judaism, the Hellenistic period, the Iranian syntheses, and the birth of Christianity.

And **THE FORGE AND THE CRUCIBLE**
The Origins and Structures of Alchemy
OCCULTISM, WITCHCRAFT, AND CULTURAL FASHIONS
Essays in Comparative Religions
THE QUEST *History and Meaning in Religion*

For further information on these or any of the thousands of our other books in print, write to:
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD, England, or to:
5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637, USA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED